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THE SIXPENNY MAGAZINE

SEPTEMBER 1, 1861.

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XX.—LITERATURE OF THE MONTH.

XXI.—LAW AND CRIME OF THE MONTH.

EARL RUSSELL:

WHAT WILL HE DO IN THE LORDS?

THERE are crises in the lives of men, when they cannot help looking backward into the past with eyes that seem to have derived new power of vision, as though the better to prepare them for the career that is just opening in the future. Lord John's translation into the House of Peers should be an event of this kind. However long beforehand it may have been anticipated, and however certain the change may have been to take place—as resting solely in effect on the noble lord's own will and pleasure—the foreknowledge of the fact would do little or nothing to lessen its peculiar importance when realized. While the incipient peer was still a member of the People's House, and his daily life continued to be tinged by its hues, he would undoubtedly be the same man as the one we have all looked on so long as the most popular member of the Liberal party; but that life has ceased at last; Lord John has quitted—never again to be able to re-enter as of right—the scene of his long struggles and many defeats, and occasional glorious successes; he has donned the noble's coronet, and now stands a peer among peers; looking about him, doubtless, on many an old acquaintance and friend, but still with a growing sense of the strangeness of his position, and probably with a lingering regret for all that is lost, which more than counterbalances the hope that there may be something also to gain by the change worthy even of his reputation.

And what, may we ask, are likely to be the facts or thoughts that must most strongly impress the mind of such a man at such a time, in taking a retrospective survey? He is supposed to be somewhat fond of recalling past doings for the purpose of self-glorification; but we doubt whether those who make the charge have cared to seek first for a more sensible and respectable motive. A man who remembers merely what Reform once was esteemed, and through what obloquy Reform had to move, may well be excused for reminding present Conservative opponents of the prejudices and failures that characterized former ones. Then, too, there is a love of the achievements themselves which may be admitted to be legitimate and useful; and which may, at each

cital, warm the heart of the young and hopeful, and cheer the spirit of the despondent. Never, therefore, in a body of true-hearted Englishmen, should any feeling arise but of deep respect and admiration for the political veteran who tells us yet once more of the old victories—namely, the first Reform Bill, the new Municipal Government, Catholic and Slave Emancipation, Dissenters' Relief Bill, Corn-Law Repeal, &c., &c. Without them we should have had to-day a very different England. It were hopeless even to try to estimate the consequences to Britain and to the cause of Constitutional—which will yet mean Universal—Government, if these measures had not been made part of the law of the land, and by purely legal agitation. Truly it is a wonderful problem that we Englishmen have succeeded in solving, how to carry out the most momentous changes in social policy without shedding one drop of blood, or without the perpetration of a single State fraud; and which changes, consequently, call forth no personal vengeance or political reaction.

Though it would be too much to say, or for any one to require it to be said, that Lord John Russell has shown through his career no particular desire to serve his own interest, or to see the good of the State through a vista which first promised his own good; yet, on the other hand, there are indications not unfrequently presenting themselves through his long life of usefulness which show that he has never forgotten that there was nobler than merely aristocratic blood in his veins; Lord John Russell has, unless we are very much mistaken, not only read and pondered over the life of his illustrious ancestor, Lord William Russell, but has consciously nourished in himself a spark of inherited patriotic fire, which might blaze out on occasions into a something that would surprise the world. We believe, therefore, the present epoch in his life is not likely to be unprofitably considered.

The first impression that must, we think, be driven home upon any thoughtful mind upon such a review—and how much more, therefore, upon that of a man who had borne so distinguished a part through the whole history!—is the abso-



lute and vital truth of the principles that have been at work for nearly half a century, shaping our new legislation, and modifying, to a most serious extent, the old. Call it progress—or call it democracy—or call it simply liberalism in politics, the startling but undeniable fact stands before us, that, in all the questions with which it has been permitted to meddle, it has obtained the most signal success. We do not here talk of the success that one side alone acknowledges, but of those matured results of public opinion, which now embrace men of all parties and creeds. Think of the England of the Luddites, with the ever-smouldering fire of armed conspiracy and rebellion, and contrast it with the England of the Amalgamated Engineers, and the Builders, and *their* mode of agitating. What they call the claims of labour. Or, again, think of the England of incendiarism in the agricultural districts, and the horrible midnight revellings of a poor misguided peasantry over the destruction of farm ricks and farm houses, and ask, Where now is Swing? If we no longer expect to hear of our Cabinet Ministers being blown up by some new Cato-street assassins, or to be ourselves seized in the street by a press-gang, and carried off, under the very sanction of Government, to serve long years in the fleet if we are submissive, or to be killed off by cruelty and neglect if we resist, to what do we owe the change? Let us only try for a single instant to realize the feeling we should have on walking into our supreme courts of justice, if we found the whole power and influence of the tribunals were being wrested from their proper functions of impartial judgment between man and man, in order to make them weapons of vengeance in the hands of a ministry, to hunt down and destroy poor, ignorant, and half-starved men; if we heard spies—men living habitually on the blood-money they thus earned—swearing away life with as little remorse or care for truth as if they were only helping to drown so many blind puppies? What if we found that even men's thoughts were shackled; that no one could speak out freely, by means of the press, his opinions on public men—however flagrantly such men might outrage the national conscience? It is only by reflecting upon these things that one can at all understand the magnitude and significance of the change this country has undergone since the battle of Waterloo, or appreciate the

virtue of the principles that have been in operation. And what are these principles? May they not all be resolved into one—the faith that Government (which all acknowledge ought to exist only for the good of the whole community) must be in intimate relationship and sympathy with all, and be, as far as possible, responsible to all?

And it is precisely because recent legislation and administration have been tending to secure this result that such gigantic evils have been swept away or have noiselessly disappeared; that England has become neither republican nor despotic; that, no matter what the party banner or nickname may be under which it moves, it must be essentially a Liberal Government that dares to take office; and, above all, that, notwithstanding special, and possibly well-grounded objection on the part of all earnest reformers to the existing body of members, there is an actual and most precious bond of respect and confidence between the people and the Parliament generally.

This then, we think, is the one pre-eminent fact that must present itself to the mind of Earl Russell on reconsidering the past from his present vantage-ground of age, rank, and an almost unrivalled personal experience. And with that must come the further reflection that it is hopeless to look for any time without its own band of Tories—men who stick resolutely on the old ways simply because they are old; or its own Conservatives, who, while acknowledging the necessity of advance, are ingenious in discovering a thousand reasons to show that the particular path, or the particular time proposed, is always wrong; or its own selfish men of all parties, who stick to their associates and principles while the expectation of individual gain lasts, or the fear of actual loss does not threaten, but abandon both on the occurrence of either of these contingencies. Nay, we think the noble Earl might even gather that not the least instructive part of his retrospective study is the light it throws upon his own errors, and the errors of the men with whom he has acted, and which in their nature are but errors that the honest men in every department of public life find they cannot altogether avoid. For instance, there was a time when Lord John thought that so much good had been done in parliamentary reform, that nothing noticeable remained to do. Surely his cheek must have tingled at times of

late years, as he thought of the brief-lived doctrine of finality. So again, though a free-trader, he found the magnificent reality that was ultimately achieved far exceed his hesitating early ideal. He must smile himself now to reflect upon the change of feeling both in his own and in the public mind, since he proposed his eight-shilling fixed duty. But what then? Let the politicians who have never erred, alone throw their stones, and the noble statesman will be safe from martyrdom. Are the teachers of political economy men of this virgin innocence in policy? Are the great men of Manchester? Let the answer to both questions be—the Ten Hours' Bill legislation. Who does not remember the loud and passionate predictions of the downfall of England, if the commercial principle were interfered with in the regulation of the labour of women and children?—and who does not know the result? The writer of these pages has but lately returned from a tour in the manufacturing districts. He found that in one point the very worst anticipations of the denouncers of the measure had proved correct,—that is to say, in regulating the hours of women and children, the men's hours *had* been—as it was said they would be—also regulated to the same point. But what about the ruin—the flight of capital, &c., &c.? Why, it was surprising to discover that the movement has been so signally successful, that even master-manufacturers themselves have no wish to restore the old state. The men work but ten and a half hours a day, yet nobody now wants them to work more. Is not this a lesson for us all? And as if to carry such lessons through the entire circle of political life, and to make agriculturists—even country gentlemen of old families—aware they too are mortal, and liable to err, we have seen pass before our eyes a conflict of unexampled obstinacy, in which all the possessors of the soil were ranged against all the manufacturers of our clothing, the one desiring to keep, the other determined to destroy the old corn-laws; and yet now that the battle has long been over, who but the country gentlemen find that they are the chief gainers by their own decisive and apparently ruinous defeat?

From these data may we not draw some probable conclusions as to what Earl Russell may do in the Lords? Will he—as so many have done before him—relapse into inglorious ease from the noble activity of mind and body which has car-

ried their owner on from point to point, till he has reached this gilded chamber of repose? Will he be content to appear from time to time to answer the unavoidable demands of his party, and doze away the long intervals between in a kind of half slumber? Will he show no impatience of the practical abnegation of their rights and duties which the Lords manifest by deserting the benches of their chamber day after day, and leaving practically their whole business in the hands of a few men, who are mostly recent importations, and who are not connected by blood or by great landed possessions with the special interests of the aristocracy? How can he who has been used to the stirring debates of the people's house, who has been obliged to meet, face to face, the greatest orators of his time, who has been elevated in his own oratory by the sense of the intellectual dignity of his listeners, and cheered by their participation in his every triumph,—how can he reconcile himself to the listless audience that will alone henceforward greet him? These are difficulties, doubtless; and it requires a sagacious eye to measure them rightly while the impressions are fresh and instructive, and a determined purpose and spirit to conquer them if they are to be conquered.

Although, then, we should not like to predict what Earl Russell will do in the Peers to support the reputation obtained by Lord John in the Commons, we think it might be shown what he ought to do, without tasking to any great extent one's political knowledge, or taking credit for any large amount of statesmanship. We should like, then, to see Earl Russell working out some such programme as this:—

Let him wake up the sleepers in that political Castle of Indolence by a trumpet blast, such as he has often sent forth. Let him remind the Peers they have duties: they don't need to be told of their rights. Let him ask them whether they expect that in these busy days, these utilitarian days, a House of Lords can afford to be idle, to seem careless of the nation's work, to be always lagging in the rear of those public questions that engage the attention of earnest men? Why can't they meet in committees, and honestly and laboriously work out the solution of many of those pressing problems that trouble men's minds, and help to distract the labours of the overworked members of the Lower House? Why can't

they, for instance, examine the working of the Law of Settlement, and the weighty matter of the mode of assessment to the Poor Law? or the truth of the great alleged results of the Irish system of convict management? or this ever-recurring difficulty of the relations between Capital and Labour? If such inquiries were impartially conducted, the results would be of the greatest value, and give to the Lords a character for independence and individual dignity, that they are seriously impairing by their present let-alone, never-interfere-till-you-can't-help-it policy. As new brooms proverbially sweep clean, it would only, we think, be fitting that Earl Russell should apply his broom to garnish and improve so magnificent a chamber. There are plenty of cobwebs even there. Above all, we hope he will manage to open a window or two, and let in the breeze of public opinion a little more freely upon its occupants.

But Earl Russell is still minister—and minister for one of the most important of departments—that of Foreign Affairs. It might almost be said that what he should do here is to go on doing exactly what he has done; for one is apt to think only of his Italian policy, which has been wise, bold, and eminently patriotic. We do not know that a more brilliant triumph was ever achieved by an English minister in similar matters than is now visible in the relations of England and Italy, as compared with the relations of France and Italy. We have spent no money on the latter country; we have lavished no blood in its cause; France has done both to a very serious extent; yet there is every reason to believe that Italy is more truly grateful to us than to France, and certainly she respects us more. Is this from any want of heart or principle in the Italians? By no means: it is the natural consequence of the tortuous, irritating policy of Napoleon, and the straightforward dealing of the English Government. So that we have, in fact, beaten the arch-conspirator on his own ground. Whatever his secret aims may have been, it is quite plain we have crossed and spoiled them for all evil results. The practical effect is immense. We are preparing and securing a new and magnificent ally in the constitutional kingdom of Italy; we are rousing to a generous emulation whatever love of freedom may exist in the French people, and accelerating the day when France and Eng-

land (both free countries) may cement the grandest of all alliances; and, lastly, we are showing that, however England may, under the temptation of self-interest, or under mistaken notions of the intentions of other communities, seem to waver from the straight line of freedom and right, she is sure to be soon found coming back to it, and obtaining in the process new impetus for further advance.

But we must remember that Italy is not the only country in the world needing and deserving the study of an English minister. What of Hungary? How much longer will Earl Russell continue to have faith, or think it wise to seem to have faith, in the paramount value of Austria to Europe? It seems almost childish to keep on repeating that while Austria, strong internally and at peace with herself, would be a natural barrier against aggressions from Russia on the one side, and France on the other, she answers exactly the opposite purpose in her present state; and must be a perpetual incitement to men like Louis Napoleon, and to the heirs of Peter the Great, to carry on the work of national aggrandizement at the expense of their weaker neighbours. Yet our Government persists in treating this image of brass with feet of clay, which we call Austria, with respect and tenderness, while neglecting that portion of Austria—Hungary—which really might be the nucleus of a strong, and, as against despotic acquisitiveness, a conservative power: and which would necessarily be an ally of England, as sharing with it the love and knowledge and habits of constitutional Government. Surely Earl Russell might do something here to make Austria understand she must accept the allegiance of Hungary on her own terms, or resign all hope of preserving the friendly countenance of Great Britain one hour after Hungary shall again present itself in battle array against its oppressor. We have wronged Hungary once, and fearful indeed have been the sufferings of that noble country in consequence; let us not repeat the crime, when the hour of revolution comes again, as it is now coming, unless Austria at the last moment yield to the basest of motives—fear—that which she has refused to all nobler appeals.

But there is even yet another country still more vitally connected with English interests, and which ought to be, and we believe is, far more dear to English hearts as belonging to our own blood—we refer

to the United States of America. Earl Russell, we are proud to say, has spoken on this subject as an English statesman ought: the rebuke of Sir John Ramsden's insolent malignity in asserting that the republican bubble had burst, will not soon be forgotten. He, at all events, is not one of the Englishmen who have hastened to strike a blow of political hatred against the mighty republic in its hour of distress. He doubtless despises as it deserves this dishonest pretence about democracy being on its trial, and being found guilty of failure because it has not known how to abolish an institution that our own royalist Government planted on its soil; and because it has at last so far roused itself to a conviction of the evils of slavery as to determine it shall go no further, and has elected a President pledged to see its will carried into effect; and hence all the present troubles which are sought to be taken advantage of so basely. What is it but "democracy" that has kept up through North and South the standard of equal rights between man and man, as written in the Constitution, and which standard has been always ready to be used as a weapon by the friends of the slaves at home, and by the enemies of the country abroad? What is it but "democracy" that has given birth to the abolitionist party, who, unlike our abolitionists, have had to risk life, property, reputation, peace, everything that can be most dear to men, while proclaiming the rights of the slaves, and showing how the very testament of "democracy," the Declaration of Independence, unequivocally condemned their treatment? Or if the doings of the American abolitionists be a distasteful theme; if they are thought to have been too fanatically hostile to slavery; let us ask what is it but democracy that has given birth to a series of efforts during late years, which have constantly increased in significance, to originate a grand northern movement; which, leaving the abolitionists to their own ground and aim of summary abolition, should saturate the public mind with a full knowledge of the cruelties and wickedness of slavery, by the press, by literature (witness *Uncle Tom's Cabin*), by lectures, by petition, and by free speech in the legislature; which should do battle with the slave-owners even to the death, if they attempted to make new slave-territories, as in Kansas; which should instigate some of the state legislatures to resist the Federal state legis-

lature when the latter, under the control of southern men, passed inhuman fugitive-slave laws; which, in a word, have eventuated at last in the development of a new party that might oppose the old party-politicians of the North, who had succumbed to or aided the South in its pro-slavery legislation; which has made that new party take the name of *republican*, as expressive of their faith that they must draw nearer in actual life to the ideal virtues embodied in the word, and which have made that party grow in numbers and influence till they very nearly elected Fremont at the last election but one, in opposition to Buchanan; and which, still advancing, at last, when Buchanan's term expired, carried all before it, and placed Lincoln in the Presidential chair? So that while it was royalty that planted slavery in the States, it is democracy that has been slowly—too slowly, no doubt—originating the conditions that threaten slavery with destruction. And when the South, seeing this impending result, breaks away even into armed revolt, we find it is the most aristocratic, we might almost say most royalist, populations who prepare to found a new community on the very basis of slavery, treating it as a good and holy thing; while it is the most democratic, that is to say, the most republican portion of the Northern States, who originate and guide the mighty war against rebellion, though supported by the third (the so called democratic) party, who were formerly in alliance with the South, while the latter were content to pursue their evil policy by constitutional means. Our readers must not forget that we have here used the word "democratic" in the same sense as the *Quarterly Review* (which has led the way in the recent attacks on America), as implying government by and for the people. It is a most unfortunate circumstance, though, of course, a purely accidental one, that the democratic party in North America means, as we have intimated, that portion which is the least republican in its faith, and, therefore, the least democratic in the higher and worthier acceptations of the term. It is that party which has so long helped to keep America from legislating against slavery, but which has been treated with a respect that it by no means deserved in England, because it was, generally speaking, in favour of Free Trade. Surely we do not now require to be told that nations or men are not to be estimated by standards like this.

Why, we were all Protectionists in England but a very few years ago; yet one would not like it to be supposed there was up to that time no political sense or virtue, no national morality or dignity of character among Englishmen. We must not mistake the action of the Americans with regard to the tariff. It is simple ignorance, or wanton prejudice, that attributes it to any other causes than such as we are quite familiar with among ourselves. The Americans, in framing that tariff, thought of themselves, not us, and of temporary convenience, not permanently influential principle. The bulk of the people have as yet cared very little about the matter; and it was not likely, with such a war before them, they would feel disposed to enter upon the study of political economy. We must be patient and wait. If we were right ourselves with regard to Free Trade, which none now doubt, the Americans will be sure to come over to our opinion, and be then as unwilling as ourselves to retrace the ground. But England ought to be above the petty selfishness of measuring the entire policy of another great people by the mere accord or absence of accord in commercial views under very peculiar and disturbing circumstances. Here, then, is great and pressing work for Earl Russell to do, in making England and America understand one another better.

But might he not say, and with justice, has England itself made up its mind so clearly as to what it wants and wishes with regard to America, that a minister can speak for it with confidence, and be sure of support in his acts? What is he to think of England listening to such logic as that which is being daily poured forth by portions of the press,—surely in cynical contempt for its readers' judgment? We have now discovered, say they, that a democracy can be as unbridled in its fancy for war, and as extravagant in saddling posterity with debt, as any of the older forms of government. Of course, then, the writers mean us to understand that the war and the expenditure are alike unnecessary; otherwise obviously the case would be that a democracy which has hitherto kept aloof from debt or civil war, is too patriotic to shirk either, if dread necessity compels, in the cause of order and law; which would be not the failure, but the triumph of democracy. Now, incredible as it sounds, the very papers that make this charge of recklessness against American democracy,

acknowledge, in the same breath, the war *may be necessary*. Does England, then, think the Federal Government ought to do just what it is now doing—that is, take the duties as they offer themselves, and at present confine itself to putting down rebellion, leaving to time, opportunity, and, above all, to God's directing finger, the further question of what shall be done with slavery? or does England think that the Government should at once, in addition to its other tremendous labours and responsibilities, proclaim war to slavery, the Northern people as yet hesitating and divided, no plan of emancipation prepared, no provision ready, either for the support of millions of Negroes, or for securing the slave-owners, their wives and daughters, from the bloody retribution that would be almost sure to burst forth upon them at the first uprising? Has England thought of all these things? If not, how is it she lends such ready acquiescence to the bitter sneers or professed indignation of those who are always crying out that the present struggle is not one for or against slavery, simply because the Federal Government is unprepared suddenly to deal with so appalling a question, as governments alone ought to deal—that is, *practically*, and with definite views of what should be and can be accomplished?

For ourselves, we believe that the handwriting is on the wall against this accursed institution, and that the whole series of political movements in America of late years, so far from having nothing to do with slavery, have actually been based almost exclusively upon it, beginning with the attempts to increase the area of slavery,—thus Texas was annexed, the war with Mexico begun, Cuba threatened, and Walker's filibustering expeditions cherished,—and ending with the election of a President pledged to say to the South, with all the power of the Government at his back—"We have no legal authority to interfere with slavery in the States where it exists, and we do not propose to secure the social rights of the slaves by violating the political rights of their masters; but we will have no more slave states formed out of the territories that belong to the whole people. If slavery must languish and die under such restrictions, by some internal disease of its own creating, so be it; certainly you need look no longer to increase of slave territory, or to the re-opening of the slave trade, to secure you from the consequences of your own acts." This is

in effect exactly what the great majority of the Northern men said to the Southern when they elected Lincoln; with their eyes open to possible consequences they did that for the anti-slavery movement; and certainly of all the audacious statements ever hazarded by public men and public writers for special and party purposes, this is the most truly astounding, that, now that civil war has burst upon the country, because the South feels it must escape from the Union, or sacrifice slavery, the contest has nothing to do with that frightful system.

While, then, Earl Russell upholds non-intervention, we could wish he would say, from time to time, a few generous words to show that England is not, in its alarms about cotton, selfishly indifferent to the position of the Federal Government, or morally blind to the respective motives and conduct of the combatants: the one seeking to uphold law and government, the other to destroy both wherever its selfish and base interests are concerned; the one trusting, generous, and therefore deceived till the hour of explosion; the other trusted, treacherous, and therefore successful at the outset; the one seeking, without convulsion, to restrict slavery, and prepared, no doubt, with the growth of opinion and opportunity, to abolish it altogether; the other to expand it, and raise it on an ideal elevation, as the peculiarly Christian dispensation for the blighted children of Africa; the one overwhelming in strength, but having much to do to develop and utilize its strength for the contest; the other intrinsically weaker in every essential—men, wealth, arms, ships, and living in perpetual fear of a slave insurrection behind their backs, but confident, skilful, accustomed to rule, and prepared to fight with all the desperation of men whose blood is up to the lava point of passion, and whose leaders see they have only two alternatives—entire success or the most absolute ruin, perhaps even the gallows. It is the absence of this sympathy from England which is embittering the mind of our American brothers against us. Surely we ought to give it to them, if it be but in recollection of our own long struggle and costly sacrifices to relieve ourselves from the iniquities of slavery. May we hope, then, that Earl Russell will see that as non-intervention did not prevent Englishmen from glorying in the successes of Garibaldi, or mourning over the fall of Poland, or looking forward

with eager anticipation to the resurrection of both Poland and Hungary, so now it need not prevent our cordial recognition of the recent efforts of the North to stem the tide of slavery, and of its present struggle with its deadly enemy for the very conservation of national life. If the North does not succeed, we shall have to witness such a state of chronic border warfare subsequently between the two communities as human experience has hitherto happily escaped. Where there is one chance now for the escape of slaves, there will then be a hundred. The North, of course, will shelter them, and hence perpetual war. The end will be chaos, if the Federal authorities fail to resolve all things once more into order.

We shall advert to but one topic more—a weighty and pressing one it is. How long will the ministry be content to be descending a sliding scale of popularity, where they have to go but very little further before they reach the bottom in a political sense, and find they have changed their majority for a minority? Granted that Lord Palmerston, as leader, has been right, in yielding in so many ways to the reaction that has lately triumphed. What then, if his system is bringing itself to a close? Does he forget—and if he does, Earl Russell cannot—a case parallel to his own, but far more full of obvious instruction? Does he remember with what an overwhelming majority the Grey ministry, after the passing of the great Reform Bill of 1832, used to meet the Parliament? Does he remember how that majority steadily declined, under the influence of Irish coercion bills, refusal to reform satisfactorily the Irish Church, prosecutions of the Press, and above all, under the doctrine of finality as to reform in the representation, until at last—lo! there was a crash, and ere long we found Conservatism, that we had all looked upon as dead, was in power! Granted, then, that the late reaction has been an excellent thing; but still what is to follow? It is quite clear that the same stream that is carrying a new reform bill out of sight, is also taking Lord Palmerston and his majority to the same unenviable place. It may be an excellent system, but still if it means political death for its advocates, is it not worth while for them to reconsider the subject, and see whether there has not been some mistake in the logic?

But Earl Russell does not share in the views of that reaction. How then will

he act in the Lords with regard to the main question involved? Will he not strive once more to convince his party before it is destroyed, that the House of Commons needs new blood from the people to get it out of this depressing state? Can he not point with irresistible force to the fact that all the arguments used now against working men, are precisely the same as those which were used to prevent the admission of the middle classes in 1832? It was a far easier thing for the middle classes then to have swamped the higher classes (and a much more probable thing to be done), than that two or three hundred thousand working men should now be able to swamp at once both middle and higher. Of course, we all know what has been the chief obstacle, the alarm given to employers by the recent demands of the working men—demands which the former think not justifiable on any sound system of political economy. Why, surely that is the very reason why all lovers of their country, and especially the rich men, who have such good cause to love it, should desire to see the leaders of the operatives in parliament, that they might there let out all their crude ideas, and watch the fate of them when entrusted to the floor of the House of Commons and to the sifting spirit of free debate. It has been the very salt of our system, this habit and right of free speech. Bring the delegates, then, themselves face to face with public opinion in Parliament. Let them say what they have to say there. And, above all, let the working men of Great Britain feel that they are not asked to entrust their dearest interests to any but persons of their own choice. It would be ludicrous to talk of doubting the issue: as though there could be any other issue than that the operatives would grow wiser, and in the process might possibly add something in return to the wisdom of their teachers.

Here, then, is the key-note of the movement that can alone restore the Liberal majority. And it would be a happy coincidence if Earl Russell, who began his political career by advocating the question of parliamentary reform so many years ago, should end it by carrying through the Lords such a measure as the one now popularly connected with his name. Sooner or later the Ministry will have to elect between quietly abandoning

the reins to a Derby Ministry, as though they were themselves utterly worn out, or go again to the country with some promise that shall be worth listening to. There can be no other than this. And although Lord Palmerston may be defeated even if he offers such an issue, that only shows how great is the necessity for his acting before all chance of evoking reasonable enthusiasm dies out, and how unwise is the policy that keeps postponing a claim, knowing that heavy, perhaps unconscionable, interest may be demanded at last when there is no longer power to resist. A reform principle that has succeeded in obtaining pledges from the Sovereign, and from the leading statesmen of both parties, and that appeals to the interests and feelings of the masses of the people, can only be a question of time. Nothing can put it back into oblivion. That principle is, that labour should be represented in the British Parliament. Of course when there it must do as every other class representation has had to do, fight its own constitutional battle; and succeed or fail, just as it deserves, and just as it can carry with it the ever-growing force of public opinion.

This, then, is the programme that we think Lord John's antecedents suggest to Earl Russell, and that we think he ought to carry out. This is the sort of answer we propose to the question with which we set out in our title. But if we are asked what he *will* do, and not simply what we imagine he should do, we frankly confess we are not sanguine. Age is creeping on, and it does not bring with it the energy that can firmly uphold what is for the hour a losing cause. So it may be that Earl Russell will just fire off now and then into the political obscurity that he may fancy is growing around him, a telling speech, sufficient to remind us of the brilliant past, but raising no expectation that any one will listen for its future echoes. We hope better; and should like to see the noble lord, ere he disappears from the busy scene, able to add yet one additional gem to his coronet—the political emancipation of the working classes. When he conferred a similar power on the middle classes he had others to share with him in the good work: this, if accomplished, will be nearly all his own.

THE KING OF THE MOUNTAINS.

By EDMOND ABOUT.

CHAPTER IV.

(continued.)

Account of the Proceedings of the National Company of the King of the Mountains for the Year 1855-1856.

"The Royal Camp, April 10, 1856.

"GENTLEMEN,

"The Manager you have honoured with your confidence now brings before you for your approval, for the fourteenth time, the statement of his labours during the year. Since the day when the deed constituting our company was signed in the office of Master Tsappas, Notary Royal of Athens, our enterprise has never met with more obstacles, or the progress of our labours been impeded by more serious difficulties. We have been compelled to keep an eminently national institution at work in the face of a foreign occupation, and under the eyes of two armies, which, if not hostile, are at least ill-disposed toward us. The Piræus held by a military force, and the frontier of Turkey watched with a jealousy without precedent in history, have restrained our activity within narrow limits, and imposed insurmountable obstacles to our zeal. In this confined sphere, our resources were further reduced by the general penury, the scarcity of money, and the insufficiency of the crops. The olive-trees have not carried out their promise; the production of the cereals has been moderate, and the vines are not yet cured of the oïdium. Under such circumstances it was extremely difficult to profit by the tolerant spirit of the authorities and the mildness of a truly paternal Government. Our undertaking is so closely connected with the interests of the country, that it can only flourish in the general prosperity, and it feels the counterstroke of all public calamities; for from those who have nothing, nothing, or very little, can be taken.

"Foreign travellers, whose curiosity is so useful to the kingdom and ourselves, have been very rare. English tourists, who formerly composed an important part of a revenue, have been totally absent. Two young Americans arrested on the Pentelican road defrauded us of their

ransom. A spirit of distrust, fed by a few English and French journals, keeps aloof from us those persons whose capture would be most useful to us.

"And yet, Gentlemen, such is the vitality of our institution, that it has withstood this fatal crisis better than commerce, trade, and agriculture have done. Your capital entrusted in my hands has produced a profit, not so good as I might have desired, but much better than any one could expect. By the subjoined accounts, you will perceive that after paying all expenses, including repairs of roads, which had become so impracticable that no travellers were left to arrest on them, we are enabled this year to pay interest at the rate of nearly 82 per cent.

"Such, Gentlemen, are the results of the last campaign. You can now judge of the future which is reserved for us when the foreign occupation has ceased to weigh on our country and our operations."

The king dictated this report and the figures, with which I have not troubled you, without hesitating for a second. I could not have believed it possible that an old man of his age could have so ready a memory. He put his seal at the bottom of the three letters—that is his way of signing. He reads fluently, but he never found the time to learn to write. Charlemagne and Alfred the Great were, I have heard, in the same case.

While the Under-Secretaries of State were transcribing this correspondence to be deposited in the archives, he gave audience to the subaltern officers, who had returned with their detachments during the day. Each of these men sat down before him, saluted by laying his hand on his heart, and gave his report in a few words with respectful conciseness. I declare to you that St. Louis beneath his oak did not inspire the inhabitants of Vincennes with deeper veneration.

The first who presented himself was a little man with ugly looks, a thorough face for an assize court. He was an islander of Corfu in trouble about some cases of arson: he had been well received, and his talents secured his promotion. But his chief and his men held him in but



THE CORFIOTE.

slight esteem. He was suspected of putting away a part of the plunder for himself. Now the king was intractable in matters of honesty. When he detected a man in a fault, he expelled him ignominiously, and said to him, with crushing irony, "Go and turn magistrate."

Hadji Stavros asked the Corfiote:—

"What have you done?"

"I went with my fifteen men to Swallow Valley, on the Thebes road. I met a detachment of the line; twenty-five men."

"Where are their guns?"

"I left them to them: they were all percussion locks—of no use to us, as we had no caps."

"Good. Next?"

"It was market-day; I stopped those who returned."

"How many?"

"One hundred and forty-two persons."

"And you have brought——"

"Sixty-five pounds about."

"Seven shillings a-head. That is little."

"It is a good deal for peasants."

"Then, they had not sold their goods?"

"Some had sold, others bought."

The Corfiote opened a heavy bag he

was carrying on his arm, and spread out the contents before the secretaries, who began counting out the amount. The receipts consisted of some thirty or forty Mexican dollars, some handfuls of Austrian zwanzigers, and an enormous quantity of copper. A few ragged pieces of paper were here and there visible; they were two-shilling bank notes.

"You have no jewellery?" the king asked.

"No."

"Then, there were no women?"

"I found none worth the trouble of carrying."

"What's that I see on your finger?"

"A ring."

"Gold?"

"Or copper: I don't know."

"Where did you get it from?"

"I bought it two months ago."

"If you bought it, you would know whether it was gold or copper. Hand it here."

The Corfiote pulled it off with ill grace. The ring was at once placed in a small box full of jewellery.

"I pardon you," the king said, "on account of your education. People of

your country dishonour robbery by mingling trickery with it. If I had only Ionians in my band, I should be obliged to put turnstiles on the roads, like those at the gates of the Great Exhibition, to count the travellers, and receive the money. Let another come."



VASILI.

The next who came was a fat, good-looking lad, with a most agreeable face. His round eyes flush with his head evidenced rectitude and simplicity. His half-opened lips displayed through their smile two magnificent rows of teeth. He attracted me at the first glance, and I said to myself, that if he had got into bad company, he would be sure to find the right road again ere long. My face pleased him, too, for he bowed to me most politely before sitting down in front of the king. Hadji Stavros said to him:—

"What have you done, my Vasili?"

"I went last night with my six men to Pigadia, the village of Senator Zimbelis."

"Good."

"Zimbelis was absent as usual, but his relations, his farmers and tenants, were all at home and a-bed."

"Good."

"I went to the khan; I woke up the khanji; I bought twenty-five trusses of straw of him, and in payment I killed him."

"Good."

"We laid the straw before the houses, which are all planks or reeds, and we set fire to it at seven places at once. The



IN PAYMENT, I KILLED HIM.

matches were good, the wind blew from the north, and all caught."

"Good."

"We withdrew quietly to the well. All the villagers were aroused together, and began yelling. The men came with their leathern buckets to fetch water. We drowned four of them we did not know; the rest bolted."

"Good."

"We returned to the village. There was no one left there but a child forgotten by its parents, and which cried like a little crow that had fallen out of the nest. I threw it into a burning house, and it didn't cry any more."

"Good."

"We then took torches and set fire to the olive-trees. The thing turned out famously. We started for camp, supped and slept half way, and returned this morning at nine o'clock, all well, without a single burn."

"Good. Senator Zimbelis will make no more impertinent remarks about us. Let another come."

Vasili retired, bowing to me as politely as when he came up, but I did not return his salute.

His place was at once taken by the tall devil who had captured us. By a singular caprice of chance, the first author of the drama in which I was summoned to play a part was called Sophocles. At the moment when he began his report, I felt something cold running through my veins. I implored Mrs. Simons not to



THE MODERN SOPHOCLES.

risk an imprudent remark. She replied that she was English, and knew how to behave. The king begged us to be silent, and leave the word to the speaker.

He, in the first place, displayed the property of which he had robbed us; then he drew from his girdle forty Austrian ducats, forming a sum of eighteen pounds.

"The ducats," he said, "come from the village of Castia; the rest was given me by the Milords. You told me to beat up the neighbourhood, so I began with the village."

"You did wrong," the king answered; "the people of Castia are our neighbours, and we must leave them alone. How should we live in safety if we made enemies at our gate? Besides, they are worthy people who can lend us a helping hand in case of need."

"Oh! I took nothing from the charcoal-burners. They had disappeared in the woods without leaving me time to speak with them. But the Paredros had the gout, and I found him at home."

"What did you say to him?"

"I asked him for his money; he declared he had none. I shut him up in a sack with his cat, and I don't know what the cat did to him, but he began crying out that his treasure was behind the house under a large stone. That's where I found the ducats."

"You were wrong. The Paredros will set the whole village on us."

"Oh, no! on leaving him I forgot to open the sack, and the cat must have scratched out his eyes."

"That's better—but listen to me, all of you. I will not have our neighbours incommoded. You can go."

Our interrogatory was about to begin. Hadji Stavros, instead of making us appear before him, gravely rose and sat down on the ground by our side. This mark of deference appeared to us a favourable augury. Mrs. Simons prepared to give him a regular good lecturing. For my part, foreseeing only too well what she might say, and knowing the intemperance of her tongue, I offered the king my services as interpreter. He thanked me coldly and called the Corfiote, who spoke English.

"Madam," the king said to Mrs. Simons, "you seem angry. Have you any complaint against the men who brought you here?"

"It was shameful," she said; "your rogues stopped me, threw me in the dust, plundered me, and starved me."

"Pray accept my apologies. I am compelled to employ men of no education. Believe me, madam, that they did not act thus by my orders. You are English?"

"From London."

"I have been in London: I know and esteem the English. I know that they have a good appetite, and you may have remarked the eagerness with which I offered you refreshments. I know that ladies of your country do not like running about rocks, and you ought to have been allowed to walk at your own pace. I know that persons of your nation, when travelling, only take necessary articles with them, and I shall not pardon Sophocles for having plundered you, especially if you are a lady of rank."

"I belong to the highest London society."

"Deign to take back this money which belongs to you. Are you wealthy?"

"Certainly."

"Does not this housewife belong to you?"

"It is my daughter's."



ONE WAY OF GIVING THE SACK.

"Pray take back what belongs to your daughter also. You are very rich?"

"Very rich."

"Do not these articles belong to your son?"

"That gentleman is not my son, he is a German. As I am English, how can I have a German son?"

"That is too true. I suppose you have seven hundred a-year?"

"More."

"A carpet for these ladies. May I say twelve hundred?"

"We have more than that."

"Sophocles is a rascal I will punish. Logothete, order dinner to be prepared for these ladies. Is it possible, madam, that you are a millionaire?"

"I am."

"And I feel confounded at the manner in which you have been treated. You have, doubtless, valuable acquaintances at Athens?"

"I know the English Minister, and if you had dared——"

"Oh, madam! You know, perhaps, merchants and bankers?"

"My brother, who is at Athens, is acquainted with several bankers in that city."

"I am delighted. Sophocles, come here! Ask pardon of these ladies."

Sophocles growled some apology between his teeth. The king continued:—

"These are English ladies of distinction; they have a very large fortune;

they are received at the English Embassy; their brother, who is at Athens, knows all the bankers in that city."

"That's right," Mrs. Simons exclaimed.

The king went on—

"You should have treated these ladies with all the respect due to their fortune."

"Good!" said Mrs. Simons.

"Brought them here gently."

"What to do?" Mary Anne murmured.

"And abstained from touching their luggage. When you have the honour to meet on the mountains two persons of the rank of these ladies, you should bow to them respectfully, lead them to the camp deferentially, guard them circumspectly, and offer them politely everything necessary for existence, until their brother or their ambassador sends us a ransom of four thousand pounds."

Poor Mrs. Simons! dear Mary Anne! neither of them expected this conclusion. For my part, I was not surprised, for I knew with what a crafty scamp we had to deal. I boldly took the word, and said in his teeth:—

"You can keep what your men plundered me of, for that is all you will have of me. I am poor, my father has nothing, my brothers often eat dry bread. I know no bankers nor ambassadors, and if you support me in hope of a ransom, you will be money out of pocket, I pledge you my word."

A murmur of incredulity ran round the

audience, but the king appeared to believe me.

"If it be so," he said to me, "I will not commit the error of keeping you here in spite of yourself. I would sooner send you back to the city. The lady will give you a letter for her brother, and you will start this very day. If, however, you need a day or two's rest in the mountains, I will offer you my hospitality; for I do not suppose you have come thus far, with that big box, to look at the scenery."

This little speech procured me notable relief, and I looked around with a glance of satisfaction. The king, his secretaries, and soldiers appeared to me less terrible; the neighbouring rocks seemed to me more picturesque since I could regard them with the eyes of a visitor and not of a prisoner. The desire I felt to see Athens suddenly toned down, and I yielded to the idea of spending two or three days on the mountains. I felt that my advice would not be useless to Mary Anne's mother, for the worthy lady was in a state of exaltation which might ruin her. If by any chance she refused to pay the ransom! Before England could come to her help, she had time to attract some misfortune on a charming head. I could not leave her without telling her, for her guidance, the story of the two little girls of Mistra. What more shall I add? You know my passion for botany, and the flora of Parnassus is most seductive at the end of April. Five or six plants as rare as they are celebrated, can be found there; one especially, the *Boryana variabilis*, discovered and christened by Mr. Bory de St. Vincent. Ought I to leave such a gap in my herbal, and present myself at the Hamburg Museum without the *Boryana*? I therefore answered the king:

"I accept your hospitality, but on one condition."

"What is it?"

"You will give me back my box."

"Agreed;—but on one condition on my side—"

"Name it?"

"You will tell me what you use it for."

"Of course: I employ it to hold the plants I gather."

"And why do you look for plants; to sell them?"

"Fie!—I am not a tradesman; but a professor."

He held out his hand to me, and said, with visible joy,

"I am delighted. Knowledge is a fine

thing. Our ancestors were learned, and our grandchildren will be so too, perhaps. As for ourselves, we have wanted the time. Are professors held in high esteem in your country?"

"Infinitely so."

"They receive good appointments?"

"Sometimes."

"They are well paid?"

"Decently."

"Small ribbons are fastened to their chest?"

"Now and then."

"Is it true that cities dispute who shall have them?"

"That is true in Germany."

"And their death is regarded as a public calamity?"

"Assuredly."

"What you tell me affords me sincere pleasure. Then you have no reason to complain of your fellow-citizens?"

"On the contrary; for it is their liberality which has allowed me to visit Greece."

"You travel at their expense?"

"For the last six months."

"Then you are well educated?"

"I have a doctor's diploma."

"Is there a superior degree in science?"

"None."

"And how many doctors may there be in your city?"

"I do not know exactly; but there are not so many doctors in Hamburg as there are generals in Athens."

"Oh, oh! I will not deprive your country of so rare a man. You will return to Hamburg, Doctor. What would they say if they heard you were a prisoner in our mountains?"

"They would regard it as a misfortune."

"Come!—sooner than lose a man like you, the city of Hamburg will willingly make the sacrifice of £600. Take up your box. Run about; botanize, and pursue the course of your studies. Why do you not put that money back in your pocket? It is yours, and I respect professors too much to plunder them. But your country is rich enough to pay for its glory. Happy young man! you can now recognise how much the doctor's title adds to your personal value! I should not have asked a farthing of ransom from you, had you been an ignorant fellow like myself."

The king would not listen either to my objections or Mrs. Simons' interjections. He broke off the audience, and



THE ROYAL BAND.

pointed out our sitting-room. Mrs. Simons went down to it, protesting that she would devour the meal, but not pay the bill. Mary Anne seemed very downcast; but such is the mobility of youth, that she uttered a cry of delight on seeing the pleasant spot where our table was laid. It was a little nook of verdure nestling in the grey rock. A fine and close grass formed the carpet; a few clumps of privets and laurels formed an awning, and hid the rugged walls. A lovely blue arch was expanded over our heads, and two long-necked vultures soaring in it seemed suspended there to please our eyes. In one corner of the hall, a stream limpid as diamonds silently filled its rustic cup, spread over the lips, and ran in a silvery course down the slippery side of the mountain. On this side the prospect extended to the Pentelicus, that huge white palace towering over Athens; the wood of gloomy olive-trees, the dusty plain, the greyish back of the Hymettus, curved like an old man's spine, and that admirable Saronic gulf, so blue that it might be called a strip that had fallen from heaven. Assuredly Mrs. Simons had not an admiring turn of mind, and yet she confessed that to rent such a fine view would be expensive at London or Paris.

The table was served with heroic simplicity: bread baked in a field oven smoked on the turf, and affected the sense of smell by its heady vapour. The curdled milk trembled in a huge wood bowl; large olives and green pimentos were heaped up on badly planed waiters; a shaggy skin expanded its wide paunch by the side of a quaintly carved copper cup; a sheep-milk cheese rested on the linen that had pressed it, and of which it still preserved the imprint. Five or six appetizing lettuces offered us a fine salad, but there was no dressing. The king had placed at our disposal his field-service of plate, consisting of spoons carved with a knife, and we had, as additional luxury, the fork of our five fingers. The collation had not been carried to such an extent as to give us meat, but on the other hand, the golden Almyros tobacco promised us an admirable digestion.

An officer of the king was appointed to wait on and to listen to us. It was the hideous Corfiote, the gold-ring man who understood English. He cut up the bread with his dagger, and handed it to us abundantly, begging us to stand on no ceremony. Mrs. Simons, while not losing

a mouthful, addressed some haughty remarks to him—

"Pray, sir," she said, "does your master seriously suppose that we shall pay him a ransom of £4000?"

"He is sure of it, ma'am."

"Then he does not know the English nation."

"He knows it very well, ma'am, and so do I. At Corfu I was acquainted with several English persons of distinction—judges, indeed!"

"I compliment you on it; but tell this Stavros to arm himself with patience, for he will have to wait a very long time for the money he reckons on."

"He ordered me to tell you that he should wait till the stroke of twelve on May 15."

"And if we have not paid by that time?"

"He will be sorrowfully compelled to cut your throat, as well as the young lady's."

Mary Anne let the hand fall she was raising to her lips.

"Give me a little wine," she said.

The brigand offered her a cupful; but she had scarce raised it to her lips ere a cry of terror and repugnance escaped her. The poor child imagined that the wine was poisoned. I reassured her by emptying the cup at a draught.

"Fear nothing," I said to her, "it is the resin."

"What resin?"

"Wine would not keep in these skins, unless a certain quantity of resin were added to prevent it becoming tainted. This mixture does not make it more pleasant, but you see it can be drunk without danger."

In spite of my example, Mary Anne and her mother had water brought them. The brigand ran to the spring, and was back again in three strides.

"You understand, ladies," he said, with a smile, "that the king would not be so foolish as to poison persons so dear to him as you are." He added, as he turned to me, "I have orders to tell you, Mr. Doctor, that you have thirty days to complete your studies and pay the money. I will give you, as well as the ladies, all the necessary materials for writing."

"Thank you," said Mrs. Simons; "we will think about it in a week, if we are not delivered."

"And by whom, madam?"

"By England."

"That is a long way off."

"Or by the gendarmes."

"I only hope you may. In the meanwhile, is there anything you would like me to do for you?"

"Yes; I want a sleeping apartment."

"We have near here some grottos, called the stables, but you would not be comfortable there. Sheep were kept in them through the winter, and the smell has remained. I will have two tents fetched from the peasants below, and you will camp here—until the arrival of the gendarmes."

"I also want a lady's maid."

"Nothing is easier. Our men will go down to the plains and arrest the first peasant woman that passes—of course if the gendarmes permit it."

"I require clothes, linen, my toilet articles, soap, a looking-glass, combs, scents, my Berlin-wool frame, a ——"

"That is a great deal, madam; and we should be obliged to take Athens by storm in order to find all that; but we will do the best we can. Count on me, and count no more on the gendarmes."

"May the Lord have pity on us!" Mary Anne said.

A vigorous echo replied, "*Kyrie Eleison!*" It was the good old man who had come to pay us a visit, and sang as he walked to keep himself in breath. He bowed to us cordially, put a vessel full of honey before us, and sat down by our side.

"Take and eat," he said to us; "my bees offer you a dessert."

I squeezed his hand; but Mrs. Simons and her daughter turned from him in disgust. They insisted on seeing in him an accomplice of the brigands; but the poor fellow had not wit enough for that. He only knew how to say his prayers, attend to his little insects, sell their harvest, collect the income of the monastery, and live in peace with all the world. His intellect was limited, his knowledge none, and his conduct innocent as that of a well-regulated machine. I do not believe that he could clearly distinguish right from wrong, or make a great difference between a thief and an honest man. His wisdom consisted in eating four meals a day, and being always in a half-and-half state of fuddle. He was, moreover, one of the best monks of his order. I did all honour to the present he had brought us. This half-wild honey resembled that you eat in France, as the flesh of a kid does that of a lamb. You

might fancy that the bees had distilled in an invisible alembic all the perfumes of the mountain. I forgot, while eating my slice of bread and honey, that I had only a month in which to find 600*l.*, or die.

The monk, in his turn, asked our permission to refresh himself, and not awaiting an answer, took the cup and filled a bumper. He drank to each of us in succession. Five or six brigands, attracted by curiosity, stepped into the banqueting hall; he addressed them by name, and drank to each of them through a spirit of justice. But I soon had reason to curse his visit; for within an hour of his arrival, half the band was seated in a circle round our table. In the absence of the king, who was enjoying his siesta in his office, the brigands came, one after the other, to cultivate our acquaintance. One offered us his services, another brought us something, and a third introduced himself without pretext or embarrassment, like a man who feels himself at home. The more familiar asked me in a pressing way to tell them our history; the more timid kept behind their comrades, and pushed them up gradually to us. After looking at us sufficiently, some stretched themselves on the grass, and snored most inharmoniously, disregarding Mary Anne's presence. And the fleas still mounted, while the sight of their former masters rendered them so daring that I caught two or three on the back of my hand. It was impossible to dispute with them the right of pasturage, for I was no longer a man but a common. At this moment I would have given the three finest plants in my herbal for a quarter of an hour's solitude. Mrs. Simons and her daughter were too discreet to inform me of their feelings, but they proved by some involuntary starts that we had a community of ideas. I even surprised a despairing glance between them, clearly signifying, "the gendarmes will deliver us from the robbers, but who will free us from the fleas?" This dumb complaint aroused in my heart a chivalrous feeling. I was resigned to suffer, but to witness Mary Anne's torture was something beyond my strength. I rose resolutely, and said to our annoyances:—

"Be off, all of you! The king has lodged us here to remain quiet till the arrival of our ransom. The rent is quite high enough for us to expect the sole use of our apartments. Are you not ashamed to collect round a table like fawning dogs?"

You have nothing to do here. If we want anything of you, it is your absence. Do you fancy we can escape? In what way? by the cascades? or by the king's apartments? Leave us in peace, then. Corfiote, turn them out, and I will help you, if you like."

I joined action to words. I pushed the laggards, woke up the sleepers, shook the monk, forced the Corfiote to come to my assistance, and ere long the flock of brigands, a flock armed with daggers and pistols, yielded to my will with sheep-like docility, while taking little steps, resisting with the shoulders, and looking back, after the fashion of scholars driven into school after the bell has rung.

We were at length alone with the Corfiote, and I said to Mrs. Simons:—

"These are our quarters now, madam: would you wish our apartment to be divided into two? I only want a little corner where to put up my tent. Behind those trees I shall be tolerably comfortable, and all the rest will be yours. You will have the spring close to you."

My offers were accepted with considerable illgrace. These ladies would have liked to keep all for themselves and send me to sleep among the brigands. It is true that British cant would have gained something by this separation, but I should have lost sight of Mary Anne. And, besides, I was determined to sleep far away from the fleas. The Corfiote backed up my proposition, which rendered his watch the easier, as he had orders to guard us day and night. It was arranged that he should sleep near my tent, and I insisted on a distance of six feet between us.

The treaty concluded, I established myself in a corner to hunt my domestic game. But I had scarce given the first view halloo, when the curious brigands reappeared in the horizon, under the pretext of bringing our tents. Mrs. Simons uttered loud cries on perceiving that the house was composed of a single strip of coarse felt, folded in the centre, the ends fastened to the ground, but open on both sides. The Corfiote swore that we were lodged like princes, excepting in case of rain or wind. The entire band prepared to plant the piquets, lay our beds, and bring the coverlids. Each bed was composed of a carpet, covered with a large goat-skin cloak. At six o'clock, the king came to assure himself, by personal observation, that we wanted for nothing. Mrs. Simons, more wroth than wise,

answered that she wanted for everything. I formally demanded the exclusion of all unnecessary visitors. The king established strict regulations, which were never followed out, for discipline is a word very difficult to translate into Greek.

The king and his subjects retired at seven o'clock, and our supper was served. Four torches of resinous wood lit up the table. Their red and smoky light strangely coloured Miss Simons's slightly paled face. Her eyes seemed to go out and be rekindled in their orbits, like the revolving light of a lighthouse. Her voice, broken by fatigue, assumed at intervals a singular brilliancy. On listening to her, my mind strayed into a supernatural world, and all sorts of reminiscences of fantastic tales occurred to me. A nightingale sang, and I fancied I saw its silvery voice playing round Mary Anne's lips. The day had been rude for us, and even I, who have just given you brilliant proofs of my appetite, soon recognised that I only hungered for sleep. I wished the ladies good night, and I withdrew beneath my tent. When there, I forgot, in a second nightingale, danger, ransom, and bites; I double-locked my eyes, and slept.

A frightful fusilade made me leap up, and I did so suddenly that I struck my head against one of the piquets of my tent; at the same time I heard two feminine voices shrieking—

"We are saved! Here are the gendarmes!"

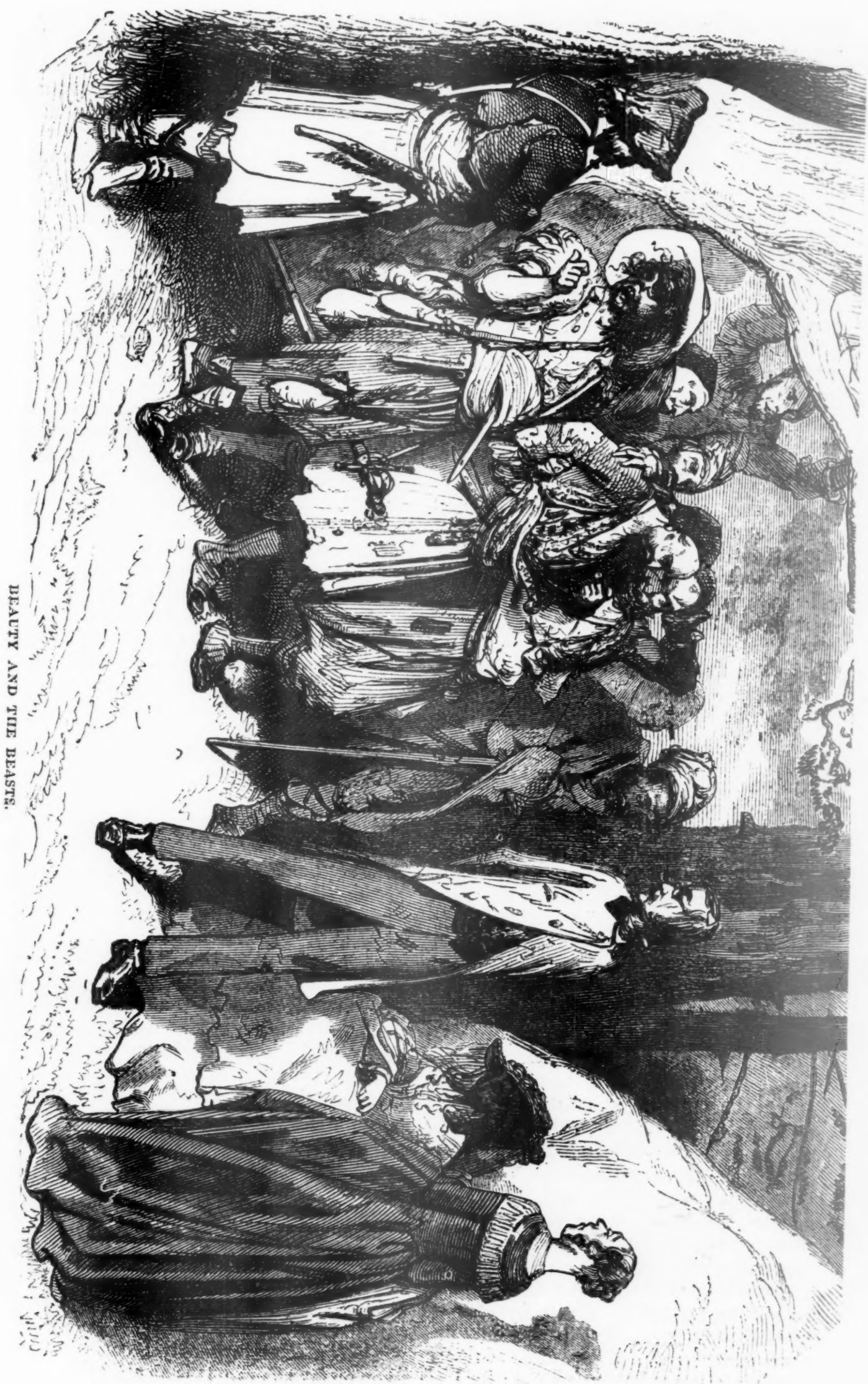
I saw two or three shadows run confusedly through the night. In my joy and trouble, I embraced the first shade that passed; it was the Corfiote.

"Halt!" he shouted. "Where are you running to, if you please?"

"Dog of a robber!" I replied, as I wiped my mouth, "I am going to see if the gendarmes will soon have finished shooting your comrades."

Mrs. Simons and her daughter, guided by my voice, came up to us. The Corfiote said:

"The gendarmes do not march on this day. It is the Ascension and the First of May—a double festival. The noise you heard is the signal for rejoicing. It has gone midnight. Till to-morrow at the same hour our comrades will drink wine, eat meat, dance the Romaika, and burn powder. If you like to witness this fine sight, it will cause me pleasure. I shall guard you more agreeably by the side of the lamb than by the spring."



BEAUTY AND THE BEAST.

"You are not telling the truth," said Mrs. Simons. "It is the gendarmes."

"Let us go and see," Mary Anne added.

I followed them. The noise was so great that it would have been lost time to try and sleep. Our guide led us through the King's Cabinet, and showed us the robbers' camp, lit up as if by a fire. Whole fir-trees were blazing at intervals. Five or six groups collected round the fire were roasting lambs, spitted on sticks. In the midst of the crowd a long string of dancers moved slowly to the sound of some ear-piercing music. Guns were being fired on every side. One was pointed at us, and I heard a bullet whistle past within a few yards of my ear. I begged the ladies to hurry on, hoping that nearer the king we should be further from danger.

The king, seated on his eternal carpet, was solemnly presiding over the amusements of his people. Around him the skins were emptied like sample-bottles. The lambs were cut up like partridges, and each guest seized a leg or a shoulder, which he carried off in his fist. The orchestra was composed of a deaf tambourine, and a shrill flageolet; the tambourine had become deaf through constantly hearing the cries of the flageolet. The dancers had taken off their shoes to be more nimble: now and then, one of them quitted the ball, swallowed a cup of wine, took a bite of meat, fired a gun, and returned to the dance. All these men, excepting the king, drank, ate, yelled, and bounded; but I did not see a single one laugh.

Hadji Stavros apologized politely for having awakened us.

"I am not to blame," he said; "it is the custom. If the 1st of May were to pass without firing, these worthy fellows would not believe in the return of spring. I have here only simple beings brought up in the country, and attached to old associations. I carry on their education as well as I can; but I shall die before I have tamed them. Men cannot be made into a new shape in a day, like silver dishes. I, such as you see me, once took a pleasure in these coarse sports. I drank and danced like any one else. I did not know European civilization. Why did I set out on my travels so late in life? I would give a good deal to be only fifty years of age again. I have ideas of reform which will never be carried out; for I see myself, like Alexander, without an heir

worthy of me. I dream of a new organization of brigandage, free from disorder, turbulence, and noise. But I am not supported. I ought to have an exact census of all the inhabitants of the kingdom, with an approximative statement of their property. As for the strangers who land among us, an agent established at each port ought to let me know their names, itinerary, and, as far as possible, their fortunes. In that way I should know what loss each can suffer; I should not run the risk of asking too much or too little. I should establish on each road a post of cleanly, well-educated and clothed officials; for what use is there of frightening clients by an improper attire and repulsive looks? I have seen in England and France robbers elegant to an extreme. Did they carry on their business any worse for that?

"I should demand from all my clerks the utmost politeness, especially from those employed in the arrest department. I should have, for persons of distinction like yourself, comfortable lodgings in a good atmosphere, with gardens; and do not imagine that they would be more expensive—quite the contrary. If all those who travel in the kingdom must necessarily pass through my hands, the tax on each would amount to a trifling sum. Let each native and stranger only pay me a quarter per cent. on his fortune, and I should gain by taking a quantity. In such a case brigandage would only be a tax on circulation; a just tax, because it would be proportional; a regular tax, because it has ever been raised since the heroic age. We would simplify it, if required, by an annual payment. For a certain amount once paid, the natives could have a safe-conduct, strangers a visa on their passport. You will say to me, that by the terms of the Constitution no tax could be imposed without the consent of the two Chambers. Ah, sir, if I had but the time! I would buy the whole senate; I would nominate a Chamber of Deputies of my own! The law would be passed unanimously, and, if needed, a Ministry of the Highways would be created. It would cost me several thousands to establish; but, in four years, I should recover my expenses, and would keep up the roads in the bargain!"

He gave a deep sigh, and then continued:—

"You see how openly I converse with you on my affairs. It is an old habit which I shall not put off. I have ever lived not

only in the open air, but in the open day. Our profession would be disgraceful if carried on clandestinely. I do not hide myself, for I am afraid of nobody. When you read in the papers that I am being pursued, say without hesitation that it is a parliamentary fiction; they always know where I am. I fear neither ministry, nor army, nor criminal courts. The ministers all know that by waving my hand I can change the cabinet. The army is with me, and supplies me with recruits when I need them. I borrow soldiers from it and give it back officers. As for the judges, they are aware of my feelings towards them. I do not esteem them, but I pity them. Poor, and badly paid, they cannot be expected to be honest. I feed some and clothe others of them. I have hung very few in my time; I am, therefore, a benefactor to the magistracy."

With a magnificent gesture, he pointed to the sky, the sea, and the scenery.

"All that," he said, "is mine. All that breathes in this kingdom is subjected to me through fear, friendship, or admiration. I have made many eyes weep, and yet there is not a mother who would not rejoice to have a son like Hadji Stavros. The day will come when doctors like yourself will write my history, and the isles of the Archipelago dispute the honour of having seen my birth. My portrait will be hung in the cabins with the sacred images bought at Mount Athos. At that day, my daughter's grandchildren, even were they sovereign princes, will speak with pride of their ancestor, the King of the Mountains!"

Perhaps you will laugh at my German simplicity, but such a strange speech deeply affected me. I involuntarily admired this grandeur in crime. I had never yet had the opportunity of meeting a majestic scoundrel. This devil of a man who was to cut my throat at the expiration of a month, inspired me with a species of respect. His large rigid face, serene amid the orgies, appeared to me like the inflexible mask of destiny. I could not refrain from answering him:—

"Yes, you are really a king."

He said, with a smile:—

"In truth I am, since I have flatterers even among my enemies. Do not defend yourself! I can read faces, and you looked at me this morning like a man you would wish to see hanged."

"As you invite frankness from me, I confess that I felt angry for a moment. You asked an unreasonable ransom of me.

That you should ask four thousand pounds of those ladies, who have the money, is a natural thing, and connected with your trade; but I can never admit your right to ask six hundred pounds of me who do not possess a farthing."

"And yet nothing is more simple. All the travellers who come to our country are rich, because the journey is expensive. You assert that you do not travel at your own charges, and I am willing to believe you. But those who sent you here give you at least a hundred and fifty to two hundred pounds a year. If they go to that expense, they have their reasons for it, as nobody gives anything for nothing. You therefore represent, in their eyes, a capital of three to four thousand pounds. By buying you back for six hundred, they make a handsome profit."

"But the establishment that pays me has no capital, only revenue. The budget of the Botanical Garden is annually voted by the senate; its resources are limited; such a case was never foreseen—I do not know how to explain to you, for you will not be able to understand——"

"And even if I did," he said, with a haughty air, "do you suppose I should go back from my word? My words are laws: if I wish them to be respected, I must not violate them myself. I have the right to be unjust, but I have no right to be weak. My injustice only injures others, a weakness would ruin me. If I were known to be exorable, my prisoners would try entreaties to conquer me, instead of seeking the money to pay me. I am not one of your European brigands, who combine rigour with generosity, speculation with imprudence, causeless cruelty with inexcusable tenderness—to end, like the asses they are, on a scaffold. I have said before witnesses, I will have six hundred pounds, or your head. You can do as you please, but, in one way or the other, I will be paid. Listen: in 1854, I condemned two little girls, of the same age as my dear daughter. They held their arms to me with tears, and their cries made my paternal heart bleed. Vassili, who killed them, was obliged to try several times, for his hand trembled. And yet I was inflexible, because the ransom was not paid. Do you fancy, after that, that I shall forgive you? Of what use would it prove to me having killed those poor creatures, if people learned that I had let you go for nothing?"

I let my head sink without finding a word in reply. I was a thousand times

in the right, but I knew nothing to oppose to the pitiless logic of the old executioner. He drew me from my reflections by a friendly tap on the shoulder.

"Courage," he said to me. "I have looked death more in the face than you have, and yet I am as healthy as an oak. During the War of Independence, Ibrahim had me shot by seven Egyptians. Six bullets missed; the seventh struck me on the forehead without entering. When the Turks came to pick up my body, I had disappeared in the smoke. You have, perhaps, longer to live than you fancy. Write to all your friends at Hamburg. You have received a good education, and a doctor must possess more than six hundred pounds worth of friends. For my part, I should be glad of it. I do not hate you; you never did me any harm; your death would not cause me any pleasure, and I am pleased to believe that you will find means to pay your debt in cash. In the meanwhile, you and those ladies had better retire. My fellows have drunk a cup too much, and are looking at the Englishwomen with eyes that mean no good. These poor devils are condemned to an austere life, and are not all seventy years of age, like myself. In ordinary times, I keep them in check by fatigue, but if the young lady remained here for an hour longer, I would answer for nothing."

In fact, a menacing circle had formed round Mary Anne, who examined their strange faces with childish curiosity. The brigands, squatting before her, were talking loudly and chanting her praises in terms which she fortunately did not understand. The Corfiote, who had made up for lost time, offered her a cup of wine, which she haughtily repulsed, and the liquid sprinkled the faces of the company. Five or six drinkers, more inflamed than the rest, were fighting and exchanging heavy blows, as if to embolden them to other exploits. I made a sign to Mrs. Simons, and she rose with her daughter. But at the moment I offered Mary Anne my arm, Vassili, red with wine, stumbled forward, and was going to catch her round the waist. At this insult wrath rose to my

brain; I leaped on the wretch, and made him a neckcloth of my ten fingers. He put his hand to his belt and felt for the hilt of his knife; but before he had found it he was torn from my clutch and hurled ten yards back by the powerful hand of the old king. A murmur ran along the fellows. Hadji Stavros raised his voice above the row, and shouted:—

"Silence! Show that you're Hellenes, and not Albanians." Then he added in a whisper, "Let us be off. Corfiote, do not leave me. Mr. German, tell the ladies I shall sleep across their bedroom door."

He started with us, preceded by his chiboudji, who never left him night or day. Two or three drunkards prepared to follow him, but he roughly thrust them back. We were not a hundred yards from the mob when a musket-ball whizzed through the middle of us. The old pallikar did not deign even to turn round. He looked at me with a smile, and said, softly:—

"I must be indulgent with them, for it is Ascension Day."

As I went along I profited by the distraught state of the Corfiote, who staggered at every step, to ask Mrs. Simons for a private interview.

"I have," I said to her, "an important secret to tell you. Allow me to enter your tent, while our spy is sleeping the sleep of Noah."

I know not whether this biblical comparison appeared to her irreverent; but she answered me very drily, that she was not aware of any secrets she could have in common with me. I insisted, but she held out. I told her that I had discovered a method of saving us all without injuring our purses. She gave me a suspicious look, consulted with her daughter, and at length granted me what I asked for. Hadji Stavros favoured our interview by keeping the Corfiote near him. He had his carpet carried to the top of the rustic ladder leading to our encampment, laid his weapons within reach, told his chiboudji to lie down on his right, the Corfiote on his left, and wished us golden dreams.

(To be continued.)



ERITH CHURCH. (p. 284.)

TRIPS AFTER HEALTH, AND HOW TO PROFIT BY THEM.

BY SPENCER THOMSON, M.D.

CHAPTER IV.

HEALTH-SEEKING IN TRAVEL.

THE WALKING TOUR—EQUIPMENT—CAUTIONS AS TO WALKING—MORNING WALKING—COLD WATER DRINKING—ALCOHOLIC LIQUORS—WHEN ALLOWABLE—CHOICE—WHEY AND MILK—REST—THE EVENING, AND ITS MEAL—IMPROVING HEALTH—INVALID HEALTH-SEEKING—HOME HEALTH RESORTS.

OUR counsels, hitherto, have been specially addressed to those health-seekers, who, going in the ordinary way of travelling, to their chosen place of resort, whether it be sea-side, hill-side, or watering place, stay out their holiday there, or make, at all events, but few changes. We have got somewhat to say to the peripatetics, the comparatively strong and active, who are always on the move, and on the best move too, that of their own legs. It may seem impertinent to some, trite to others, to say anything about equipment or dress, and yet we do see walking travellers, at times, anything but properly dressed for their work. As regards clothing, nothing can be more suitable than the light porous woollen cloths which are now so general; and no form more appropriate than the easy "shooting-dress," both for form and material, permitting the free escape of perspiration, and yet affording sufficient protection. For the head, the pliable felt "wide-awake," which keeps off both sun and rain, is preferable to any other covering; and for the feet, woollen socks, with shoes, stout, but not differing too

widely in make from those worn in everyday life. A light waterproof cape is a good addition to throw the rain off the shoulders; but still better, a moderately stout Scotch plaid, which is available for so many purposes. Add a drinking cup for the wayside draught; and, for distant views—not a telescope, but, as Sir John Forbes strongly recommends in his "Physician's Holiday"—a good opera-glass, which will give you a much better and less fatiguing sight. A pocket-compass is no bad companion in the wilder and less populated districts; only, when you use it, take care of the proximity of your iron-mounted umbrella, otherwise, like Mr. White, in his "Walk to the Land's End," you may chance to get led astray, and find yourself miles out of your course.

We will suppose you "straining upon the slips" to be off, taking the rail to your chosen ground, and making your start. Make not that start too enthusiastically, no ten or twenty miles before breakfast, a very high-sounding, but a very foolish feat, and one that is not likely to have many repetitions if you try

it. It is something like bathing early in the morning, it taxes your energies and powers of endurance at the time of day when they are least able to bear it, and the probability is, you are fit for little after breakfast; your power of exertion is gone, and with it the power of enjoying either scenery or any other objects of interest. "Under the influence of great fatigue or exhaustion, a man's thoughts are too much occupied with his own sensations to permit him to attend pleasantly to what is without and around him."* Even appetite fails under the exhaustion of improper exertion, and the anxiously-expected meal is not improbably left barely touched; albeit, if the undue fatigue has been extended throughout the day, instead of the refreshment of that sound sleep which waits on a proper amount of toil, you will in all probability have a feverish, restless night, and be unfit for much next morning.

Now, we do not mean to encourage you in late rising and late breakfasting, for that were shame in a walking tourist. Six o'clock, if you are well, should find you out of bed, and your ablutions—most necessary in your case—your dressing, and your worship of Him, "Who gives you all things richly to enjoy," should take you nearly to seven o'clock. You will surely find interest in a short saunter until the welcome country breakfast is on the table, and you may be easily on the tramp before the clock sounds eight, A.M. The author to whom we have already referred, and whose "Physician's Holiday" contains so much good advice, as well as good amusement, counsels a different plan, but one, perhaps, more suited to continental travel and customs. He would have you take a cup of tea or coffee with a little bread, before an early start, say at five or six in the morning, and a more substantial breakfast at the first halt, at about ten or eleven o'clock. Some, probably, may find this plan suit them, especially during very hot weather, when there is almost compulsory rest at midday, but it will not do for all. You can try it, however, and, as circumstances vary, it is well to have two strings to your bow. In any case we have you upon the road. Do not forget, before you do start for the journey of the day, to provide something for the appeasement of hunger before the probably late arrival at night; not a heavy luncheon, but a

roll, a biscuit, or two or three sandwiches in your tin sandwich-box, only be sure that it is nothing that will oppress, for then there is good-bye to enjoyment. Never fear for the appetite-sauce; you may not find it purchasable for simple fare in town, but you will get it genuine here.

But we have had you upon the road for some time, and it begins to get warm, the perspiration has been flying off, the fluids have been exhausted, and the sound of the clear running brook or burn, or of some bubbling spring, is by no means unwelcome. Moreover, you are very warm, and doubt whether you should "drink cold water," much as you would like it. What is to be done? Let us refer to our experienced Alpine traveller and physician. He says, "It would be strange if the gratification of this natural and irresistible instinct were injurious to health, much more if it were highly dangerous, as it is generally considered to be. The prevalent dread of drinking cold water, I believe to be an entire mistake, and so far from regarding it as a thing to be forbidden to the heated pedestrian, I consider its use to be no less wholesome than it is delicious. I am well aware of the fact that dangerous and fatal results have followed the sudden ingestion of cold water by travellers and others who had been undergoing great bodily exertion in hot weather. In recommending the use of it to the Alpine traveller, I must therefore guard myself against all risk of leading him into danger. It is its moderate and rational use I sanction and advise, not its immoderate and irrational use. The circumstances, and bodily condition, under which dangerous consequences have resulted, or are likely to result, from drinking cold water, seem to be the following:—First, the exhaustion of the strength from previous over-exertion, and consequent depression of the heat-producing and cold-resisting powers; second, the sudden application to the interior of the stomach of a large quantity of very cold water, when the system is in this state. And so long as the pedestrian eschews this combination of circumstances, I believe he may freely indulge his taste by filling his drinking-cup at every spring he passes in his way. So far from the simple heated state of the body being here an element of danger, I believe the hotter the individual is, provided he be not exhausted, and provided he do not drink an excessive amount of water, the

* Forbes' *Physician's Holiday*.

safer is the practice. But he shall content himself with a small cupful at a time; should drink this slowly; and, as a rule, rather drink often than much."

Most excellent advice! But we hear some one whisper—Is it not allowable, and should we not do better to qualify the water with a little something stronger, a drop of *eau-de-vie*, "mountain-dew," or of the "crathur," according to our locality? We have got upon ticklish ground, as debateable as the Scottish Marches in the olden time. The subject is far from unimportant, and requires some comment. As to drinking anything like strong drink during your walk, and especially, early in the day, it is ruination; have nothing to do with spirits, undiluted sherry, or even strong beer, the indulgence is all but fatal to enjoyment and power of exertion; keep to your water, or some unstimulating fluid.

But the hours creep on, you have still a good step before you, you are getting tired, exhausted, and are very warm and thirsty; now is the time you may—the opinion is not given without consideration and experience—add with advantage to your draught of the pure element a little wine or spirit, barely a glass of sherry to a cupful of water, or a dessert-spoonful of brandy or whisky to the same—a few minutes' rest, it may be a few mouthfuls of your pocket luncheon, and you will start with new life and spirit, and come in better at the close of the day. We have not written the above without knowing well what our teetotal friends and critics will say to it; but we also well know that our words are those of "truth and soberness," such as will be endorsed by the majority of medical men, and of experienced travellers. When the fatigue and exhaustion of exertion come on, then the small amount of well-diluted alcoholic spirit is a real and most beneficial medicine. Some, we doubt not, will get through their journey, and a long one too, perfectly well on water alone, but these are the extra-enduring, and we do not write so much for these as for the less strong, who are seeking to cast off the "wear and tear."

Diluted wine or spirit is better, probably, than malt liquor, during a hot walk, unless, indeed, the latter be of a very light character, such as you can get in Scotland under the name of "penny beer," that is, very small, very sharp and brisk beer, bottled for immediate use. It is not stronger than ginger-beer, which

is, we believe, allowed by the teetotallers, albeit the latter is not free from alcohol. Light cider, when it is to be had, as in Devonshire, is good and wholesome in moderation; and, of course, when we get abroad, the light wine of the country is another resource, and a wholesome one withal. Of the unstimulating beverages, whey is good, and milk when you are hungry as well as thirsty, especially late in the day. Taken too early it is apt to oppress, and whatever oppresses, we need scarcely repeat, mars enjoyment. But you sit down under the shade, or on the breezy hill-side, to drink your water or wine and water, and are glad of a few minutes' rest; you are warm, and perspiring; now is the time for your Scotch plaid, which will keep off the chance of chill, or the possibility of a little muscular rheumatism from checked perspiration; aye, and if a thunder-shower should come on, will cover you, head and shoulders and all.

The sun is getting well down in the west perhaps, has gone altogether, as you draw near the inn, which hunger, thirst, fatigue, everything makes welcome. Are you to rush in to tea, dinner, and supper combined, and take possession? Not a bit of it, if you value comfort and health. Take it easy; it will require some little time to get things ready. Have a good wash—strip the upper part of the body, at least—you can go all over in the morning—and wash that and the feet in tepid water, and by the time you have done so, and had a little rest, you may enjoy your meal. What is it? Certainly not a heavy dinner, with two or three courses, wine, beer, and punch after, or woe betide next day's journey; but that pleasant combination of dinner and tea so familiar to tourists, with its plain joint or chop, its ham and eggs, &c. Now we are likely to come into collision with teetotalism again. Is it only to be tea? asks our traveller. If your own experience tells you you do well with that, or better than with anything else—by all means; but your experience is not for all; and we must allow a goodly number to have, before their tea, with the first part of their meal, a glass of good bitter ale or table beer, or a glass of sherry—it will do good, not harm, and aid the digestion of the meal, by a stomach which somewhat sympathizes with the general exhaustion of the body.

As to food—we are not going to diet you. What we said to the sea-side

health-seeker, will apply also to you, and need not be repeated. Moderation is the only rule. Neither will we try, for we know it is hopeless to interfere, with the cigar or pipe the last thing, and which so many tell you is the "summum bonum" to the tired traveller; only, let it be the last thing, and do not taint the fresh air of the early day, and of the bright scenes of nature through which you pass, with tobacco-smoke. And now—Good-night! You ought to sleep well, and wake refreshed—wake differently from the comparatively oppressed slumber of "wear and tear," with another bright day before you, instead of the hours of misery which used to be so weary, but which will be so no longer when you return from your health-seeking. Now, this refreshed waking is only part of the improvement which is going on. Before you left home, very likely, you were irritable, though your amiable temper did not let *that* be seen; but yet you could not help your eyes being tried by too strong a light—your ears by too jarring a sound—your nerves, generally, from vibrating, when they ought to keep still. All this is vanishing under exercise, freedom from everyday cares and irritations, and continued exposure to the free air and light of God's sun.

So far, we have written for the comparatively well and strong. A few words to, or rather for, the confirmed invalids; premising, however, that they must depend upon their medical advisers, be it summer or winter, to fix for them the chosen spot where health is to be regained, or disease arrested. During winter, it will, in all probability, be some one of our south or west coast places, whatever the disease; in summer or autumn, the more bracing air of north and east coast; or, better still, of some well elevated region, provided it be not too exposed. It is a well ascertained matter of fact that consumption, especially, becomes rare in lofty situations; and recent investiga-

tions have proved that the death-rate from consumption in the northern hill counties, such as Cumberland, is considerably less than that of the southern districts of England, such as Devonshire. Moreover, the general good effects of an elevated site of residence—feelings of lightness, cheerfulness, improved digestion, &c.—are most likely to be experienced by those who have been previously located in some warm, sheltered nook of the coast. Warm, sheltered nooks have we for winter—summer health-resorts, with bracing sea-breezes, and hill and mountain air. Why should our invalids go, or so often be sent abroad?—so often to die? On this point, let us quote a high opinion, that of the late Dr. James Johnson, who remarks as follows:—

"Those who have not witnessed lingering illness and death-bed scenes in distant climes, can form no just conception of the tide of mournful emotions which daily rushes over the mind of the dying stranger in a foreign land. Death is deprived of more than half its terrors by the sympathy of friends, and the consciousness that our ashes will be deposited in the land that gave us birth, near those whom in life we cherished, loved, or revered. This may be a prejudice—perhaps, even uneasiness; yet it is natural—it is instinctive—and the instincts of nature can seldom be repulsed, even by the most philosophic minds. But the sigh of sorrow, perhaps of regret, is not always buried in the grave of the sufferer on these occasions. The companion, who counts the tedious hours of protracted disease, and closes the eyes of departed friends in a foreign country, undergoes a terrible ordeal, always harassing to the feelings, and not seldom hazardous to life, while the surviving relations at home are subject to the painful anxiety of suspense—sometimes to the poignant stings of remorse, for leaving the suffering victim of an irremediable malady to expire on a foreign shore."

CHAPTER V.

HEALTH DISTRICTS GENERALLY.

DIVISION OF ENGLAND INTO FOUR DISTRICTS—LINES OF DIVISION—SOUTHERN HEALTH DISTRICT—MILD REGION—CHARACTERISTICS OF MILD REGION, AND ITS DIVISIONS—SUMMER RESORTS—MINERAL WATERS—WEST HEALTH DISTRICT—CHARACTERISTICS—MIDLAND HEALTH DISTRICT—CHARACTERISTICS—MINERAL WATERS—NORTH OF ENGLAND HEALTH DISTRICT—CHARACTER, CLIMATE, AND MINERAL WATERS—SOUTH OF SCOTLAND HEALTH DISTRICT—DISTINCTIONS FROM ENGLAND—EAST COAST—MIDLAND AND WEST COAST DIVISIONS.

HEALTH-resorts, pleasure-resorts, and watering-places—How are we to take them? We cannot do so hap-hazard, and alphabetical is but a rough sort of ar-

range; if we take one kind of resort and then another, we shall be hopping all over the kingdom, incurring no end of expense in railway fares, and getting no rest. As a solution to the difficulty, we must take the liberty of dividing England and part of Scotland for ourselves, quartering the former into four natural, but not by any means equal divisions.

Take your map—begin your operations at London, or rather lower down the Thames, where the Medway opens, draw a line due west; it will take you into the Bristol Channel, just at the mouth of the Severn, a little to the north of Bristol, where the “Silver Avon” joins the “Princelie Severne.” From this point, at Severn mouth, take a second line, running as nearly due north as possible, and follow it out till it lands you in the Mersey—or, if you like it better, beside it—just where it widens to form its embouchure. Our third line, commencing where our second terminates, we must carry north-eastward to the point of junction of the rivers Ouse and Trent with the Humber. We have now three imaginary lines connecting the estuaries of the four principal English rivers, and dividing for us the country into four districts, and as regards the treatment of our health resorts, four very convenient districts. South of the line from Thames to Severn lies our

SOUTHERN HEALTH DISTRICT,

a large proportion of it made up of what Sir James Clark has marked off *en masse* as the mild region of England, and subdivided into four minor districts, with special reference to winter residence. These minor districts are the “south coast, comprehending the tract of coast between Hastings and Portland island; the south-west coast, from the latter point to Cornwall; the district of the Land’s End; and the western group, comprehending the district along the borders of the Bristol Channel and the estuary of the Severn.” We should remark that to our southern health district there must be appended the islands of the Channel, Jersey, Guernsey, &c.

The comparative winter warmth of the mild region is, undoubtedly, in part due to latitude, but the proximity to the sea greatly adds to it, aided as it is by currents from southern oceans. As we approach the south-west division both warmth and moisture are increased; added to these advantages, however, we

must have protection from the cold northern and eastern winds, to make the winter health-resort complete. Of such protected localities, Hastings, the Undercliff, Torquay, Clifton near Bristol, are our best examples; but other places, such as Brighton and St. Leonards, offer many, and often counterbalancing advantages, combined with a minor degree of shelter. From the end of October to the beginning or middle of May, according to season, is the invalid term for these Resorts of the Mild Region, and Sir James Clark thus classes the advantages they offer. As regards the South Coast division he says, “The mean temperature is from one to two degrees above that of London during the winter months. The superiority is greatest in those months in the following order:—January, February, December. It diminishes in March, and in April and May the temperature of the coast is nearly the same as that of London and its vicinity. In June, July, and August, the temperature of the coast is about one degree less than that of the interior. In September and October, the mean temperature of the coast and of the interior is nearly equal, but in November that of the coast begins to rise above the other.” As compared with London, the night temperature is warmer at the coast, and the temperature generally not subject to the same extent of range. The South-West Coast Division, which takes in principally the south of Devonshire, has a winter temperature nearly two degrees higher than that of the South Coast division, and nearly four degrees higher than London. “The difference is most remarkable during the months of November, December, and January,”* less so in February, and in March and April does not amount to one degree. The district of the Land’s End very nearly approximates that of the South-West as regards climate, whilst “the mean temperature of the Western group of climates during the winter is rather lower than that of the South Coast, but in spring rises a little higher.” Although our observations are principally directed in these localities with reference to winter advantages, it must not be supposed that their visitors are of winter alone; they have many summer residents, but of a different class. The sea neighbourhood, the abundant accommodation, the scenic beauties, and the society, all combine to attract; consequently, many go for health and plea-

* Clark on Climate.

sure combined, many for pleasure alone. Moreover, within the limits of *our* Southern Health District, but not in the Mild Region, Ramsgate, Margate, Broadstairs, Dover, Folkestone, &c., are real sea-side summer places, and the two latter, with some reputation, as winter residences.

The Mineral Waters of our Southern Division are not numerous. Bath has its warm springs; Bristol, and Sydenham or Beulah Spa are the salines; and the best known chalybeates are Tunbridge Wells and Brighton, to which may be added Bromley in Kent, and Ashton in Wiltshire. There are, doubtless, other springs of minor, it may be equal merit, but if so they have not yet met a chronicler. Our second line, from Severn to Mersey, gives us on one side the broad and fertile mid-counties of England, on the other, the lofty mountains, the pastoral valleys, and wide varied coast line of Wales. It is with the latter, our

WEST HEALTH DIVISION,

we have now to do. Essentially a district for the summer tourists and health-seeker, it has yet its sheltered nooks, particularly towards the Bristol Channel, where winter's visitations are but short and gentle. One feature of our district the first glance of a railway map brings out most clearly, it is nearly a blank space as far as the modern mode of transit is concerned, contrasting strikingly in this respect with its neighbours, Lancashire and Mid-England, laced and interlaced with the iron roads. This absence of rail communication—except on the north and south borders of the Principality—is, doubtless, due partly to the comparative poverty of the country, and partly to the engineering difficulties which probably exist; it has, however, the advantage of preserving it from that rush of rail travellers which overwhelms nearly every resort it reaches, and of keeping a few quiet spots of beauty in their primitive retirement. Do not, please, bring the charge of exclusiveness against these remarks, for have not the rails the command of nearly all England and great part of Scotland, and shall we not retain a few oases for those who really love retirement, and trout streams not quite emptied of their inhabitants? Moreover, those who wish easily to visit Wales, and get some idea of its beauties, have the rail facilities on its north and south coasts, which open up to them, as we shall see hereafter, some of the best sea-side resorts, and some of the finest scenery. In mineral

waters the district is very deficient, not possessing one of any note.

THE MIDLAND HEALTH DISTRICT,

bounded southward by the line from Thames to Severn, westward by that from Severn to Mersey, and northward from Mersey to Humber, embraces the great body of Mid and East-England; and yet, large as it is, it has comparatively few health resorts. The sea-coast is much less in proportion than in other districts, is less accessible by rail, and, when reached, is for the most part wanting in many of the attractions which the coasts of other districts offer to travellers; likewise, being the east coast, it is not pleasant as a place of residence in the spring and earlier summer months. Lowestoft, Cromer, and the neighbourhood of Yarmouth, are, perhaps, the best known places. Inland, the undulating country of the new red sandstone gives a fertile but unpicturesque character to these mid-counties, and the principal attractions of scenery are confined to small districts, such as that around Malvern, and in Derbyshire, where there are variations in the geological development. Not that there do not exist in this great district hundreds and thousands of lovely spots, splendid views of tracts of cultivated country such as England alone can show, and scenes of quiet beauty; but, putting aside the places just named, we have no much-frequented resort of the tourist in search of change or of the picturesque. The deficiency in this respect is, however, in some degree made up by the mineral watering places which are scattered over the district. Not very far north of our southern boundary line we come upon Cheltenham, Malvern, and Leamington; towards the middle lie Matlock, Buxton, and Ashby-de-la-Zouch; and further north numerous other places, for the names of which we refer our readers to our chapter on Mineral Waters. As might be expected, the climate of so large a district as this great midland one, is very varied. Towards the east it is often, when east winds prevail, most ungenial, coast localities having, during the winter, the temperature only slightly modified. In the Midland counties, as the distance from the sea increases, are to be found some of the bleakest and coldest climates in England, while towards the south and west, milder air and earlier springs prevail, influenced, nevertheless, by exposure, shelter, and the geological formation of the ground, surface, and sub-

soil. A good instance of a locality thus modified and rendered suitable for an invalid residence, is Apsley Guise, in Bedfordshire, of which, more anon. The northern line of our Midland District from the Mersey to the Humber cuts us off

equality, and to the West especially considerable mildness, with much wet: the Northern latitude and mountain ground exposes some spots to the full rigour of winter; but as to the salubrity of the climate there can be no doubt.

THE NORTH OF ENGLAND DISTRICT.

The coast line of this district—we now have it on both sides—is much more extensive than in the last; it has, too, bolder, and more picturesque features generally, and we get more of the region of mountain than we have hitherto met with, except, of course, in Wales, especially towards the western side, where the hills of Cumberland, Westmoreland, and Yorkshire, joining the Border Cheviots northward, hold on their southern course till Derbyshire sees their termination. We need scarcely remark that here we have a region rich in haunts for the tourist and health-seeker, for the Lake District is a host in itself. On the East coast, Scarborough and Filey, Bridlington and Whitby, are best known as sea-side quarters, though smaller places dot the coast to Tweedmouth. On the West, around Liverpool, resorts for health and pleasure lie thick on the shores of the Mersey embouchure. Egremont, New Brighton, Waterloo, Seaforth, close at hand; further North, Southport, Lytham, Blackpool, Fleetwood, Peil, Morecambe, all open their doors to the summer visitors. In mineral waters we are not rich—Harrogate and Scarborough are best known; but in Yorkshire we find sulphureous springs of lesser note—Askeron, Croft and Dinsdale, Loansbury and Ripon: Thirsk is a saline, and Kirby in Westmoreland, chalybeate. The climate of the district presenting so much difference in elevation, and consequently, in shelter, is greatly varied, although the proximity to the sea gives a certain

SOUTHERN SCOTLAND.

Such are the general characteristics of the four great Health Districts of England; but England is not Britain, and we have yet another dividing line to take, and fit one, too, for the land of mountain and flood, for it lies along the border hills and ends with the Tweed. North of it lies the land of the tourist health-seeker, seeing that Scotland's mountains, lochs, and rivers have the lion's share of visitors. We are not, however, going to take you off to the Highlands, whence we should certainly not get back for the rest of the summer; but as rivers have hitherto marked our boundaries, they shall do so still, and we make Forth and Clyde the limit of our range, but even this limit gives us abundant scope. Scotland has no watering places to vie with Brighton, Torquay, Harrogate, or Leamington, but she has numerous pleasant resorts of less pretension, many of them rendered interesting by the romance either of situation or of history. The East Coast is studded with little sea-side resorts from Berwick to Edinburgh, the centre of the district gives the picturesque and lovely pastoral scenes of the Southern Highlands, and when we go to Frith of Clyde we shall find the whole shores dotted with habitations, the detached villa, the splendid mansion, and the rising town. The mineral waters are few, and, compared with those of England, little visited on their own account. When we have named Moffatt, Pitcaithly, and Peterhead, we have given the most noted.

CHAPTER VI.

SOUTHERN HEALTH DISTRICT OF ENGLAND.

ITS LIMITS—ERITH—GRAVESEND—SOUTHEND AND HERNE BAY—MARGATE, RAMSGATE, AND BROADSTAIRS—DOVER AND FOLKESTONE—SANDGATE AND HYTHE—TUNBRIDGE WELLS—HASTINGS AND ST. LEONARDS—EASTBOURNE—BRIGHTON—WORTHING.

OUR Southern Health District, we have already remarked, includes, as its most characteristic section, that part of Britain which has been described by Sir James Clark as the "Mild Region of England," and which extends from about Hastings on the coast of Sussex, along the shores of Hampshire, Dorset, Devon, and Corn-

wall, turns the Land's End, and terminates somewhere about Weston-super-Mare, at the opening of the Severn mouth into the Bristol Channel. In this mild region we must also include the Channel Islets.

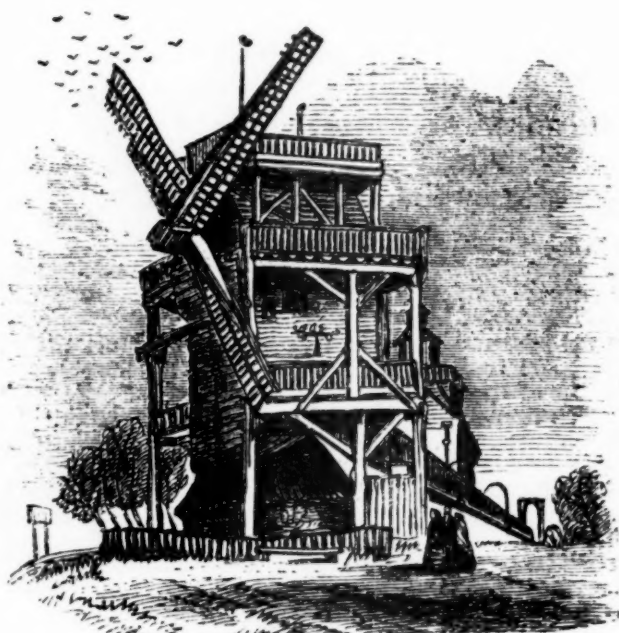
The whole is, emphatically, an invalid region, though it possesses many a pleasant place for summer visitors, and

many a wild scene as well; but its characteristic is the mild, sheltered, south-exposed, sea-tempered resort, where our invalids seek covert from the rigours of winter, and the, perhaps, more trying east winds of spring. One portion of our Southern Health District has, however, no right—probably, no desire, to be classed as an invalid station; its visitors are, for the most part, summer birds, and are seeking pleasure more than, or at least as much as, health.

What would Londoners, who want their annual sea-airing, both for themselves and their families, and who yet cannot go far, or altogether from home, do without that stretch of Kentish coast which, including the white cliffs of Albion, extends from Gravesend, round the North Foreland, the South Foreland, and, stretching beyond Sandgate, merges, as it were, by its last localities, into the mild region? It is what the Clyde is to Glasgow, the Mersey shores to Liverpool—an outlet of easy access, where the well-to-do man of business may locate his family, and may himself escape to for flying visits, without quite losing sight of the shop or the counting-house. Ramsgate and Margate were for long the places of resort, and their names were familiar as such, while many now rising into fame were but collections of fishermen's cottages, or even bare sea-shore; now the whole coast is becoming studded with summer sea-side homes.

How do we make our start? London Bridge, of course,—but, Rail or Boat? If beauty of country be your object—a ride through "The Garden of England" guarantees it—choose the former; but, as *we* are healthward bound, we must adopt the latter, not because the Thames' banks, apart from extra objects of interest, have much in themselves to recommend them, but because we more readily get among our Health Resorts.

As we steam down the river, Erith, with its old ivy-mantled church, backed by wooded knolls, gives some indication of Kentish richness, and is some little break to the flat monotony of the shores. Well do we remember how they looked the first time we steamed up between them on a dull November morning. Greenhithe—Gravesend—and we reach the first spot we could with any consistency look upon as a sea-side resort. A very great resort Gravesend certainly is; but we have too many distant places, too many real sea-sides to notice, to keep



WINDMILL HILL, GRAVESEND.

you here, especially as London visitors or London residents can so easily explore it for themselves, and make acquaintance with its shrimps and water-cresses, and the view from the old mill. Past Gravesend we have the reiteration of low, uninteresting shore, and in this particular we certainly lose sight of the fertility and cultivated beauty of the land; but we turn our backs, or rather our sides to it, and looking steadily forward, open our lungs to the sea-breeze, which is now fairly saluting us. Moreover, if the shores are tame, the shipping is not—that wonderful stream of shipping which is ever setting up the mouth of "*The River*." The receding shores, and, mayhap, the increasing motion of our boat, and its consequences, tell us that we are nearing that mouth, and the embouchure of the Medway and the Nore Light confirm the information. On the Essex or north side, a long pier, with a sail-propelled truck running up it, tells of the quiet flat of Southend, and that, too, is a sea-side Health Resort, only the sea gets such a long way off at low tide you almost doubt it. However, tastes differ, and some people will like Southend, with its quiet, very quiet ways, and its gossiping boatmen. If they do not, they can cross the water to the Kentish side, to another long pier, not so long, however, as the last—and to what ought to be a rising locality—and fix themselves at Herne Bay. It is economical withal, and possesses most of the conveniences of a watering-place; moreover, the "Head of the House," on his journeys to and fro, is sure to come in for a good share of sea-air, and, at times, sea-something-else, which will do him no harm.

(To be continued)

THE CAPTAIN OF THE VULTURE.

CHAPTER III.

LOOKING BACK.

JOHN HOMERTON the blacksmith only spoke advisedly when he said that the young squire, Ringwood Markham, was ruining himself up in London. The simple inhabitants of villages are apt to exaggerate the dangers and the vices of that metropolis of which they form such strange ideas; but in this case, honest Master Homerton did not exaggerate, for the young squire was doing his best to push forward upon that smooth and easy highway, known, as the road to ruin.

Ringwood Markham was three years older than his sister Millicent, and six years younger than his Cousin Darrell; for old Squire Markham had married late in life, and had, shortly after his marriage, adopted little Darrell, the only child of a younger brother, who had died early, leaving a small fortune to his orphan boy.

Ringwood Markham in person closely resembled his sister. He had the same pale, golden hair, the deep, limpid, blue eyes, the small features, and delicate pink and white complexion. But that which was charming in a girl of nineteen was only effeminate-looking in a man of three-and-twenty, and the old squire was vexed to see his beloved son grow up into nothing better than a pretty boy. A fair-faced, dollish young coxcomb, the admiration of simpering school-girls and middle-aged women, and the type of the Strephons and Damons who at that time overran our English poetry.

Ringwood had always been his father's favourite, to the exclusion even of pretty, loveable Millicent; and as his cousin Darrell grew to manhood, it vexed the old squire to see the elder, high-spirited and stalwart, broad-chested and athletic, accomplished in all manly occupations; a good shot, an expert swordsman, a bold horseman, and a reckless, daredevil, generous, thoughtless, open-hearted lad, while Ringwood only thought of his pretty face and his embroidered waistcoat, and loved the glittering steel ornaments of his sword-hilt far better than the blade of that weapon.

It was hard for the squire to have to confess it, even to himself; but it was not the less a fact, that Ringwood Markham was a milksop.

The old man concealed his mortification in the furthestmost corner of his heart, and, with a very common order of justice, hated Darrell for being so superior to his son.

This was how the pale face of sorrow first peeped in upon the little family group at Compton Hall.

Darrell and Millicent had loved each other from that early childish, but forgotten day, on which the orphan boy peeped into his baby cousin's cradle, and cried out at her pretty face and tiny rosy hands.

I am not, perhaps, justified in saying that love on her side began so soon as this, but I know that it did on his; and I know, too, that the first syllables cousin Milly ever lisped were those two simple sounds that shaped the name of Darrell.

They loved each other from such an early age, and they loved each other so honestly and truly, that perhaps they were never, in the legitimate sense of the word, lovers.

They had no pretty coquettish jealousies, no charming quarrels and more charming reconciliations, no stolen meetings by moonlit nights; no interposition of bribed waiting-maids charged with dainty perfumed notes; no; they loved each other honestly and openly, with a calm unchanging affection which had so little need of words, that few lookers-on would perhaps have suspected its quiet depth.

If the squire saw this growing attachment between the young people, he neither favoured nor discouraged it. He had never cared very much for Millicent. She and her brother were the children of a woman whom he had married for the sake of a handsome fortune, and who died unnoticed and unregretted, and some people said, of a broken heart, before Millicent was a twelvemonth old.

So things went on pretty smoothly. Millicent and Darrell rode together through the shady green lanes, and over the stunted grass and heather on Compton Moor, while Ringwood idled about the village, or lounged at the bar of the Black Bear, until a catastrophe occurred which changed the whole current of events.

Darrell and Ringwood Markham had a desperate quarrel; a quarrel in which

blows were struck and hard words spoken upon both sides, and which abruptly ended Darrell's residence at Compton Hall.

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The day came when Darrell himself called him by these cruel names. He had discovered a flirtation between Ringwood and a girl of seventeen, the daughter of a small farmer; a flirtation which, but for this timely discovery, might have ended in shame and despair. Scarlet with passion, the young man had taken his foppish cousin by the collar of his velvet coat and dragged him straight into the presence of the father of the girl, saying, with an oath, such as was, unhappily, only too common a hundred years ago,—

"You'd better keep an eye on this young man, Farmer Morrison, if you want to save your daughter from a scoundrel."

Ringwood turned very white—he was one of those who grew pale and not red with passion—and sprang at his cousin like a cat, caught at his throat as if he would have strangled him; but one swinging blow from Darrell's fist laid the young man on Farmer Morrison's sanded floor, with a general illumination glittering before his dazzled eyes.

Darrell strode back to the Hall, where he packed some clothes in his saddle-bags, and wrote two letters, one to his uncle, telling him, abruptly enough, that he had knocked Ringwood down because he had found him acting like a rascal, and that he felt, as there was now bad blood between them, they had better part. His second letter was addressed to Millicent, and was almost as brief as the first. He simply told her of the quarrel, adding, that he was going to London to seek his fortune, and that he should return to claim her as his wife.

He left the letters on the high chimney-piece in his bedroom, and went down to the stables, where he found his own nag Balmerino, and fastened his few possessions to the saddle, mounted the horse in the yard, and rode slowly away from the house in which his boyhood and youth had been spent.

Ringwood Markham went home late at

night with a pale face and a handkerchief bound about his forehead.

He found his father sitting over a spark of fire in the oak parlour on one side of the hall. The door of this parlour was ajar, and as the young man tried to creep past on his way upstairs, the squire called to him sharply, "Ringwood, come here."

He cowered sulkily into the room, hanging his broken head down, and looking at the floor.

"What's the matter with your head, Ringwood?"

"The pony shied at some sheep on the moor, and threw me against a stone," muttered the young man.

"You're telling a lie, Ringwood Markham. I've a letter from your cousin Darrell in my pocket. Bah, man! you're the first of the Markhams that ever took a blow without paying it back with interest. You've your mother's milk-and-water disposition, as well as your mother's face."

"You needn't talk about her," said Ringwood, "you didn't treat her too well, if folks speak the truth."

"Ringwood Markham, don't provoke me. It's grief enough to have a son that can't take his own part. Go to bed."

The young man left the room with the same slouching step with which he had entered it. He stole cautiously upstairs, for he thought his cousin Darrell was still in the house, and he had no wish to arouse that gentleman.

So Millicent was left alone at Compton Hall. Utterly alone, for she had now no one to love her.

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The bitterest misery was yet to come. It came in the person of a certain Captain George Duke, who dropped into Compton on his way from Marley Water to the metropolis, and who contrived to scrape acquaintance with Squire Markham in the best parlour at the Black Bear. Captain George and Master Ringwood became sworn friends in a day or two, and the hearty sailor promised to stop at Compton again on his return to his ship the *Vulture*.

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tears into her eyes at the sound of a harsh word, there was a latent and quiet courage that had no existence in Ringwood's selfish and frivolous character.

Harsh words on this occasion, as on every other, did their work with Millicent Markham. She heard her father's determination that she should marry George Duke, at first, with a stupid apathetic stare, as if the calamity were too great for her to realize its misery at one grasp; then, as he repeated his command, her clear blue eyes brimmed over with big tears, as she fell on her knees at his feet.

"You don't mean it, sir!" she said, piteously, clasping her poor little feeble hands. "You know that I love my cousin Darrell, and that we are to be man and wife when you are pleased to give your consent. You must have known it all along, sir, though we had not the courage to tell you. I will be your obedient child in everything but this; but I never, never can marry any one but Darrell!"

What need to tell the old story of a stupid, obstinate, narrow-minded country squire's fury and tyranny. Did not poor Sophia Western suffer all these torments, though in the dear old romance all is so happily settled in the last chapter? but in this case it was different—Squire Markham would hear of no delay; and before Darrell could get the letter which Millicent addressed to a coffee-house near Covent Garden, and bribed one of the servants to give to the Compton post-master—before the eyes of the bride had recovered from long nights of weeping—before the village had half discussed the matter—before Mrs. Sarah Pecker could finish the petticoat she was quilting for the bride—the bells of Compton church were ringing a cheery peal in the morning sunshine, and Millicent Markham and George Duke were standing side by side at the altar.

When Darrell Markham received the poor little tear-stained letter, telling him of this ill-omened marriage, he fell into an outburst of rage; an outburst of blind fury which swept alike upon the squire, young Ringwood, Captain George Duke, and even poor, unhappy Millicent herself. It is so difficult for a man to understand the influence brought to bear upon a weak, helpless woman by the tyranny of a brutal father. Darrell cried out passionately that Millicent ought to have been true to him, in spite of the whole world, as he would have been to her,

through every trial. Made desperate by the shipwreck of his happiness, he rushed for a brief period into the dissipations of the town, and tried to drown Millicent's fair face in tavern measures and long draughts of Burgundy.

A marriage contracted under such circumstances was not likely to be a very happy one. Light-hearted, rollicking George Duke was by no means a delightful person by the domestic hearth. At home he was moody and ill-tempered, always ready to grumble at Millicent's pale face, and tear-swollen eyes. For the best part of the year he was away with his ship, on some of those mysterious voyages of which the Admiralty knew so little; and in these long absences, Millicent, if not happy, was at least at rest. Three months after the wedding the old squire was found dead in his arm-chair, and Ringwood succeeding to the estate, shut up the Hall, and rushed away to London, where he was soon lost to the honest folks of Compton in a whirlpool of vice and dissipation.

This was how matters stood when George and Millicent had been married fifteen months, and Darrell Markham well-nigh lost his life upon the dreary moorland road to Marley Water.

CHAPTER IV.

CAPTAIN DUKE PROVES AN ALIBI.

DARREL MARKHAM did not die from the effects of that excitement which the doctor said might be so fatal. He was very slow to recover; so slow that the snow lay white upon the moorland before the windows of the Black Bear, before the shattered arm was firmly knit together, or the enfeebled frame restored to its native vigour. It was a dreary and a tedious illness. Honest Sarah Pecker was nearly worn out with nursing her sick boy, as she insisted on calling Darrell. The weak-eyed Samuel was made to wear list shoes and to creep like a thief about his roomy hostelry. The evening visitors were sent into a dark tap-room at the back of the house, that the sound of their revelry might not disturb the sick man. Gloom and sadness reigned in the Black Bear until that happy day upon which Doctor Jordan pronounced his patient to be out of danger. Sarah Pecker gave away a barrel of the strongest ale upon that joyous afternoon,

giving freely to every loiterer who stopped to ask after poor Maister Darrell.

Captain George Duke was away on a brief voyage round the Spanish coast when Darrell began to mend; but by the time the young man had completely recovered, the sailor returned to Compton.

The snow was thick in the narrow street when the Captain came back. He found Millicent sitting in her old attitude by the fire, reading a novel.

But he was in a better temper than usual, and looked wonderfully handsome and dashing in his weather-beaten uniform. Not quite the king's uniform, as some people said; very like it, but yet with slight technical differences that told against the Captain.

He caught Millicent in his arms and gave her a hearty kiss upon each cheek before he had time to notice the faint repellant shudder.

"I've come home to you laden with good things, Mistress Milly," he said, as he seated himself opposite to her, while the stout-servant maid piled fresh logs upon the blazing fire. "A chest of oranges, and a cask of wine from Cadiz—liquid gold, my girl, and almost as precious as the sterling metal; and I've a heap of pretty barbarous trumpery for you to fasten on your white neck and arms, and hang in your rosy little ears." The Captain took an old-fashioned, queerly shaped leather case from his pocket, and opening it, spread out a quantity of foreign jewellery that glittered and twinkled in the firelight. Arabesqued gold of wonderful workmanship, and strange, outlandish many-coloured gems sparkled upon the dark oak table and reflected themselves deep down in the polished wood, like stars in a river.

Millicent blushed as she bent over the trinkets, and stammered out some gentle, grateful phrases. She was blushing to think how little she cared for all these gew-gaws, and how her soul was set on other treasures which never could be—the treasures of Darrell's deep and honest love.

As she was thinking this, the Captain looked up at her carelessly, as it seemed, but in reality with a very searching glance in his flashing brown eyes.

"Oh, by-the-bye," he said, "how is that pretty fair-haired cousin of yours? Has he recovered from that affair? or was it his death?"

There was a malicious sparkle in his

eyes, as he watched her shiver at that cruel word, Death.

"That's another figure in the long score between you and I, my lady," he thought.

"He is much better. Indeed, he is nearly well," Millicent said, quietly.

"Have you seen him?"

"Never since the night on which you found me at his bedside."

She looked up at him calmly, almost proudly as she spoke. It was a look that seemed to say, "I have a clear conscience, and do what you will, you cannot make me blush or falter."

She had indeed a clear conscience. Many times Sarah Pecker had come to her and said, "Your cousin is very low to-night, Miss Millicent; come and sit beside him, if it's only for half an hour, to cheer him up a bit. Poor old Sally will be with you, and where she is, the hardest can't say there's harm."

But Millicent had always steadily refused, saying, "It would only make us both unhappy, Sally dear. I'd rather not come."

None knew, how, sometimes late at night, when the maid servant had gone to bed, and the lights in the upper windows of Compton High Street had been one by one extinguished, this same inflexible Millicent would steal out, muffled in a long cloak of shadowy grey, and creep to the roadway under the Black Bear, to stand for ten minutes in the snow and rain, watching the faint light that shone from the window of the room where Darrell Markham lay.

Once, standing ankle-deep in snow, she saw Sarah Pecker open the window to look out at the night, and heard his voice, faint in the distance, asking if it were snowing.

She burst into tears at the sound of this feeble voice. It seemed so long since she had heard it, she half fancied that she might never hear it again.

One of the *Vulture's* men brought the case of oranges and the cask of sherry from Marley to Compton upon the very night of the Captain's return, and George Duke drank half a bottle of the liquid gold before he went to bed. He tried in vain to induce Millicent to taste the topaz-coloured liquor. She liked Sarah Pecker's cowslip wine better than the finest sherry ever grown in the Peninsula.

Early the next morning the Compton constable came to the cottage armed with a warrant for the apprehension of Captain

George Duke, on a charge of assault and robbery on the King's highway. Pale with suppressed fury, the Captain strode into the little parlour where Millicent was seated at breakfast.

"Pray, Mistress Millicent," he said, "who has set on your pretty cousin to try and hang an innocent man, with the intent to make a hempen widow of you, as I suppose? What is the meaning of this?"

"Of what, George?" she asked, bewildered by his manner.

He told her the whole story of the warrant. "Of course," he said, "you remember this Master Darrell's crying out that it was I who shot him."

"I do, George; I thought then that it was some strange feverish delusion, and I think so now."

"I scarcely expected so much of your courtesy, Mistress Duke," answered her husband. "Luckily for me, I can pretty easily clear myself from this mad-brained charge, but I'm not the less grateful to Darrell Markham for his kind intent."

They took Captain Duke at once to the magistrate's parlour, where he found Darrell Markham seated, pale from his long illness, and with his arm still in a sling.

"Thank you, Mr. Markham, for this good turn," said the Captain, folding his arms and placing himself against the doorway of the magistrate's room; "we shall find an opportunity of squaring our accounts, I dare say."

The worthy magistrate was not a little puzzled as to how to deal with the case before him. Little as was known in Compton of Captain George Duke, it seemed incredible that the husband of Squire Markham's daughter could be guilty of highway robbery.

Darrell stated his charge in the simplest and most straightforward fashion. He had ridden away from the Black Bear to go to Marley Water. Three miles from Compton, a man, whom he swore to as the accused, rode up to him and demanded his purse and watch. He drew his pistol from his belt, but while he was cocking it, the man, Captain Duke, fired, shot him in the arm, and dragging him off his horse, threw him into the mud. He remembered nothing more until he awoke in the hall at the Black Bear, and recognised the accused amongst the bystanders.

The magistrate coughed dubiously.

"Cases of mistaken identity have not been uncommon in the judicial history

of this country," he said, sententiously. "Can you swear, Mr. Markham, that the man who attacked you was Captain George Duke?"

"If that man standing against the door is Captain Duke, I can solemnly swear that he is the man who robbed me."

"When you were found by the persons who picked you up, was your horse found also?"

"No, the horse was gone."

"Would you know him again?"

"Know him again? What, honest Balmerino? I should know him amongst a thousand."

"Hum!" said the magistrate, "that is a great point; I consider the horse a great point."

He pondered so long over this very important part of the case that his clerk had to nudge him respectfully and whisper something in his ear before he went on again.

"Oh, ah, yes, to be sure, of course," he muttered, helplessly, then, clearing his throat, he said, in his magisterial voice, "Pray, Captain Duke, what have you to say to this charge?"

"Very little," said the Captain, quietly; "but before I speak at all, I should be glad if you would send for Mr. Samuel Pecker, of the Black Bear."

The magistrate whispered to the clerk, and the clerk nodded, on which the magistrate said, "Go one of you and fetch the aforesaid Samuel Pecker."

While one of the hangers-on was gone upon this errand, the worthy magistrate nodded over his *Flying Post*, the clerk mended the fire, and Mr. Darrell Markham and the Captain stared fiercely at each other—an ominous red glimmer burning in the sailor's brown eyes.

Mr. Pecker came with a white face and limp, disordered hair, to attend the magisterial summons. He had some vague idea that hanging might be the result of this morning's work; or that, happily escaping that, he would suffer a hundred moral deaths at the hands of Sarah, his wife. He could not for a moment imagine that he could possibly be wanted in the magistrate's parlour, unless accused of some monstrous, though unconsciously-committed crime.

He gave a faint gasp of relief when some one in the room whispered to him that he was required as a witness.

"Now, Captain Duke," said the magistrate, "what have you to say to this?"

"Will you be good enough to ask

Mr. Darrell Markham two or three questions?"

The magistrate looked at the clerk, the clerk nodded to the magistrate, and the magistrate nodded an assent to Captain Duke's request.

"Will you ask if he knows at what time the assault was committed?"

Before the magistrate could interpose, Darrell Markham spoke—

"I happen to be able to answer that question with certainty," he said. "The wind was blowing straight across the moor, and I distinctly heard Compton church clock chime the three-quarters after seven as the man rode up to me."

"As I rode up to you?" asked George Duke.

"As *you* rode up to me," answered Darrell.

"Mr. Samuel Pecker, will you be so good as to tell the magistrate where I was at a quarter to eight o'clock upon the night of the 27th of October?"

"You were in the parlour at the Bear, Captain," answered Samuel, in short gasps; "and you come in and ask the time, which I went out to look at our eight-day on the stairs, and it were ten minutes to eight exact by father's eight-day, as is never a minute wrong."

"There were other people in the parlour that night who saw me and who heard me ask the question, was there not, Mr. Pecker?"

"There were a many of 'em," replied Samuel; "which they saw you wind your watch by father's eight-day; for it weren't you, Captain Duke, as robbed Master Darrell, but *I* know who it were."

There was stupefaction in the court at this extraordinary assertion.

"You know!" cried the magistrate; "then, pray, why have you withheld the knowledge from those entitled to hear it? This is very bad, Mr. Pecker; very bad, indeed!"

The unhappy Samuel felt that he was in for it.

"It were no more Captain Duke than it were me," he gasped; "it were the other."

"The other! What other?"

"Him as stopped his horse at the door of the Black Bear, and asked the way to Marley Water."

Nothing could remove Samuel Pecker from this position. Questioned and cross-questioned by the magistrate, the clerk, and Darrell Markham, he steadfastly declared that a man so closely resembling

Captain Duke as to deceive both himself and John Homerton the blacksmith, had stopped at the Black Bear, and asked the way to Marley.

He gasped and stuttered and choked and bewildered himself, but he neither prevaricated nor broke down in his assertions, and he begged that John Homerton might be summoned to confirm his statement.

John Homerton was summoned, and declared that, to the best of his belief, it was Captain Duke who stopped at the Black Bear, while he, Master Darrell Markham, and the landlord were standing at the door.

But this assertion was shivered in a moment by an *alibi*. A quarter of an hour after the traveller had ridden off towards Marley, Captain Duke walked up to the inn from the direction of the High Street.

Neither the magistrate nor the clerk had anything to say to this. The affair seemed altogether a mystery, for which the legal experience of the Compton worthies could furnish no parallel.

If James Dobbs assaulted Farmer Hobbs, it was easy to deal with him according to the precedent afforded by the celebrated case of *Jones v. Smith*; but the affair of to-day stood alone in the judicial records of Compton.

While the magistrate and his factotum consulted together in whisper, without getting any nearer to a decision, George Duke himself came to their rescue.

"I suppose, after the charge having broken down in this manner, I need not stop here any longer, sir," he said.

The magistrate caught at this chance of extrication.

"The charge *has* broken down," he said, with solemn importance, "and as your observe, Captain Duke, and as indeed I was about to observe myself, we need not detain you any longer. You leave this room with as good a character as that with which you entered it," he added, while a slight titter circulated amongst some of the bystanders at this rather ambiguous compliment. "I am sorry, Mr. Markham, that this affair is so involved in mystery. It is evidently a case of mistaken identity, one of the most difficult class of cases that the law ever has to deal with; but, as I said before, I consider the missing horse a great point—a very strong point."

The Captain and Darrell Markham left the room at the same time.

"I have an account to settle with you, Mr. Markham, for this morning's work," Captain Duke whispered to his accuser.

"I do not fight with highwaymen," Darrell answered, proudly.

"What, you still dare to insinuate —?"

"I dare to say that I don't believe in this story of George Duke and his double. I believe that you proved an *alibi* by some juggling with the clock at the Black Bear, and I most firmly believe that you are the man who shot me!"

"You shall pay for this," hissed the Captain, through his set teeth; "you shall pay double for every insolent word, Darrell Markham, before you and I have done with each other."

He strode away, after flinging one dark, wicked look at his wife's cousin, and returned to the cottage where Millicent, pale and anxious, was awaiting the result of the morning.

Darrell Markham left Compton by the mail coach that very night; and poorer by the loss of his horse, his watch, and purse, set forth once more to seek his fortunes in cruel, stony-hearted London.

CHAPTER V.

MILLICENT MEETS HER HUSBAND'S SHADOW.

A FORTNIGHT after Darrell's departure, the good ship *Vulture* was nearly ready for another cruise, and Captain Duke rode off to Marley Water to superintend the final preparations.

"I shall sail on the thirtieth, Milly," he said, the day he left Compton, "and as I shan't have time to ride over here and say good-bye to you, I should like you to come to Marley, and see me before I start."

"I will come, if you wish, George," she answered, quietly. She was always gentle and obedient, something as a child might have been to a hard taskmaster, but in no way like a wife who loved her husband.

"Very good. There's a branch coach passes through here three times a week from York to Carlisle; it stops at Marley Water. You can come by that, Millicent,"

"Yes, George."

The snow never melted upon Compton Moor throughout the dark January days. Millicent felt a strange, dull aching at her heart as she stood before the door of the Black Bear waiting for the Carlisle

coach, and watching the dreary expanse of glistening white that stretched far away to the dark horizon. She had seen it often under the tenantless moonlight when Darrell Markham was lying on his sick bed. Dismal as that sad time had been, she looked back on it with a sigh. He was near her then, she thought, and now he was lost in the wild vortex of terrible London—lost to her, perhaps, for ever.

Mrs. Sarah Pecker cried out indignantly at this wintry journey.

"What does the Captain mean by it," she said, "sending of a poor delicate lamb like you four-and-twenty mile in a old fusty stage-coach upon such a afternoon as this. If he wants you to catch your death, Miss Milly, he's a-going the right way to bring about his wicked wishes."

The great, heavy, lumbering, broad-shouldered coach drove up while Mistress Pecker was still holding forth upon this subject. One or two of the inside passengers looked out and asked for brandy-and-water while the horses were being changed. Some of the outsides clambered down from the roof of the vehicle, and went into the Black Bear to warm themselves at the blazing fire in the parlour and drink a glass of raw spirits. One man seated upon the box refused to alight, when asked to do so by another passenger, and sat with his face turned away from the inn, looking straight out upon the snowy moorland.

If even this man's face had been turned towards the little group at the door of the Black Bear, they would have had considerable difficulty in distinguishing his features, for he wore his three-cornered hat slouched over his eyes, and the collar of his thick horseman's coat drawn close up to his ears.

"He's a grim customer up yonder," said the man who had spoken to this outside passenger, designating him by a jerk of the head—"a regular grim customer. I wonder what he is, and where he's going to."

Mistress Pecker assisted Millicent into the coach, settled her in a warm corner, and wrapped her camlet cloak about her.

"You'd better have one of Samuel's comforters for your throat, Miss Milly," she said, "and one of his coats to wrap about your feet. It's bitter weather for such a journey."

Millicent declined the coat and the comforter; but she kissed her old nurse

as the coachman drew his horses together for the start.

"God bless you, Sally," she said; "I wish the journey was over and done with, and that I was back again with you."

The coach drove off before Mrs. Pecker could answer her.

"Poor dear child," said the innkeeper's wife, "to think of her going out alone and friendless on such a day as this. She wishes she was back with us, she says. I sometimes think there's a look in her poor mournful blue eyes, as if she wished she was lying quiet and calm in Compton churchyard."

The high road from Compton to Marley Water wound amongst bleak and sterile moors, passing now and then a long straggling village or a lonely farm-house. It was longer by this road than by the moorland bridle path, and it was quite dark when the stage-coach drove over the uneven pavement of the high-street of Marley Water.

Millicent found her husband waiting for her at the inn where the coach stopped.

"You're just in time, Milly," he said; "the *Vulture* sails to-night."

Captain Duke was stopping at a tavern on the quay. He put Millicent's arm in his, and led her through the narrow high-street.

This principal street of Marley Water was lighted here and there by feeble oil-lamps, which shed a wan light upon the figures of the foot-passengers.

Glancing behind her, once, bewildered by the strange bustle of the busy little sea-port town, Millicent was surprised to see the outside passenger whom she had observed at Compton, following close upon their heels.

Captain Duke felt the little hand tighten upon his arm with a nervous shiver.

"What made you start?" he asked.

"The—the man!"

"What man?"

"A man who travelled outside the coach, and whose face was quite concealed by his hat and cloak. He is just behind us."

George Duke looked back, but the outside passenger was no longer to be seen.

"What a silly child you are, Millicent," he said. "What is there so wonderful in your seeing one of your fellow-passengers in the high-street ten minutes after the coach has stopped?"

"But he seemed to be following us."

"Why, my country wench, people walk close behind each other in busy towns without any such thought as following

their neighbours. Millicent, Millicent, when will you learn to be wise?"

The Captain of the *Vulture* seemed in unusually good spirits this late January night.

"I shall be far away upon the blue water in twenty-four hours, Milly," he said. "No one but a sailor can tell a sailor's weariness of the land. I heard of your brother Ringwood last night."

"Bad news?" asked Millicent anxiously.

"No; good news for you, who will come in for his money if he dies unmarried. He's leading a wild life, and wasting his substance in taverns, and worse places than taverns. Luckily for you, the Compton property is safely secured, so that he can neither sell nor mortgage it."

The little inn at which George Duke was stopping, faced the water, and Millicent could see the lights on board the *Vulture*, gleaming far away through the winter night, from the window of the little parlour where supper was laid out ready for the traveller.

"At what o'clock do you sail, George?" she asked.

"A little before midnight. You can go down to the pier with me, and see the last of me, and you can get back to Compton by the return coach to-morrow morning."

"I will do exactly as you please. Will this voyage be a long one, George?"

"Not long. I shall be back in three months at the latest."

Her heart sank at his ready answer. She was always so much happier in his absence. Happy in her trim little cottage, her stout, good-tempered servants, the friends who had known her from her childhood, her novels, her old companion, the faithful brown and white spaniel—happy in all these—happy, too, in her undisturbed memories of Darrell Markham.

While George and his wife were seated at the little supper-table, one of the servants of the inn came to say that Captain Duke was wanted.

"Who wants me?" he asked, impatiently.

"A man wrapped in a horseman's coat, and with his hat over his eyes, Captain."

"Did you tell him that I was busy; that I was just going to sail?"

"I did, Captain; but he says that he must see you. He has travelled above two hundred miles on purpose."

An angry darkness spread itself over the Captain's handsome face.

"Curse such interruption," he said, savagely. "Let him come up-stairs. Here, Millicent," he added, when the waiter had left the room, "take one of those candles, and go into the opposite chamber, it is my sleeping room. Quick, girl, quick."

He thrust the candlestick into her hand with an impatient gesture, and almost pushed her out of the room in his flurry and agitation.

She hurried across the landing-place into the opposite chamber, but not before she had recognised in the man ascending the stairs the outside passenger who had followed them in the high-street; not before she had heard her husband say, as he shut the parlour door upon himself and his visitor—

"You here! By heaven, I guessed as much."

Some logs burned upon the open hearth in the Captain's bedroom, and Millicent seated herself on a low stool before the warm blaze. She sat for upwards of an hour wondering at this stranger's lengthened interview with her husband. Once she went on to the landing to see if the visitor had left. She heard the voices of the two men raised as if in anger, but she could not hear their words.

The clock was striking eleven as the parlour door opened and the stranger descended the stairs. Captain Duke crossed the landing-place and looked into the bedroom where Millicent sat brooding over the fire.

"Come," he said, "I have little better than half an hour to get off; put on your cloak and come with me."

It was a bitter cold night, but the moon was nearly at the full, and shone upon the long stone pier and the white quays with a cold steely light that gave a ghostly brightness to every object upon which it fell. The outlines of the old-fashioned houses along the quay were cut black and sharp against this blue light, every coil of rope and idle anchor, every bag of ballast lying upon the edge of the parapet, every chain and post, and iron ring attached to the solid masonry, was visible in this winter moonlight. The last brawlers had left the tavern on the quay, the last stragglers had deserted the narrow streets, the last dim lights had been extinguished in the upper windows, and Marley Water, at a little after eleven o'clock, was as still as the quiet churchyard at Compton-on-the-Moor.

Millicent shivered as she walked by her husband's side along the main quay; once or twice she glanced at him furtively; she could see the sharp lines of his profile against the purple atmosphere, and she could see by his face that he had some trouble on his mind. They turned off the quay on to the pier which stretched far out into the water.

"The boat is to wait for me at the other end," said Captain Duke. "The tide has turned and the wind is in our favour."

He walked for some time in silence, Millicent watching him timidly all the while; presently he turned to her and said, abruptly,

"Mistress George Duke, have you a ring or any such foolish trinket about you?"

"A ring, George?" she said, bewildered by the suddenness of the question.

"A ring, a brooch, a locket, a ribbon, anything which you could swear to twenty years hence if need were?"

She had a locket hanging about her throat which had been given to her by Darrell, than which she would have sooner parted with her life.

"A locket!" she said, hesitating.

"Anything! Haven't I said before anything?"

"I have the little diamond earrings in my ears, George."

"Give me one of them, then; I have a fancy to take some token of you with me on my voyage. The earring will do."

She took the jewel from her ear and handed it to him. She was too indifferent to him and to all things in her weary life even to wonder at his motive in asking for the trinket.

"This is better than anything, Millicent," he said, slipping the jewel into his waistcoat pocket; "the earrings are of Indian workmanship and of a rare pattern. Remember, Millicent, the man who comes to you and calls himself your husband, yet cannot give you this diamond earring, will not be George Duke."

"What do you mean, George?"

"When I return to Compton ask me for the fellow jewel to that in your ear. If I cannot show it to you——"

"What then, George?"

"Drive me from your door as an impostor."

"But you may lose it."

"I shall not lose it."

He relapsed into silence. They walked on towards the farther end of the long

pier, their shadows stretching out before them black upon the moonlit stones.

They were half a mile from the quay, and they were alone upon the pier, with no sound to wake the silence but the echoes of their own footsteps and the noise of the waves dashing against the stone bulwarks.

The *Vulture's* boat was waiting at the end of the pier. Captain George Duke took his wife in his arms and pressed his lips to her cold forehead.

"You will have a lonely walk back to the inn, Millicent," he said; "but I have told them to make you comfortable, and to see you safely off by the return coach to-morrow morning. Good bye, and God bless you. Remember what I have told you to-night."

Something in his manner—a tenderness that was strange to him—touched her gentle heart.

She stopped him as he was about to descend the steps.

"It has been my unhappiness that I have never been a good wife to you, George Duke. I will pray for your safety while you are far away upon the cruel sea."

The Captain pressed her trembling little hand.

"Good-bye, Millicent," he said, "and remember."

Before she could answer him he was gone. She saw the men push the boat off from the steps; she heard the regular strokes of the oars plashing through the water, the little craft skimming lightly over the surface of the waves.

He was gone; she could return to her quiet cottage at Compton, her novel reading, her old friends, her undisturbed recollections of Darrell Markham.

She stood watching the boat till it grew into a dim, black speck upon the moonlit waters; then she slowly turned and walked towards the quay.

A long, lonely walk at that dead hour of the night for such a delicately nurtured woman as Millicent Duke! She was not a courageous woman either; rather oversensitive and nervous, as the reader knows; fond of reading silly romances such as people wrote a century ago, full of mysteries and horrors, of haunted chambers, secret passages, midnight encounters, and masked assassins.

The clocks of Marley Water began to strike twelve as she approached the centre of the desolate pier. One by one, the different iron voices slowly rang out the hour; smaller voices in the distance tak-

ing up the sound, and all Marley and all the sea, to her fancy, tremulous with the sonorous vibration. As the last stroke from the last clock died away and the sleeping town relapsed into silence, she heard the noise of a man's footstep slowly approaching her.

She must meet him and pass by him in order to reach the quay.

She had a strange vague fear of this encounter. He might be a highwayman, he might attack and attempt to rob her.

The poor girl was prepared to throw her purse and all her little trinkets at his feet—all but Darrell's locket.

Still the footsteps slowly approached. The stranger came nearer and nearer in the ghastly moonlight—nearer, until he came face to face with Millicent Duke.

Then she stopped. She meant to have hurried by the man, to have avoided even being seen by him, if possible. But she stood face to face with him, rooted to the ground, a heavy languor paralysing her limbs, an unearthly chill creeping to the very roots of her hair.

Her hands fell powerless at her sides. She could only stand white and immovable, with dilated eyes, staring blankly into the man's face. He wore a blue coat, and a three-cornered hat thrown jauntily upon his head, so as in nowise to overshadow his face.

She was alone, half a mile from a human habitation or human help—alone at the stroke of midnight with her husband's ghost.

There was no illusion; no shadowy deception, save of a fevered imagination. There, line for line, shade for shade, stood a shadow who wore the outward seeming of George Duke.

She reeled away from him, tottered feebly forward for a few paces, and then summoning a desperate courage rushed blindly on towards the quay, her garments fluttering in the sharp winter air. She reached the inn; a servant had waited up to receive her; the sea-coal fire burned brightly in the wainscoted little sitting-room; all within was cheerful and pleasant.

Millicent fell into the girl's arms and sobbed aloud. "Don't leave me," she said; "don't leave me alone this terrible night. I have often heard that such things were, but never knew before how truly people spoke who told of them. This will be a bad voyage for the ship that sails to-night. I have seen my husband's ghost."

(To be continued.)

Gems from Abroad.

TO LAURA.

(From the Spanish of Lope de Vega.—Born, 1562;
Died, 1635.)

ERE Time's cold blasts the roses strew,
That on thy lips yet bloom,
And from thy brow recal that hue,
White as a seraph's plume.
Sweet Laura! see the verdant spring,
Like thee, bright charms display;
How lovely now—but Time shall bring
To both alike decay.
Think not those gay delights appear,
When youth has fled from view,
Ah, no! when age at length draws near,
He brings companions too.
Honour a noble heart, though love
And beauty may not be;
Scorn not their loss—lest years may prove
The same can fade from thee.

PASSAGES FROM THE WISDOM OF THE BRAHMIN.

BY F. RUCKERT.

(From the German of Dr. Heinrich Fick.)

SIX words their several claim to me put
every day:
I ought, I must, I can, I will, I dare, I may.
I ought—this is the law by God to my
heart given;
The goal on towards which I am by myself
driven.
I must—this is the pale, in which the
world one side,
And on the other nature, force me to abide.
I can—the measure is of power to me lent,
Of strength, ability, art, knowledge the
extent.
I will's the most lustrous jewel with
which I'm dress'd,
And freedom's seal my mind hath on
itself impress'd.
I dare—this is at once the motto on the seal,
At freedom's open'd gate a bolt whose
check I feel.
I may—at last, is that which doth betwixt
all float,
Uncertain and unfixed; the moment gives
it note.
I ought, I must, I can, I will, I dare, I may,
These six their several claim to me put
every day.
As long as *Thou* wouldst teach, I know
what every day
I ought, I must, I can, I will, I dare, I may.

ISABEL.

(From the French of Houssaye.)

BESIDE the lake of Aignes-belle,
When May, to clothe the earth began,
I saw the slender Isabel
With the son of the old fisherman.
Her brow of anger seemed to tell:
Yet from her hand he took, in play,
A flower gathered by the way.
Ah! she was fair, I marked her well,
Beside the lake of Aignes-belle!
Beside the lake of Aignes-belle,
Her sweet face covered with her hand,
In Autumn, saw I Isabel,
Sitting alone upon the strand.
Her brow of shame did seem to tell:
And he, her love, had left her there,
Ah, me! how deep was the despair
Of the heart of tender Isabel,
Beside the lake of Aignes-belle!

Beside the lake of Aignes-belle,
When snow lay deep upon the ground,
I sought the slender Isabel—
I sought, but never more I found.
Some tale the wild wind seemed to tell,
Low moaning in the leafless wood,
That round the ancient convent stood:
And where was slender Isabel?
Beneath the lake of Aignes-belle!

THE BELLS.

(From the German of Vogel.)

Two distant bells are sounding
Adown the quiet vale,
Their tones are soft resounding
In evening's sunlight pale.
The one tolls from the castle,
High on the mountain's brow;
The other from the cloister,
Close to the lake below.
Now in the castle trembling,
A maiden pale and fair
Follows a stately bridegroom,
Her marriage vows to swear.
And in the solemn cloister,
At that same hour, a youth
All wan and pale is breathing
His vows with fainting mouth.
Then on the soft wind floating,
The sound peals on again—
Two wounded hearts are beating
With suffering's deepest pain!

PEN AND PENCIL SKETCHES OF THE PICTURESQUE.

No. 3.—ROCHESTER CASTLE.



WHAT a change has taken place in all earthly things since this stately-looking ruin—this magnificent remnant of feudal times—was erected; and nowhere is the alteration more conspicuous or significant than itself! Formerly the protector of the whole neighbourhood, the parent, so to speak, of the towns that grew up in comparative security under its shelter, it is now unable without assistance to keep its own decayed body together; and its sole value is to amuse an idle hour of the curious, or afford a practical lesson in old English history.

What does not fade? The tower that long had stood

The crush of thunder and the warring winds,
Shook by the slow but sure destroyer, Time,
Now hangs in doubtful ruins o'er its base,
And flinty pyramids and walls of brass
Descend.

Embosomed amid the finest scenery in Kent, this once strong pile stands also in a very favourable position for defence, occupying the south-west angle of the city of Rochester, on an eminence rising abruptly from the Medway, just above Rochester bridge.

Here and there are vestiges of the outward walls, which were twenty feet high above the ground, and which formed an irregular parallelogram of about 300 feet in length, strengthened by square and

round towers, provided with loop-holes and machicolations; but these, with the walls themselves, are fast crumbling away.

The composition used in the construction of this fortress was the Kentish rag-stone, cemented by a strong grout or mortar, in which immense quantities of sea-shells were imbedded, acquiring from age a hardness equal, if not superior, to stone itself. The coigns are of Caen stone.

The architecture is Norman, except, perhaps, a round tower at the south-eastern angle, which was rebuilt in the place of the original square one, destroyed when King John besieged and took the castle.

Nearly four centuries have elapsed since Rochester Castle was last repaired; and the deep broad moat, which formerly defended the north, south, and east sides, is now filled up. The chief portion of the castle is the keep, which is in admirable preservation. It is a massive building, of a quadrangular form, 112 feet high, and 70 feet long at the base. The walls, as they rise from the ground, incline slightly inwards. Ascending the winding stairs, of about 5 feet 5 inches in width, and which, now much decayed, open into every apartment, we see to advantage the upper stories of this decayed and roofless ruin. The state apartments appear to have been in the third story, where there are still

four arched doorways richly ornamented, and 18 feet in height, with a column dividing each, of about four feet in diameter. Through the partition walls a well, 2 feet 9 inches in diameter, ascends to the summit, communicating on its way with each floor of the building. The roof of the highest room is 93 feet in height from the ground, and beyond this there is an uncovered battlement rising 7 feet higher, with embrasures. The turrets at the four corners ascend to the height of 12 feet above the battlement. All the rooms have fire-places, with semicircular chimney-pieces; but, in evidence of the discomfort that prevailed—notwithstanding a vast deal of barbaric splendour—in the “good old times,” there is not the slightest indication of a chimney, the smoke passing through a mere hole in the wall, which, with other openings, served for the admission of light and air.

A sort of gallery runs all round the keep, opening by arches upon the different stories into the interior; and seats are placed in convenient positions, each commanding some one of the many pleasing prospects that keep bursting upon the spectator in all directions of the compass, and with increased extent and grandeur, as he winds round and round to the top, whence the whole panorama is exposed to his gaze without intermission. An amphitheatre of hills is seen, almost entirely encircling the beautiful landscape, which presses upon the delighted eyes one object after another, of high interest, and the whole combining into a picture of rich and rare harmony. Well might the poet exclaim, in terms of thrilling admiration:

“How beautiful,
How various is yon view!”

First, there is the Medway at the bottom, extending round full three-fourths of the castle, and coming close to it at one point. Next, there is the cathedral; and then there is the parish church of Rochester, close beside. The bridge forms a picturesque feature in the bottom of the panorama, spanning the waters of the Medway. And, lastly, the eye rests with great pleasure upon the pretty garden-grounds that embroider, as it were, the exterior base of the castle, partly within its walls, and partly without.

It is probable that a castle, although of much less importance than the present one, stood on the site of Rochester Castle as early as the period of the creation of the see of Rochester, about 604; for

Rochester was then known as a place of strength on the Medway. But the earliest fact of which we have cognizance, was the act of William the Conqueror, in either repairing or building the present castle, and consigning it to the care of his brother Odo, Bishop of Bayeux, one of the most ambitious and turbulent prelates connected with the history of this country.

Rochester Castle might form almost the text of a discourse on the civil wars which have desolated England—it has been engaged in so many.

King William of the “Ruddy face,” at the commencement of his reign, found much opposition, many of the most powerful Norman nobles siding with his elder brother Robert. To meet the imminent danger, he had recourse to the native English. He armed them to fight in their own country against his own countrymen and relatives; and it was by this confidence in them that he preserved his crown. He called a meeting of the long-despised chiefs of the Anglo-Saxon blood, who had survived the slow and wasting conquest of his father.

Flattered by this confidence, the Thanes and Franklins who had been summoned to attend him zealously promoted the levy of troops; and when Rufus proclaimed his ban of war in the old Saxon form—“Let every man who is not a nidering, whether he live in burgh or out of burgh, leave his house and come”—there came 30,000 stout Englishmen to the place appointed for the muster.

Kent was one of the most vulnerable parts of the island, and Bishop Odo the most dangerous and powerful of Duke Robert’s supporters; Rufus, therefore, marched with his gallant army against the warlike churchman, who had strongly fortified Rochester Castle, and then thrown himself into Pevensey, there to await the arrival of Robert. After a siege of seven weeks, the Bishop was compelled to surrender his stronghold; and his nephew granted him life and liberty, on his taking an oath that he would put Rochester Castle into his hand, and then leave the kingdom for ever.

Relying on this solemn vow, the Red King sent the prelate, with a small escort of Norman horse, from Pevensey to Rochester. This strong castle Odo had intrusted to the care of Eustace, Count of Boulogne. When now reciting the set form of words, he demanded of the Count the surrender of the castle, Eustace, pre-

tending great wrath, arrested both the Bishop and his guards as traitors to King Robert.

The scene was admirably acted; and Odo, trusting to be screened from the accusation of perjury, remained in the fortress.

William soon, however, embraced him—loving nephew as he was—with a close environment, drawing round him a mighty force of English infantry and foreign cavalry. But the castle was strong, and garrisoned by a brave and numerous soldiery; and it is doubtful whether it could have been taken by assault. But pestilence and famine came; and then came offers of capitulation. The English would have made no terms with the besieged; but the Norman portion of William's army, who had countrymen, and many of them friends and relatives in the castle, entertained very different sentiments; and at their earnest instance Rufus allowed the besieged to march out with their arms and horses, and freely depart the land.

Bishop Odo would have included in the capitulation a proviso that the King's army should not cause their band to play in sign of victory and triumph as the garrison marched out; but this condition was refused, the King saying, in great anger, he would not make such a concession for a thousand marks of gold.

The partisans of Robert then came forth from the castle gates with banners lowered, the King's music playing the while. As Odo appeared, there was a louder crash; the trumpets screamed, and the English shouted fiercely as he passed.

"Oh!" they cried, "for a halter to hang this perjured murderous bishop!"

It was with these and still worse imprecations that the priest who had blessed the Norman army at the battle of Hastings departed from England, never more to defile it by his presence.

The Castle appears to have received considerable damage by this siege; and, perhaps, the Prior and Bishop Gundulph might have been somewhat tardy in their allegiance to Rufus; at least the King seems to have entertained suspicions of that nature, and made it a pretence to extort money from them; for he refused to confirm a grant of the Manor of Hadenham, in Buckinghamshire, given to the see of Rochester by the then Archbishop Lanfranc; but being entreated by Robert Fitz-Hamon, and Henry, Earl of

Warwick, the King consented, on condition that Gundulph—who was a celebrated architect—should expend sixty pounds in repairing the injuries which the castle had suffered by the siege, and make other necessary additions. Gundulph accordingly repaired the walls, and laid the foundation of the keep, which still remains as a monument of his architectural skill.

No sooner had King John been compelled to sign the Magna Charta, than he secretly sent messengers to the Continent, with directions to hire all those who were willing to come to England and range themselves under his banner against the confederated Barons. When the latter learned that troops of Brabanters and others were stealing into the land in small parties, they despatched William d'Albney, at the head of a chosen band, to take possession of the royal Castle of Rochester.

D'Albney had scarcely entered the walls when he found the fortress almost destitute of stores and engines of defence; and John had become sufficiently strong to venture from Dover, where he had been sojourning. The despot, followed by Poictervins, Gascons, Flemings, Brabanters, and others—the outcasts and freebooters of Europe—laid siege to Rochester Castle at the beginning of October, 1215. The Barons, aware of the insufficient means of defence within the castle, marched from London to its relief; but they were obliged to retreat before the superior force of the foreigners, whose numbers, day after day, were augmented by fresh adventurers from the other side of the Channel.

Fortunately for England, Hugh de Boves and a vast horde of marauders perished in a tempest, on their way from Calais to Dover. John bewailed this loss like a maniac; besides swearing, he gnashed his teeth, rolled his eyes, and gnawed sticks and straws; nevertheless, he pressed the siege of Rochester Castle, and still prevented the Barons from relieving it.

After a gallant and protracted resistance of eight weeks, when the outer walls were thrown down, an angle of the keep shattered, and the last mouthful of provisions consumed, D'Albney surrendered. John ordered him to be hanged, with his whole garrison; but Savaric de Mauleon, the leader of one of the foreign bands, opposed this barbarous mandate, because he feared the English might reta-

liate on his own followers when any should fall into their hands. The tyrant was therefore contented to butcher the inferior prisoners, while all the knights were sent to the castles of Corfe and Nottingham.

The loss of Rochester Castle was a serious blow to the cause of the Barons.

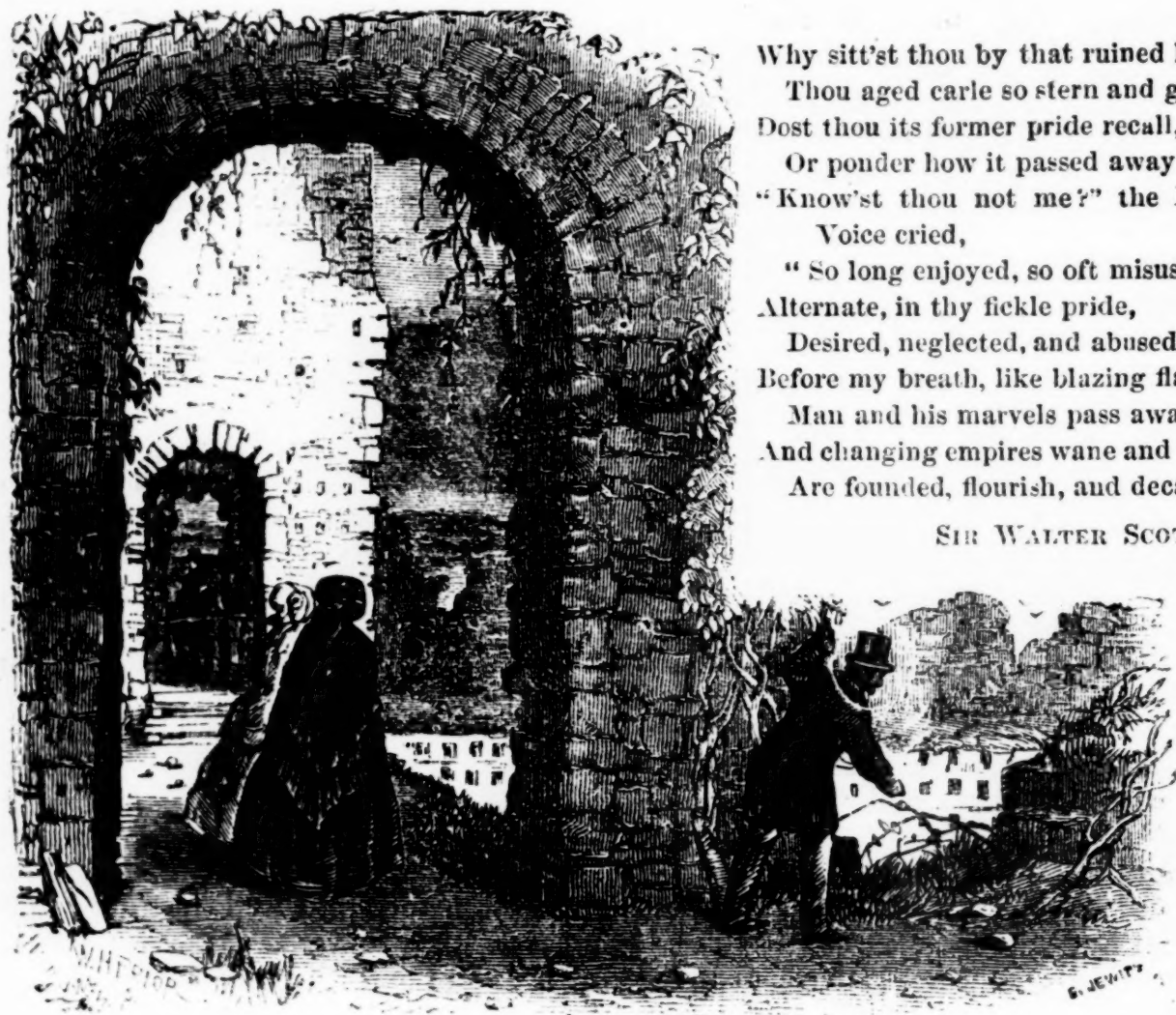
Simon de Montfort, the great Earl of Leicester, besieged Rochester Castle, after he had defeated King Henry III. at Lewes, but hearing that the king was coming, he departed to meet him; and what force he left behind was soon afterwards driven off by the king's troops.

The condition of the great body of the people during the reign of Richard II. was most wretched and galling. A considerable portion of the peasantry were

still serfs or "villains," bound to the soil, and sold or transmitted with the estates of the nobles and other landed proprietors. About this time Sir Simon Burley went to Gravesend with an armed force, claimed an industrious man living in that town as his escaped bondsman, seized him, and carried him off a prisoner to Rochester Castle.

The commons of Kent now rose as one man; and being joined by a strong body of the men of Essex, who crossed the Thames, they fell upon Rochester Castle, and compelled the garrison to deliver up Sir Simon's serf, with other prisoners.

Thus ended the military history of Rochester Castle. It was never afterwards the scene of any important national event.



Why sitt'st thou by that ruined hall,
Thou aged carle so stern and gray?
Dost thou its former pride recall,
Or ponder how it passed away?
"Know'st thou not me?" the Deep
Voice cried,
"So long enjoyed, so oft misused—
Alternate, in thy fickle pride,
Desired, neglected, and abused?
Before my breath, like blazing flax,
Man and his marvels pass away;
And changing empires wane and wax,
Are founded, flourish, and decay."

SIR WALTER SCOTT.



THE PINCHBECKS MAKE A CALL AT TAGG AND RAGG'S AUCTION ROOMS.

THE PINCHBECKS:

WHO WERE ALWAYS BUYING BARGAINS.

"ONE 'undred real goolden suv'rins! at one penny heach!!! Must all be sold afore three o'clock this artemnoon, in consekens of a wager atween two well-known sportin' noblemen, whose names I'm not at liberty to mentshin!"

"Be they raal goold?" inquires a carman who has stopped his cart near the generous vendor; "be they raal goold?"

And he descends from his seat upon the shaft, and surveys, with eyes widely distended, the glittering bait spread out so ostentatiously before him.

"Real gold!" the fellow gazed into the countryman's face for a second, then beckoned him nearer, and whispered confidentially, "Buy a dozen—you're an honest feller, I see it in yer face; buy a dozen, an' make yer fortin'."

The Arcadian raised his smockfrock, eyed the bits of yellow brightness as they sparkled in the sun, and began to fumble in his pockets.

"Are ye shoore they be the raal thing?"

"Don't I tell yer it's a wager atween two young noblemen?" again he whispered, and the countryman grinned.

"Heered of him, o' coorse I 'ave;

wull, if this here don't beat cock-fightin'; gi' I a dozen;" and he placed a shilling in the man's hand.

"That's right, you're jist in time—I've on'y a few on 'em left; I told heverybody wot I've told you, I shouldn't have one upon my board in less nor five minutes."

This was said in a whisper that was, notwithstanding, so distinctly audible to the bystanders, that before the fortunate countryman had remounted upon the shaft, a dozen eager purchasers were tendering their pennies.

A lady and gentleman, who are passing, listen to the fellow's oration, and survey the crowd.

"How can people be such fools?" says the lady.

The gentleman shrugs his shoulders.

"It's the way of the world, my dear; the first thing is to gain the ear of the multitude; then if you are persevering and make but noise enough, your brass shall pass for the more costly metal."

"But when the cheat's discovered?"

"Change the locality, and renew the—begging your pardon for using so slang a phrase, my dear—dodge elsewhere. See, he is closing his box! his quick eye has

discovered two or three of his gulls, who have halted at some little distance, and are busily examining the spurious coin."

"How can people be so ignorant? the cheat is transparent: a sovereign for a penny—he can only deceive the veriest fools."

"Exactly so, and therefore the sale is profitable; if it were the nature of hawks to fatten, they would be the plumpest of birds, for pigeons are always plentiful."

And the speaker, Mr. Theophilus Pinchbeck, after having said all this, very sententiously, looked down proudly at his wife, as waiting for her approval, and he had not long to wait.

"You are so clever, Theophilus; you know everything!"

"Not everything, dear," said Mr. Pinchbeck, in a voice which clearly intimated that in one point, at least, his wife's opinion and his own were at variance. "Not everything."

They resumed their walk, but had not proceeded many yards before they again halted, as a young gentleman of some ten years of age came dashing up to them, his eyes beaming with excitement, as he held a something in his outstretched hand.

"It's Theophilus," said Mr. Pinchbeck, regarding somewhat sternly his panting son.

"So it is! and what a heat he's in!"

"What are you racing in that way for?" said the father.

"What's the matter, Phily dear?" said the mother. Phily was a tender abbreviation of Theophilus.

"Such a go!" cried the boy, looking joyfully from one parent to the other; "there's a chap selling sovereigns for pennies, and I've bought two!"

"Stupid fellow!"

"Foolish boy!"

Again the boy gazed at his elders; it was plain his opinion of *their* wisdom was considerably shaken.

"Everybody's buying 'em; but I'd only twopence—that's one for me, and one for mamma;" and the good-natured Phily placed one of the shining counterfeits in the maternal palm, while he slipped the other into his pocket.

"That man's a thief!" began Mr. Pinchbeck, but his son burst out into a series of joyful capers.

"Stolen 'm? then it is all right!—I thought it was; shouldn't I like to buy the lot of them!"

"Silence, sir! you are the party robbed

—let me have no more talking"—for Phily was preparing a reply; "but you will accompany your mamma home, as I have to make several business calls. I shall be home to dinner, my dear." The latter piece of information was addressed to his wife, whom Master Phily had now taken by the hand. "My first call is to see Mr. Ochre, about those pictures;" Mr. Pinchbeck plumed himself upon being a judge of art: "it's my opinion he don't know their value—not the least idea of it; so I may pick up a bargain. Then I shall look in at Melchizedeck's, and order a new suit for that boy, though he don't deserve it, silly fellow; expecting to get a sovereign for a penny, indeed!"

"Do you think Melchizedeck's things wear well? The last, you know, went to pieces in no time."

"Fault of the boy, my dear; Melchizedeck's things are quite as good as anybody else's, and eighty per cent. cheaper."

Mr. Pinchbeck was moving away, when Mrs. Pinchbeck detained him.

"Just one minute. I'm going to call in at Tagg and Ragg's, in St. Paul's Churchyard; they are selling off a bankrupt's stock, and everything will go dirt cheap, I'm sure."

"Well, my dear, if you think you can pick up a bargain—"

"Bless you, I'm sure of it. Mrs. Jones was there yesterday, and said the things were literally given away—silks and satins for a mere song, and good shirting and flannels for no price at all."

"You can go to ten pounds, my dear, only lay it out judiciously."

"I'm sure at least to get thirty pounds' worth for it. Tagg and Ragg say that all must go by the hammer, and there's to be no reservation."

"Well, well, I leave it all to you;" so saying, Mr. Pinchbeck moves off in a contrary direction to his wife. Master Phily calling after him—

"Good-bye, papa!"

"Good-bye, Theophilus! and mind, be more careful for the future—a sovereign for a penny!—I really didn't think you were so foolish."

Mrs. Pinchbeck pursued her walk towards the mart of the "dirt cheap" Tagg and Ragg, taking occasion, however, as Phily darted on ahead, or loitered in the rear, to attentively examine the coin in her hand.

"It certainly is like a sovereign, very!" and she turned it over and over. "I wish Pinchbeck had examined it a little closer

—in fact, he never examined it at all. I heard the man say it was for a wager, and those young noblemen certainly do at times the most extravagant things. There was one I read of, who used to eat a bank-note between his bread-and-butter every morning for breakfast, and another who never lighted his cigar with anything else. It looks good; if it were not for the shame of the thing, I should like to try how it rings on the pavement."

Mrs. Pinchbeck, thus reflecting upon the possibility of such a wager taking place between two rich and consequently eccentric young noblemen, had traversed several streets, when again the "voice of the charmer" fell upon her ear.

"One 'undred suv'rins at a penny heach! all acooss of a wager," &c. &c.

She listened attentively to the oration, and then, at its conclusion, beckoned to Master Phily, who in two bounds was at her side.

"Phily, there's a shilling; ask the man for a dozen sove—of those things, I mean—they'll do very well for card counters."

In a few minutes Theophilus had returned to his mother's side, the errand performed; then that worthy lady, after examining them first collectively and then singly, wrapped them carefully up in paper, and deposited them safely in her pocket, merely remarking to herself, as she did so, that "they looked very much like sovereigns indeed."

She was soon at Messrs. Tagg and Ragg's door, which she entered about the time her husband, "who had been blessed with a taste for the fine arts," passed into Mr. Ochre's repository. He had scarcely placed his foot in the room before the latter gentleman rushed up to welcome him.

"Delighted to see you, Mr. Pinchbeck! Been expecting you all the morning! Want your opinion about those fresh arrivals from Holland. Capital pictures, no doubt! we took 'em for a bad debt, as I told you—could get nothing else; so told our agent to accept them in part payment. All of the Dutch and Flemish schools I should think, but it's not for me to tell Mr. Pinchbeck a picture's value."

"The Dutch and Flemish schools are very favourite schools of mine, and I think I may say without vanity that I know something about them," said Pinchbeck, in his most sententious manner.

"No one knows them better, and so I will make bold to ask your advice about these; for really they've come into my

hands in such a strange way; no names attached to them, yet of undoubted antiquity."

"From Holland, you say?"

"Direct from Holland, bought by our correspondents, Van Dunk and Co., now themselves, unfortunately, bankrupts, of a nobleman whose estate was brought to the hammer. The pictures are perfect gems in their way! Ah! the old masters, Mr. Pinchbeck, the old masters! we haven't got artists to come up to 'em now-a-days."

Certainly Mr. Ochre had not, though he kept some dozen "artists" pretty constantly employed in imitating their peculiarities.

"And we never shall have," said Mr. Pinchbeck, as he followed the obsequious Ochre into a side room, where some half-dozen dingy-looking little pictures were ranged against the wall.

"Mr. Pinchbeck placed his hands behind his back, and walked slowly up and down before them. There was a critical compression of the lip, a keenness of investigation in the eyes, which words would fail to describe; Napoleon passing in review the Old Guard is the only simile we have at hand.

"Decidedly of the Flemish school!"

Now Mr. Pinchbeck's knowledge of that, and indeed of every other school, was exceedingly limited; in forming a judgment, and in pronouncing upon a master, he had laid down certain rules, and from these he never departed; for instance, if a picture had several indistinct and struggling figures in the foreground, among which that of a white horse was painfully predominant, he would say, "A Wouvermans, an undoubted Wouvermans, and a fine specimen." So a picture that presented to the uneducated eye the appearance of a panel that had been held for half-an-hour over the flame of a candle and afterwards carefully burnished, was "A Rembrandt, that glorious artist, sir, who, as somebody has said, 'stroked the raven down of darkness till it smiled.'" In like manner, any daub, as long as it consisted of a group of drunken and dwarfish boors, would with Pinchbeck do duty as a Teniers, though any slight alteration in such peculiarities drew from him the allowance, "that it might be an Ostade."

"You mean to say," observes the impatient reader, "that Pinchbeck was a fool."

It is not our intention to say anything

of the kind; for, with his friends—nay, with the world generally—Mr. Pinchbeck passed for a man singularly well informed, and decidedly a connoisseur in matters of art.

Mr. Pinchbeck was not a loquacious man, but when he spoke he had a loud voice and confident manner, and—which was the grand secret of his success—he firmly believed in himself; besides, he was a man who possessed that very pleasant thing, a balance at his banker's, and was always ready to back any opinion he might express.

"Here, now, is a picture without a name," said Mr. Ochre, and he placed it, the better to assist Pinchbeck's inspection, in various lights; "it must evidently have been much prized by the family from whom it was bought, by the careful manner in which it has been framed."

Mr. Pinchbeck examined the picture; its subject was not, to any other than a connoisseur, a taking one, consisting of an old willow-tree, a pond with a ragged fringe of bushes, and a lumpy-looking bull in the corner. That bull, however, settled the matter.

"A Paul Potter!" and the wily Pinchbeck chuckled to himself. "Ochre's no more notion of its value than a fish. I shall get it for a ten-pound note!—have a good mind to offer him a lumping sum for the lot—say a hundred; they're worth twenty times the money! Poor Ochre! how that man makes a living, I can't imagine."

And Pinchbeck determined to invest his pennies, and purchase, from the unsophisticated Ochre, these "genuine sovereigns."

An agreement was soon entered into: Ochre relied upon the word of so well-known a judge of art as Mr. Pinchbeck, and sold the half-dozen paintings "of the Flemish school," for pretty nearly the price the acute Pinchbeck had placed upon them.

"They're to be packed up, and sent home to him at once," said Mr. Ochre, giving his direction to a porter, whom he had summoned immediately after Mr. Pinchbeck's departure.

"You'd better not take 'em down for a day or two," whispered Ochre's clerk, drawing him aside; "the paint was scarcely dry when Mr. Varnish brought them, and so if there's any rough handling"—

Ochre paused, and rubbed his chin.

"You're right, Tom—it won't do to

run a risk; besides, I want him to take that Canaletti, when it's finished. Tell you what to do: write him a line, and ask his permission to let them remain here on view for a week; 'Property of Theophilus Pinchbeck, Esq.,' on each of them. He won't refuse."

"Not he," said the clerk.

"And by that time," continued Ochre, "we shall have the Canaletti home; and the Rubens too, if that rascal, Varnish, was not so confoundedly lazy."

Mr. Ochre then walked back to his counting-house, and opened his ledger. "Not a bad morning's work,—fifty-seven pounds profit; let me see, if I dock three pounds off Varnish's account, I get the sixty clear. I'll do it; for he said two of his children were ill, so he'll do anything for ready money; and if he won't, I'll give him a bill—ha, ha! and send him to Trounce to get it discounted. It comes to the same thing in the end, though the first way saves us trouble."

"Capital morning's work!" said Pinchbeck to his admiring wife; "one hundred pounds for pictures upon which I shall one day realise six at the least! I think that poor fellow, Ochre, had better give up business."

The wife is in raptures at her husband's acuteness, and then proceeds to eulogise her own.

"I've bought a number of things at Tagg and Raggs, and rather exceeded the amount you permitted me, my dear."

"Humph!" Pinchbeck shook his head, but the busy little bargain-hunter continued without heeding it.

"I've purchased enough silk to make up for the two girls and myself—some handkerchief-pieces for you—flannels, and—and, in fact, all our winter clothing. Such an opportunity will not occur again."

It certainly did not, as far as regarded the respectable firm of Messrs. Tagg and Ragg. Those gentlemen, in consequence of some slight misunderstanding with several of their bargain-hunting customers, and an erroneous view taken of it by the magistrate, to whom it was referred, having to retire precipitately from the vicinage of St. Paul's, thereby depriving that highly respectable neighbourhood of one of its (to the ladies) chief attractions.

The tribe of the Pinchbecks is on the increase—its name is legion; and roguery, by holding out exactly the same bait as the street vagabond, whose shop is the box he carries slung about his neck, pro-

mises to each and all, a sovereign for their penny, and at each skilful throw of the net, lands its willing victims in countless shoals.

"One 'undred real goolden suv'rins! at one penny each!"

Go thy ways, thou poor street trader on the gullibility of mankind; why should we desire thee to "move on," or call for police enactments to shut up thy portable shop? Thou art as honest as thy more prosperous fellows, who lie in wait for prey behind their gilded shop-fronts and plate-glass windows. "One sovereign for a shilling!" It is the ready lie, the scoun-

drel's promise, that meets us daily in the shape of a thousand advertisements; it is printed hourly in tens of thousands of alluring forms, and is left at our doors, or thrust into our hands as we walk the streets; it is hung out boldly in every shop, and spoken unblushingly by every tradesman behind his counter; we one and all recognise it, and speak of it as a lie, and wonder, in our great self-complacency, how the silly Pinchbecks are so befooled, yet, sooner or later, we all succumb, and, beguiled by the seductive voice, enter the shop of Ananias, and tender our pennies over his counter.

THE OLD VILLAGE MUSICIAN.

(From VOGL.)

A POOR Musician, weak and old,
Along the road is straying,
Whilst with his tatter'd coat and
cloak,

The wind and dust are playing.

"Whither, O whither, aged man!

"Too old for wandering, surely;

"Let others walk and plod along;

"Stay by your hearth securely!"

The old man speaks with cheerful tone,

"O no,—whate'er befalls me,

"So long I live, I still shall go

"Where'er my duty calls me.

"For thirty years in Friedberg there

"I've served the parish ever;

"My fiddle and the little church

"Are friends that none can sever.

"'Tis true the road seems painful now

"That once I trod so gladly;

"For O, the weight of years has bent

"And stoop'd my body sadly!

"But when the Lord's day comes
around,

"At home I ne'er can tarry;

"But to the church, through storm
and rain,

"My instrument I carry."

The old man speaks, and totters on—

A piteous sight and dreary;

Yet still the path he moves along,

But O, he is so weary!

He walks, and walks—O now almost

No farther can he wander!

He hears the bell already toll

In Friedberg's chapel yonder.

Then rousing up his failing strength,

He struggles on, though slowly,

Till at his desk once more he sits

Within the choir so lowly.

The chanter gives the measure out,

His daughters loud are singing,

And with the praises of the Lord,

Both choir and nave are ringing.

The old man does not idle sit,

The string his bow is pressing,

Till, with the "Venerabile,"

The priest bestows his blessing.

Then, leaning forward on his desk,

His fiddle too reposing,

Sleep overcomes him then at last,—

His weary eyelids closing.

The hymn resounds anew again,

Both bass and tenor vying;

The aged fiddler still, alone,

All silent there is lying.

The chanter rudely shakes his arm,

And speaks, while o'er him bending,

"Where is our leader? Hears he not

"The Sanctus now is ending?"

But he lies tranquil on his desk,

Bent down, in sleep deep buried;

The angels bore him up on high,—

He was too sorely wearied!

THE VENETIAN BRIDAL.

THE beautiful daughter of the Doge of Venice, the accomplished Lingia, was betrothed to the noble Giacinto Morosini. "Be happy," said the Doge, "and remember that the secret of being so in this sweet bond, is, never to feel that it is a bond." Giacinto threw his arms tenderly around his bride, and with beating hearts, but with silent lips, they sank at the feet of the Doge, who laying his hands upon their heads, poured forth a fatherly benediction. It was new-year's eve, when Giacinto, intoxicated with happiness, left the magnificent palace of the Doge; yet, as he looked back on it, many varied feelings pressed on his heart, and a secret voice seemed to whisper that he had much to endure and to suffer, ere he could call Lingia his—before the long-wished-for Candlemas-day, which was to crown his happiness, should arrive.

He wandered towards the sea, and found there a tumultuous crowd on which the red glare of torches cast a wild and strange light, while many boats thronged around two ships, which had just cast anchor. The cry of "Hail, Oleastro!" rent the air, as a young man stepped on shore, and who, having taken a prize from the pirates, which he now brought with him, was greeted by his fellow-citizens with loud shouts. The youth wore a dark habit, and his pale countenance showed no sign of joy at the acclamations with which his return was welcomed. He was accompanied by a man whose looks betrayed a mixture of vice and boldness, and who, with marked courtesy, bowed to the crowd, and thanked them on the part of his silent companion. His glance fell on Giacinto, and he whispered something to the youth, who instantly fixed a penetrating look on him, and continued his gaze till they were separated by the throng.

They took their way to the palace of the Doge, at whose feet Oleastro, and his companion, Gualdunio, laid their trophies. With mild dignity the Doge received him, pressed a kiss on his cheek, and promised in his country's name to reward him. "Victory," replied Oleastro, "is the conqueror's highest reward; but if you think that I am worthy of another, I will seek it of you, if you will to-morrow grant me a gracious hearing."

On the following morning, Giacinto, agitated by an unaccountable disquietude, hastened to the palace of the Doge.

Lingia came to meet him. "How is this?" exclaimed Morosini, in surprise, as he marked her tearful eyes, and felt her tremble in his embrace. "I have anxiously expected you," at length she replied; "beware of Marcello Oleastro; go, go; he is now with my father, and may immediately enter here." Scarcely had Giacinto left the antechamber, before Oleastro, his cheek glowing with indignation, rushed from the apartment of the Doge, and seized Lingia's hand before she had time to escape. "Lingia!" he exclaimed with vehemence, but his tone quickly sank, "Lingia, art thou indeed betrothed?" "My father will have told you so; release me." "Judge thou between us, Lingia; my heart, my happiness, my honour, my all—judge thou; yes, he has denied thee to me—a second time he has denied me. He has planted a dagger in my heart; for thee I have braved the wild seas; for thee I have shed my blood; for I believed that the laurels of victory would gain thee for me." "Go, go!" exclaimed she, in great agitation, "leave me." "No, Lingia; my life for one moment; a thousand lives for a single moment. Answer me, Lingia; who is this Giacinto Morosini? I have never even heard his name; where are his wounds? Fame knows him not. See here; here has victory engraven my right to thee in ineffaceable lines;" and he pushed his cap from his brow, showing a deep wound in his forehead, and vehemently clasped in his arms the half-fainting Lingia. A cry of terror escaped from her lips, and the Doge hastily entered the apartment. Oleastro pressed a burning kiss on her pale forehead, and retired with these words, "Reflect once more; for by this kiss I swear my right to thee I never will resign."

Lingia had scarcely reached her sixteenth year, when Marcello first sought her love. His noble birth, his wealth, his princely form, his dauntless bravery, won admiration and respect, although his proud bearing and imperious manner estranged many from him. Many fair Venetian dames lavished their smiles on the youth; but Lingia alone had power to kindle in his bosom an irresistible passion. The Doge observed it; but howsoever highly he honoured his bravery and noble qualities, still he was convinced that from his restlessness of disposition, and his vehement and passionate nature, he could

never make any woman happy. As soon as Lingia discovered that her father was not inclined to favour his suit, she avoided all opportunities of meeting Oleastro; and as she carefully concealed her feelings in her own bosom, no one knew if he had made any impression on her heart. Shortly after, Marcello demanded her hand, which the Doge refused him, but with mildness and courtesy. In a transport of frenzy Marcello swore that he must and would possess Lingia; and the Doge rejoiced when the impetuous youth, stimulated by his passion for glory, fitted out a galley and put to sea in search of the corsairs of Illyria. But Marcello viewed this enterprise solely as the means by which he could found a new claim to Lingia's hand, and her image hovered around him when, as a conqueror, he proudly trod the deck of his prize.

In a fearful state of mind he returned from the palace of the Doge. He was met by Gualdunio, an unprincipled and impoverished noble, who had linked himself to the wealthy Oleastro, in order by his assistance to overturn the government, and who now received from him, under the influence of violent passion, full permission to act as he thought fit, on condition that his project did not interfere with his plans for obtaining possession of Lingia.

One evening Giacinto proceeded to the palace of the Doge; before him was a guitar-player who, to the accompaniment of his instrument, sang an insulting ballad, which he evidently applied to him. Morosini in vain endeavoured to avoid him; the guitar-player always threw himself in his way; at length, irritated beyond endurance, Morosini tore the instrument from his hand, dashed it on the ground, and recognised in the troublesome musician, Gualdunio. At this moment, Marcello, with his sword drawn, rushed forward, exclaiming, "With me shalt thou contend for the possession of Lingia." The surprised Morosini had scarcely time to unsheath his weapon before he felt his arm disabled. A crowd rapidly collected round the combatants, and the Doge himself appeared, and in order to extinguish this feud in its birth, he sentenced Oleastro and Gualdunio to banishment from the States of the Republic. Oleastro rushed down to his ship, and restored to freedom the son of the King of Narento, whom he had taken prisoner, on the condition that his father should instantly send forces to assist him in his enterprise

against Venice. "We shall quickly warm ourselves at her flames," exclaimed Blada, and on the following morning the ships put to sea.

Some time after this, Morosini went to the island of Olivolo, where the bishop had his residence, and where the nuptials of the Venetian nobles were always solemnised. How did he rejoice to see the preparations for the approaching festival! It was late when he returned, the streets were silent and deserted, the sea roared tempestuously, when suddenly he heard a noise, and he faintly distinguished through the gloom two persons struggling with each other, one of whom, after a short resistance, fell backwards into the waves with a thrilling cry, and his antagonist quickly fled.

With sword in hand Morosini pursued the fugitive, who was so fortunate as to escape without leaving any trace of him, except a piece of parchment, to which part of a seal was appended. He immediately repaired to the Doge, and, relating what had just occurred, placed the parchment before him, on which was distinctly written, "Reflect once more, Lingia; cast not my name among those which history condemns; or, woe, woe to Venice! —Marcello Oleastro."

The bridal day arrived; all hastened to the gondolas, whose many-coloured pennons waved gaily in the breeze; but a thick fog hung over the sea and obscured the sun. The little fleet glided swiftly along; cries of joy rent the air; but Lingia, full of anxious forebodings, pressed close to her bridegroom. Lingia stood before the altar; the deep tones of the organ filled the sacred pile; the bishop, with his train of priests, appeared, and already was the bride's ring in Morosini's hand, when there suddenly arose from without a sound as of a coming storm. Nearer and nearer it approached; the clang of weapons was heard, and with the cry of "Victory" a number of corsairs rushed into the church. Morosini laid his insensible bride in the bishop's arms, and now a furious combat began. Supported by several brave Venetians, Morosini fought his way through the thickest of the fight, and after a vain attempt to re-enter the church, he and his companions hurried on board a gondola, and endeavoured to gain the interior of the city. In the meantime Marcello had penetrated to the altar, seized the insensible Lingia in his arms, and bore her towards his ship. "Thou shalt not again

escape me," he exclaimed, as she opened her eyes; "requite, then, my burning passion, which has caused me to sacrifice all to gain thee." Lingia answered not; she thought only of death. "Away!" exclaimed Oleastro to the pirates; "away! let us hasten to return whence we came."

Many of the noble bridegrooms had fallen in the church, and the barbarians spread themselves over every quarter of the city; but the Venetian youth thronged the streets and prepared for defence. Of this band none excelled Morosini in promptitude and activity, and with one consent the Doge was named their leader. They took their way to the island of Olivolo, where numbers of the pirates fell a sacrifice to the outraged feelings of the Venetians. Gualdunio, habited as Doge, and accompanied by several of the conspirators, stationed himself at the principal canal, and throwing money amongst the people, announced a new form of government; but he fell by the hand of Morosini, and the corsairs began to fly. Oleastro, seeing this, endeavoured to escape to his ship, and attempted to bear Lingia with him; but she quickly seized a sword, exclaiming, "Behold, here have I a sword, and here foam the waves; should the sword and the waves refuse me death, still I have courage to stifle in my bosom the breath of life." "Lingia," he exclaimed, "thy destruction causes mine; dost thou give me death for all my sufferings?" "Who has made you suffer?" said she; "I, your country, fate? Madman, you were your own enemy; you were high in honour, respected in your fatherland. It was not you that my father hated, but your wild, ungovernable passions; you wooed me in the proud tone of demand; you stretched your hand out to clasp a bride, and upon your forehead stood written misery for her who should become yours. You would only possess that which you gained by force. Unhappy one! behold the consequences, and say who has precipitated you into misery." "Heavenly powers!" exclaimed he, "that I myself should have thrust from me my greatest bliss: there is no punishment too great for me; and then, Lingia, then—" At this moment Blada, armed with a bloody sabre, rushed forward, crying out, "Traitor, where are the treasures thou promisedst? where are the brides? where are the slaves? Dost thou think to keep this prize which has been won with our blood? No; she is mine; and with this

steel, yet reeking with the blood of the Doge, I will slay thee." Lingia saw her father's insignia in the hands of the corsair, and sank on the earth. "Monster!" exclaimed she to Marcello, "thou hast caused my father's death; despair, then; for know that I have loved thee; loved thee as I have never loved Morosini; may this knowledge be poison in thy soul, to martyr thee with everlasting torments." Stunned, he fell to the ground, and with a laugh of scorn prepared to seize the victim; but Lingia's arm was quicker than his, and she cut asunder the thread of her life. Blada attempted to tear the jewels from her lifeless form, but Marcello sprang up, raised his sword, struck one powerful blow, and the head of Blada rolled on the sand, and with wild cries the rest of the corsairs fled. "Up! up!" said Oleastro, to some fettered Venetians, as he loosed their bonds; "pursue the corsairs!"

They quickly leaped into the nearest vessel, while Marcello, covering Lingia's body with a cloak, closed his vizor, cast his shield bearing his coat of arms into the sea, and rushed after the pirates. He quickly joined the Venetians in the pursuit, and Morosini was surprised to see the Italian knight. "To the rescue!" exclaimed he, as a corsair with an oar splintered the helmet of the knight, who fell on the deck of the vessel. Morosini hastened thither, and opened the helmet of the wounded youth. "Curse me not," said Oleastro, with dying voice, to the speechless Morosini; "I am wounded to death; hasten to fetch thy Lingia's body from the strand; farewell." "Oh! grief," exclaimed Morosini; "I too am slain, yet have no wound."

Three days after, Giacinto watched at the side of the bier on which his beloved lay; and it was only when the nobles brought to him the insignia of the Doge's high office, that he could be induced to leave the church.

Some weeks after, the Venetians assembled to witness the ceremony of his espousing the ocean. He stepped forward on the ship, took the consecrated ring from his finger, held it up, and said, "Venetians! henceforth I belong to you alone; no wife, no child shall share my duties; my time I consecrate to you—my eternity to her; Venice be mine, and the ocean the bride of Venice."

He threw the ring from him, and it was engulfed by the swelling waves of the Adriatic.



HANDEL AND WILLIAM HOGARTH IN THE TAVERN.

Tales of the Musicians.

No. 3.—EPISODES IN THE LIFE OF HANDEL.

CHAPTER I.

IN the parlour of the famous London tavern, "The Good Woman," Fleet-street, No. 77, sat Master John Farren, the host, in his arm-chair, his arms folded over his ample breast, ready to welcome his guests.

It was seven in the evening—the hour at which the members of the club were used to assemble, according to the good old custom in London, in 1741. Directly before John Farren stood Mistress Bett, his wife, her withered arms akimbo, and an angry flush on her usually pale and sallow cheeks.

"Is it true, Master John," she asked, in a shrill tone; "is it possible! do you really mean to throw our Ellen, our only child, into the arms of that German beggar?"

"Not exactly into his arms, Mistress Bett," replied John, quietly; "but Ellen loves the lad, and he is a brave fellow—handsome, honest, gifted, industrious—"

"And poor as a church mouse!" interrupted Mistress Bett; "and nobody knows who or what he may be!"

"Yes; his countryman, Master Handel, says there is something great in him."

"Pah! get away with your Master Handel! he is always your authority! What is he to us, now that it is all over with him in the favour of his Majesty? While he could go in and out of the palace daily, I would have cared for his good word; but now that he is banished thence for his highflown insolent conduct, what is he but an ordinary vagabond musician?"

"Hold your tongue!" cried John Farren, now really moved; "and hold Master Handel in honour! If he gives Joseph his good word, by my troth I have ground whereon I can build. Do you understand, Mistress Bett?"

The "good woman" seemed as though she would have replied at length, but before she could speak, the door opened,

and two men of respectable appearance entered. Tom, the waiter, snatched up a porter-mug, filled and placed it on the round table in the middle of the room, and stood ready for further service; while Mistress Bett, scowling at both the visitors, silently left the apartment.

"Well," cried the eldest of the two—a colossal figure, with a handsome and expressive countenance and large flashing eyes—"well, Master John, how goes it?"

"So, so, Master Handel," was the reply; "the better that you are just come in time to silence my good woman."

Handel gave his hat and stick to the boy, and turned to his companion, a man about the middle height, simple and plain in his exterior; only in the corner of his laughing eye could the observer detect a world of shrewdness and waggy. His name was William Hogarth, and he was well esteemed as a portrait-painter."

"You think, then," asked Handel, keenly regarding his companion—"you think, then, Bedford would do something for my Messiah, if I got the right side of him?"

"You shall not trouble yourself to get the right side of him," exclaimed Hogarth, eagerly; "that I ask not of you—no honourable man would ask it. Speak to the point at once with him; and be sure he will use all his influence to have your work suitably represented."

"But is it not too bad," cried Handel, "that I must flatter such a shallow-pate as his Grace the Duke of Bedford, to get my best (Heaven knows, William, my *best*) work brought before the public? If his Grace but comprehended a note of it! but he knows no more of music than that lout of a linen-weaver in Yorkshire, who spoiled my Saul in such a manner that I corrected him with my fist."

Hogarth replied with vivacity—"You have been eight-and-twenty years in England; have you not yet found out that the patronage of a stupid great man does no *harm* to a work of art? You know me, Handel, and know that I abhor nothing so much as servility, be it to whom it may. Yet, I assure you, should I deal only with those who understand my labours, and have no good word from others, I should be glad if I obtained employment enough to keep my wife and child from starving. As to luxuries, and my punch clubs, that have pleased you so well, I could not even think of them. You know as well as I that talent, a true taste for art, and wealth to support both,

are seldom or never found together. Let us thank God if the unendowed are good-natured enough not to grudge us our glorious inheritance, while they deny us not a portion of the crumbs from their luxurious tables."

Handel was leaning with both arms on the table, his head buried in his hands. Without locking up or changing his position, he murmured, "Must it ever be so—must the time *never* come, when the artist may taste the pure joy he prepares through his works for others! Hogarth," he continued, with sudden energy, while he withdrew his hand from his face, and looked earnestly at his friend, "Hogarth, would you consent to leave your country, and exercise your art in other lands?"

"What a question! Not for the world," replied the painter.

"There it is!" cried Handel, hastily: "you have held out, and begin now to reap the reward of your constancy; but I left my dear fatherland just as new life in art began to be stirring. Oh, how nobly, how magnificently it is now developed there! What could I not have done with the gifts bestowed upon me? Have my countrymen achieved anything great—they have done it *without me*, while I was here tormenting myself in vain with your ignorant singers and musicians, to drive a notion of what music is into their heads. I have scarce yet numbered fifty-six years. I will return to my own country; better a cowherd there than remain here director of the Haymarket Theatre, or Chapelmaster to his Majesty, who, with all his court rabble, takes such delight in the sweet warblings of that Italian! Hogarth, you should paint the lambling, as the London women worship him as their idol, and bring him offerings!"

"I have already," answered Hogarth, laughing; "but hush, our friends!"

Here the door opened, and there entered Master Tyers, then lessee of Vauxhall, the Abbé Dubois, and Doctor Benjamin Hualdy; they were followed by Joseph Wach, a young German, who had devoted himself to the study of music under Handel's instruction, and Miss Ellen Farren, the young lady of the house. Master John arose; and Tom filled the empty porter-mugs, and produced fresh ones.

Handel gave his pupil a friendly nod, and asked: "How get you on with your part? Can I hear you soon?"

"I am very industrious, Master Handel," replied Joseph, "and will do

my best, I assure you, to be perfect. You must only have a little patience with me."

"Hem," muttered Handel; "I have had it so long with the stupid people in this country, it shall not so soon fail with you. Enough till to-morrow; to your prating with your little girl yonder."

"Ah! Master Handel," cried Ellen, pouting prettily; "you think, then, Joseph should only be my sweetheart when he has nothing better to do?"

"That were indeed most prudent, little witch," said Handel, laughing; "but 'tis ill preaching to lovers; that your father knows by experience, eh! old John?"

"Master Handel," said the Abbé, taking the word, "do you know I was not able to sleep last night, because your chorus—'*For the glory of the Lord shall be revealed*,'—ran continually in my head, and sounded in my ears? I think, good Master Handel, *your* glory shall be revealed through your work, when you can once get it brought out suitably. But the Lord Archbishop, it seems, is against it."

Handel reddened violently, as he always did when anger stirred him: "A just Christian is the Lord Archbishop! He asked me if he should compose me a text for the Messiah; and when I asked him quietly if he thought me a heathen who knew nothing of the Bible, or if he thought to make it better than it stood in the Holy Scriptures, he turned his back on me, and represented me to the court as a rude, thankless boor."

"It is not good to eat cherries with the great," observed wise John Farren.

"I thought," muttered Handel, "this proverb was only current on the continent; but I see, alas! that it is equally applicable in the land of freedom!"

"Good and bad are mingled all over the earth," said Benjamin Hualdy, smiling: "and their proportion is everywhere the same. We must take the world, dear Handel, as it is, if we would not renounce all pleasure. Confess then: never did you feel more joy—never were you more conscious of your own merit—never thanked your God more devoutly for his gifts to you, than when at last, after a long struggle with ignorance and intrigue, you produced a work before the world that charmed even enmity and envy to admiration!"

"And what care I for the admiration of fools and knaves?" interrupted Handel.

Benjamin continued, in a conciliating tone—"Friend, he who *can* admire the beautiful and the good, is not so wholly depraved as oft appears. There lives a something in the breast of every man, which, so long as it is not quite crushed and extinguished, lets not the worst fall utterly. I cannot name, nor describe it; but art, and music before all arts, is the surest test whereby you may know if that something yet exists."

"Most surely," cried Master Tyers. "I myself love music from my heart, and think with your great countryman, Doctor Luther, 'He must be a brute who feels not pleasure in so lovely and wondrous an art.' But, Master Handel, judge not my dear countrymen too harshly, if they have not accomplished so much as yours in that glorious art. Gifts are varied; we have many that you have not."

"You have been long in England," observed the Abbé, "and have experienced many vexations and difficulties, particularly among those necessary to you in the production of your works. But tell me, Master Handel, supposing it true that the court and nobles often do you injustice; that our musicians and singers are inferior to those in your own country; that we cannot grasp *all* the high spirit that dwells in your works; are you not, nevertheless, the darling of the people of Britain? Lives not the name of Handel in the mouth of honest John Bull, honoured as the names of his most renowned statesmen? Well, sir, if *that* is true, give honest John Bull (he means well and truly, at least) a little indulgence. Let us hear your Messiah soon; your honour suffers nought, and you remain, after all, the free German you were before."

"Ay!" cried Hogarth, "that is just what I have told him." "And I,"—"And I," exclaimed Tyers and Hualdy; while John added, coaxingly, "Only think, Master Handel, how often I have to give up to my good wife, without detriment to my authority as master of the house."

Handel sat a few moments in silence, looking gloomily from one to another around the circle. Suddenly he burst into a loud laugh, and cried in a cheerful tone—"In good truth, old fellow, you are right. Give us your hand; to-morrow early I go to the Duke of Bedford; and you *shall* hear the Messiah, were all the rascals in the three kingdoms and the continent against it!"

Loud and long applause followed his words; John Farren essayed a leap in his joy, which, spite of his corpulence, succeeded beyond his expectation, and moved the guests to renewed peals of laughter. Joseph whispered to the maiden at his side—"Oh, Ellen! if it prospers with him, our fortune is made; I have his word for it."

The next morning Handel went, as he had promised his friends, to the Duke of Bedford. His Grace had given a grand breakfast, and half the court was assembled in his saloon. As soon as the servants saw Handel ascending the steps, they hastened to announce his arrival to their lord.

The Duke was not much of a connoisseur, but he loved the reputation of a patron of the arts, and took great pleasure in exhibiting himself in that light to the court and the king. It was his dearest wish to win the illustrious master to himself; particularly as he knew well that the absence of Handel from the palace was in no way owing to want of favour with the sovereign. The king, on the contrary, appreciated and highly valued his genius. But Handel's energetic nature could not bend to the observance of the forms and ceremonies held indispensable, not only at court, but among all the London aristocracy; and it was natural that this peculiarity should gradually remove him from the circles of the nobility. His fame on this account, however, only rose the higher. His Oratorio of SAUL, which the preceding year had been produced, first in London, then in the other large cities of England, had stamped him a composer whom none hitherto had surpassed. The king was delighted; the court and nobles professed, at least, to be no less so. Among the people, his name stood, as his friend had truly observed, with the proudest names of the age! When informed of his arrival, the Duke hastened out, shook the master cordially by the hand, and was about leading him without ceremony into the hall. But Handel, thanking him for the honour, informed him that he was come to ask a favour of his Grace.

"Well, Master Handel," said the Duke, smiling, "then come with me into my cabinet." The master followed his noble host, and unfolded his petition in few words, to wit: that his grace would be pleased to set right the heads of the Lord Mayor and the Lord Archbishop, so that they should cease laying hindrances in the way of the representation of his Messiah.

The scene was striking. The great composer, with a countenance in which indignation at the want of appreciation exhibited by the high authorities was predominant, and the Duke of Bedford, with a smile upon his noble but haughty features, affecting the patron, presented a study for an artist.

The Duke heard him out, and promised to use all his means and all his influence to prevent any further obstacle being interposed, and to remove those already in the way. Handel was pleased, more, perhaps, with the manner in which the polite but haughty Duke gave the promise, than with the promise itself.

"Now come in with me, Master Handel," said the Duke; "you will see many faces that are not strangers to you; and, moreover, a brave countryman of yours, whom I have taken into my service. His name is Kellermann, and he is an excellent flute-player, as the connoisseurs say."

"Ay, indeed!" cried Handel, with joyful surprise; "is the brave fellow in London, and installed in your Grace's service? That is news indeed! I will go with you, were your hall filled besides with baboons."

"Oh! no lack of them," laughed the Duke, while he led his guest into the saloon; "and you will find a fat capon into the bargain."

CHAPTER II.

GREAT was the sensation among the assembled guests, when the Duke of Bedford entered the grand salon of his palace, introducing the celebrated composer, Handel. When he had presented him to the company, the Duke beckoned Kellermann to him, and Handel, without regarding the rest, greeted his old friend with all the warmth of his nature, and with childlike expressions of joy. The Duke seemed to enjoy his satisfaction, and let the two friends remain undisturbed, though the idol of the London world of fashion, Signor Farinelli, hemmed and cleared his throat many times over the piano, in token that he was about to sing, and wanted Kellermann to come back and accompany him. At length Kellermann noticed his uneasiness; he pressed his friend's hand with a smile, returned to his place, took up his flute, and Signor Farinelli, having once more cleared his throat, began a melting air with his sweet, clear voice.

Handel, a powerful man, austere in his



HANDEL IN THE SALOON OF THE DUKE OF BEDFORD.

life, vigorous in his works, abhorred nothing so much as the singing of these effeminate *artistes*; and all the luxurious cultivation of Signor Farinelli seemed to him only a miserable mockery of nature, as of heaven-born art. But, however much displeased at the soft trilling of the Italian—whom Kellermann dexterously accompanied and imitated on his flute—he could not refrain from laughing inwardly at the effect produced on the whole company. The men rolled up their eyes, and sighed and moaned with delight; the ladies seemed to float with rapture, like Farinelli's tones. "Sweet, sweet!" sighed one to another. "Yes, indeed!" lisped the fair, in reply, drooping her eyelids, and inclining her head. Signor Farinelli ceased, and eager applause rewarded his exertions.

The Duke now introduced Handel to the Italian.

Farinelli, after some complimentary phrases, addressed the composer in broken English.

"I have understood," he said, with a complacent smile, "that il Signor Aendel has composed una opera—il Messia. Is there in that opera a part to sing for the famous Signor Farinelli—I mean, for me?"

Handel looked at the ornamented little figure from head to foot, and answered in his deepest bass tone, "No, *Signora*."

The company burst out a-laughing; the ladies covered their faces. Soon after, the German composer, with his friend Hogarth, took his leave. In the vestibule the artist showed Handel a sketch he had made of Farinelli singing, and his admirers lost in ecstasy. "By the Duke's order," he whispered.

"That is inhospitable in him!" exclaimed Handel, indignantly.

The satirical painter shrugged his shoulders and smiled.

Handel sat in his chamber, deep in composition. Once more he tried every note; now he would smile over a passage that pleased him, now pause earnestly upon something that did not satisfy him so well; pondering, striking out and altering to suit his judgment. At length his eyes rested on the last "Amen;" long—long—till a tear fell on the leaf.

"*This* note," he said solemnly, and looking upwards—"this note is perhaps my best! Receive, O! benevolent Father, my best thanks for this work! Thou, Lord! hast given it me; and what comes

forth from Thee—*that* endureth, though all things earthly perish:—Amen.”

He laid aside the notes, and walked a few times across the room. Then seating himself in his easy chair, and folding his arms, he indulged in happy dreams of his youth and his home. Thus he was found by Kellermann, who came at dusk to accompany him to the tavern. They discoursed long of their native land, of their art, and the excellent masters then living in Germany. At length they broke off from the theme, fearful of keeping their assembled friends waiting too long.

“Well, friend,” cried Hogarth gaily to Handel, as he entered, “was not my advice good? Has not the Duke of Bedford patronized you? and is your self-respect a whit injured?”

Handel nodded good-humouredly, and smiling, seated himself in his wonted place. “You remember, some time ago,” the painter continued, “when the Leda of the Italian painter, Correggio, was sold here at auction for ten thousand guineas, I said—‘If anybody will give me ten thousand guineas, I will paint something quite as good.’ Lord Grosvenor took me at my word; I went to work, and laid aside everything else. At last my picture is ready, I take it to his lordship; he calls his friends together, and as I have said, they all laugh at me; I have to take back my picture, and go home to quarrel with my wife!”

All laughed, except Handel, who, after a few moments’ silence, said, “Hogarth, you are an honest fellow, but often wondrous dull! You cannot judge of the Italian painters. In the first place, their manner is entirely different from yours, and then you know nothing of their best works. Had you been, as I have, in Italy, and particularly in Rome, where live the glorious works of Raphael and Michael Angelo, you would have respect for the old Italian painters; you would love and honour them, as I do the old Italian church composers. As to the modern painters, they are like, more or less, in their way, to Signor Farinelli.”

“Well,” cried Hogarth, “we will not dispute on the subject. Tell us rather how you are pleased with your singers and performers, and if you think they will acquit themselves well to-morrow.”

“They cannot manage very badly,” answered Handel; “I have drilled them diligently, and Joseph has helped me with assiduous study. Only the first soprano singer is dreadfully mediocre; I am

sorry for it—for the sake of a few good notes——”

Here Joseph put his head in at the door, and said, “Master Handel, a word if you please.”

“Well, what do you want?” asked Handel: and rising, he came out of the room; his companions looked smilingly at one another; and John Farren sent forth from his leathern chair a prolonged “ha! ha! ha!” Joseph took his master’s hand, and led him hastily across the passage and upstairs into his chamber, where Handel, to his no small astonishment, found the pretty Ellen.

“Ha! what may all this mean?” he asked, while his brow darkened; “what do you here, Ellen?”

“Joseph may tell you that himself, Master Handel,” answered the damsel pettishly, and blushing while she turned away her face. But Joseph replied quickly and earnestly: “Think not ill of me and the good Ellen, my dear master; but listen to the explanations I can give you.”

“Open your mouth, then, and speak,” said Handel.

Joseph went on: “For what I am, and what I can do, I thank you, my dear master. You befriended me when I came hither a stranger, without the means of earning a support. To make me a good singer, you spent many an hour, in which you could have done something great.”

“Ho! ho! the fool!” cried Handel; “and do you think to make a good singer was not doing something great—eh?”

“You see, master, it has often grieved me to see you forced to vex yourself beyond reason with indifferent singers, because their education is far behind your works.”

“That is a pity, indeed,” sighed Handel.

“And I have tried,” continued Joseph, “to instruct a singer for *you*; I think I have so far succeeded, that she may venture before you. There she is!” and he pointed to Ellen.

Handel opened his eyes wide, looked astonished on the damsel, and asked, incredulously, “Ellen! what, Ellen there?”

“Yes, I!” cried Ellen, coming to him, and looking innocently in his face with her clear hazel eyes. “I, myself,” she repeated, smiling; “and now you know, Master Handel, what Joseph and I were about together.”

“Shall she sing before you, Master Handel?” asked Joseph.

“I am curious to see how your teaching

has succeeded," said Handel, while he seated himself: "come, then, let her sing." Joseph sprang joyfully to the harpsichord; Ellen went and stood beside him, and began.

How it was with the composer—how he listened, when he heard the most splendid part in his forthcoming Messiah—the noble air, "*I know that my Redeemer liveth*;"—and how Ellen sang it, the reader may conjecture, when, after she had ceased, Handel sat still motionless, a happy smile on his lips, his large flashing eyes full of the tears of deep religious emotion. At length he drew a deep breath, arose, kissed the forehead of the maiden, kissed her eyes—in which likewise pure drops were glancing,—and asked in his mildest tone: "Ellen, my good—good child, you will sing this part to-morrow, at the representation, will you not?"

"Master Handel—*Father Handel!*" cried the maiden; and overcome with emotion, she threw herself sobbing on his neck.

"Amen!" resounded through the vast arches of the church, and died away in whispered melody in its remotest aisles. "Amen!" responded Handel, while he dropped slowly the staff with which he kept time. Successful beyond expectation was the first performance of his immortal masterpiece.

When the composer left the church, he found a royal equipage in waiting for him, which, by the King's command, conveyed him to the palace.

George the Second, surrounded by his whole household and many nobles of the court, received the illustrious German. "Well, Master Handel," he cried, after a gracious welcome, "it must be owned you have made us a noble present in your Messiah; it is a brave piece of work."

"*Is it?*" asked Handel, and looked the monarch in the face, well pleased.

"It is indeed," replied the King. "And now, tell me what I can do to express my thanks to you for it."

"If your Majesty," answered Handel, "will give a place to the young man who sang the tenor solo part so well, I shall be ever grateful to your Majesty. He is my pupil, Joseph Wach, and he would fain marry his pupil, the fair Ellen, daughter to old John Farren; the old man gives consent, but his dame is opposed, because Joseph has no place as yet. And your Majesty knows full well, that it is hard to carry a cause against the women."

"You are mistaken, Master Handel," said the King, with a forced smile; "I know nothing to that effect: but Joseph has from this day a place in our chapel as first tenor."

"Indeed!" cried Handel, rubbing his hands with joy. "I thank your Majesty from the bottom of my heart!"

George was silent a few moments, expecting the composer would ask some other favour. "But, Master Handel," he said at length, "have you nothing to ask for yourself? I would willingly show my gratitude to you in your own person, for the fair entertainment you have provided us all in your '*Messiah*.'"

The flush of anger suddenly mantled on Handel's cheek, and he answered, in a disappointed tone—"Sire, I have endeavoured not to *entertain* you—but to make you *better*."

The whole court was astonished. King George stepped back a pace or two, and looked on the speaker with surprise. Then bursting into a hearty fit of laughter, and walking up to him—"Handel!" he cried—"you are, and ever will be, a rough old fellow, but"—and he slapped him good-naturedly on the shoulder—"a good fellow withal. Go—do what you will, we remain the best friends in the world." He bowed in token of dismissal; Handel retired respectfully, and thanked Heaven as he turned his back on the palace, to hasten to his favourite haunt, the tavern in Fleet-street.

We shall not attempt to describe the joy his news brought to the lovers, Joseph and Ellen, nor their unnumbered caresses and protestations of gratitude. John Farren took his good wife in his arms and hugged her, spite of her resistance and scolding, crying, "Nonsense, Bett! we must be friends to-day, though all the bells in Old England ring a peal for it."

For ten years more Handel travelled throughout England, and composed new and admirable works. When his sight failed him in the last years of his life, it was Ellen who nursed him as if she had been his child, while her husband Joseph wrote down his last compositions, as he dictated them.

Proud and magnificent is the marble monument erected in Westminster Abbey to the memory of Handel. Time may destroy it; but the monument that he himself, in his high and holy inspiration, has left us—his "*Messiah*"—will last for ever.



"'T WAS A DOVE THAT BROUGHT NOAH THE SWEET BRANCH OF PEACE."

THE FLOODED HUT OF THE MISSISSIPPI.

On the wide-rolling river, at eve, set the sun,
And the long-toiling day of the woodman was done,
And he flung down the axe that had felled the huge tree,
And his own little daughter he placed on his knee;
She looked up, with smiles, at a dovecot o'erhead—
Where, circling around, flew the pigeons she fed,
And more fondly the sire clasp'd his child to his breast—
As he kiss'd her—and called her the bird of *his* nest.

The wide-rolling river rose high in the night,
The wide-rolling river, at morn, show'd its might,
For it leap'd o'er its bounds, and invaded the wood
Where the humble abode of the wood-cutter stood.
All was danger around, and no aid was in view,
And higher and higher the wild waters grew,
And the child—looking up at the dovecot in air,
Cried, "Father—oh father, I wish we were there!"

"My child," said the father, "that dovecot of thine
Should enliven our faith in the Mercy Divine;
'Twas a dove that brought Noah the sweet branch of peace,
To show him the anger of Heaven did cease:
Then kneel, my lov'd child, by thy fond father's side,
And pray that our hut may in safety abide,
And then, from all fear may our bosoms be proof—
While the dove of the deluge is over our roof."

ANIMAL LIFE IN THE OCEAN.

CHAPTER II.

(continued.)

THE Walrus is found in Behring's Strait, Spitzbergen, Novaia Zemlia, the Bear Island, and Jan Mayen. It is the sole support of the most northerly dwellers on the earth, the Eskimos of Prudhoe-land, as well as the Tschuktschi, who skirt the eastern promontory of Asia. A huge massacre of walruses takes place annually on the northern coast of the Alyaskan peninsula. They lie there on the outer edge of the coast, which, in high spring-tides, is under water. When the Aleutians set out to kill these animals, they take a solemn farewell of their families, and prepare to meet death; for they fear not only the tusks, but also the carelessness of their comrades. Armed with spears and heavy axes, they creep along the coast to the spot where the animals are encamped, then take their posts a short distance apart, and rush with yells on the walruses, to drive them inland. They take great care lest a single one escape into the sea; for, if this happen, the others are sure to follow, and the hunters run a risk of being crushed. When the walruses are driven far enough from the coast, the hunters attack them with raised lances, and seek to stab them in those parts where the hide is thinnest: then, leaning their chests on the spear, they turn it round several times, in order that the wound may become large and mortal. The animals fall a-top of each other, and at length form huge piles; while the hunters positively wade in blood. The jaws of the victims are cleft asunder, and the tusks removed, for the sake of which from 2000 to 4000 of these animals are annually killed. The first high-tide washes away the carcasses, and destroys every trace of the butchery. The next year the north sends fresh victims.

The walrus is a harmless gregarious beast, save when attacked or annoyed, when it is easily roused to intense fury, and evinces extreme savageness. If a herd be suddenly surprised, the young are first thrown into the water, and taken to a safe place; after which the elder animals return, with terrible growlings and gnashing of teeth, to upset the boat, or tear it asunder with their tusks. Beechey describes how a large herd of walruses, led

by a very bold and powerful animal, attacked the boats of the *Dorothy*. A musket thrust down its throat and fired, mortally wounded the leader, on which the others fell back. But they did not leave their commander on the battle-field; they swam off, supporting the dying animal in the water with their tusks, to prevent it sinking. A young animal, not yet tusked, alone remained with the boats, and continued the attack. It was driven back with whale-lances (for they did not wish to kill it): and though bleeding from numerous wounds, it soon crept on the ice after the sailors, as if anxious to pursue them. Never was such mutual or more affecting devotion shown than by these animals; and we cannot deny them either intelligence or feeling. Captain Cook, in his voyage, gives an equally interesting account, to which we refer our readers.

The Polar Bear (*Ursus maritimus*, *Thalarchos* of Gray) may also be reckoned among the aquatic mammals; for it seeks its food principally in the water. It is distinguished from the common bear (which it exceeds in size and weight, as it attains a length of nine feet and a height of four), not merely by its white, hairy skin, but also through its elongated neck. Its five toes, partly connected by a strong web, indicate its relation to the sea. It swims at the rate of three miles an hour, and dives for considerable distances. On land, it also moves with great ease, runs on level ground twice as fast as a man, and often surprises its prey by moving noiselessly over the snow. It lives mainly on fish; but attacks seals, birds, foxes, rein-deer, and even men, after a long fast. On the other hand, it is chased by the bold inhabitants of the high north, who do not despise its flesh, and employ its skin for various purposes. It is found within the arctic polar circle, on the coasts of Greenland, Novaia Zemlia, and the coasts of Siberia. Spitzbergen and the other neighbouring islands of the Arctic Ocean swarm with them. Some at times come on lumps of ice to the northern coasts of Iceland and Norway, as well as to Labrador, or so low down as Newfoundland. We find an interesting instance of its ferocity mentioned in Manby's voyage to Spitzbergen. A Captain Lewis, with five other men, attacked a Polar bear; and, when about

forty paces from the animal, four of them fired simultaneously, and wounded it. The infuriated monster rushed upon them open-mouthed; and, as it approached with fierce howls, the other two men, who had refrained from shooting, fired together, and broke the bear's shoulder-blade. But ere they could load again, the bear was close on them, and they were forced to hurry down to the beach, during which it almost caught them, in spite of its lameness. Two of them jumped into the boat: the others hid themselves behind lumps of ice, and fired at the brute as fast as they could load. Thus it received several wounds, but they only served to heighten its fury; and at last it drew so near two of the men, that they were forced to leap into the water from a perpendicular rock twenty feet high. The bear leaped after them, and had almost caught the hindmost man, when strength at length failed it. When dragged ashore, it was found to have received eight bullet wounds.

This otherwise so savage brute has a most tender heart for its cubs. When the *Carcass* frigate (in which, by the way, Nelson began his naval career) was beset by the ice in 1773, during a voyage of discovery to the Polar regions, one morning the sailor in the crow's-nest announced that three bears were coming at great speed across the ice, in the direction of the ship. Doubtlessly, the smell of a fire, in which a seal had been burnt, attracted them; for they immediately fell on the partially carbonized remnants, and greedily devoured them. The sailors then threw several large pieces of seal flesh on the ice, which the mother carried to her cubs and divided between them, keeping little for herself. As she carried off the last piece, the sailors fired at the cubs, and killed them both—the mother being also severely, though not mortally, wounded. It would have drawn tears of compassion from the most unfeeling heart, to see with what loving anxiety the poor mother watched the dying moments of her cubs. Although herself scarce able to reach the spot where they lay, she carried them the piece of meat she had fetched, laid it before them, and, on seeing that they would not eat it, she tried to raise them in turn with her paw, groaning lamentably the whole time. When she found that she

could not induce them to get up, she went away, then looked round and groaned; but as this was no use, she returned and licked their wounds. After this, she retired again, and, crawling a few paces further, looked round, and paused for awhile. But, as the cubs would not rise, she returned once again, crept with signs of extraordinary tenderness first to one and then to the other, patting them with her paws, and whining dismally. When at length convinced that they were cold and helpless, she raised her head to the vessel, and uttered a howl of despair, to which the murderers responded with a volley of musket-balls. The bear fell between her cubs, still licking their wounds.

We will conclude our rapid survey of the marine mammalia by a few words about the Kamtschatkan Sea Otter (*Enhydra marina*; *Lutra lutris*, Geoff.; *Lutra marina*, Erxl., Desm.; *Mustela lutris*, Linnæus). This animal's habitat is between the 50th and 56th degrees north latitude, on the coasts of Behring's Sea and the North Pacific, and it is most frequently found on the islands. It feeds on all sorts of fish, crabs, mussels, periwinkles, and, if needs must, on seaweed. It dives, like the Phocæ and Walruses, but cannot remain so long under water. Its fine long black-haired or silver-grey skin produces the finest of all peltry, the ornament of the Russian prince and the Chinese mandarin of the first class. Four hundred to five hundred roubles have been paid for an extraordinary fine skin. The Sea Otter possesses, besides, some historical interest; for without it the Russians, its pursuers and exterminators, would have hardly advanced from Ochotzk to Kamtschatka, and thence across the Aleutic chain to the American coast. Incessant pursuit has rendered it a rare animal; but the race is said to have augmented lately, as the Russians have been more saving of it.

The Common Otter (*Lutra vulgaris*), usually found on the banks of all European rivers, and which stands in bad odour for the ravages it commits among fish, takes at times to the sea. It has been seen in the neighbourhood of the Orcades, enjoying cod and oyster-sauce.

CHAPTER III.

ASTOUNDING NUMBER OF AQUATIC BIRDS—SHORE BIRDS—CUNNING OF THE PLOVER TO ENTICE THE FISH FROM ITS NEST—MIGRATIONS OF THE STRAND BIRDS—AQUATIC BIRDS GENERALLY—ANATIDÆ—THE EIDER DUCK—THE LONG-TAILED DUCK—THE GREY DUCK OF THE FALKLAND ISLANDS—THE ROCK GOOSE—AUKS AND PENGUINS—THE CORMORANT—FISHING IN CHINA—THE FRIGATE BIRD—THE GULLS—STORMBIRDS—THE ALBATROSS—BIRD-CATCHING AT ST. KILDA—THE GUANO OF THE CHINCHA ISLANDS.

WE read marvellous stories of the wild pigeons spread over the whole of North America, which collect in countless swarms in the spring before breeding-time. The ornithologist, Wilson, observed one of their enormous flights, which began crossing over his head just at mid-day. He stopped, and saw the flock momentarily increasing in size and speed. After an hour, the naturalist proceeded in the opposite direction, crossed the Kentucky River, at Frankfort, about four o'clock, and the sun was still dimmed by the swarm. At five o'clock, the first interruptions occurred in the dense mass; but the last stray flocks were not out of sight till ten in the evening. Wilson reckoned the number of birds at 2,000,000,000; and similar swarms were seen by him at various times in other parts of North America.

We are astonished at such numbers of a single land-bird; and yet it is doubtful whether wood or plain support so many of the feathered race as the fish-producing sea. For every rocky island in the immeasurable ocean, every point jutting out above the water, is a refuge for myriads of sea-birds; every coast, from the poles to the equator, is populated by their countless legions; and, far from any land, their flocks hover over the deserts of the sea. Many, unskilled in swimming, seek their food on the coast; others rival the fish in speed on their native element; and others, again, gifted with an unwearied power of flight, seek their prey in blue water. But though the habits of the various families of sea-birds may differ so greatly, each of them is most perfectly formed and equipped for its peculiar sphere; each is an unsurpassable masterpiece in its way. Both on account of the admirable adaptation of their structure, and the important part they play in oceanic life, these birds deserve our attention; while they attract our interest, in a high degree, by the use mankind can turn them to. Many an island population depends on them for the greater portion of its food, while guano has recently become of the utmost value to Europe.

We will first survey the Strand Birds, which live on the verge of the ocean, and on the beach deserted by the tide, or seek their food in a low depth of water. How



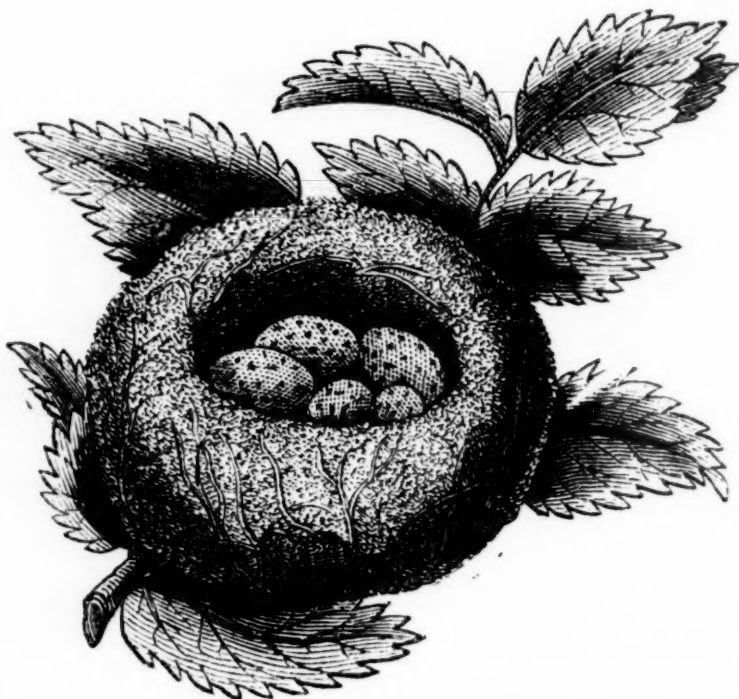
THE FLAMINGO.

famously is their form adapted for the territory allotted to them, for the soft yielding ground they are intended to tread! The slight weight of the graceful body, the long thin legs, allow them to wade with ease through the slime, and grasp the worm ere it has time to bury itself; and to spare them the annoyance of repeated stooping, they have a long moveable neck, by the aid of which they rapidly and easily seize their prey.

The wonderful art with which the feathered denizens of the wood build their nests, the patience with which they collect the raw material piecemeal, and spare no pains to prepare a soft bed and secure a cradle for their coming brood, may be sought in vain among the strand-birds. Thus the Plover (*Charadrius hiaticula*) contents itself with digging a small hollow in the sand, just above high-water mark, and broods on its four eggs on the open

strand, without any other protection or preparation. But who instructed it to arrange them with the narrow end round a centre, so that they shall occupy the least possible space? No mathematician could have solved the problem better. And yet this instinct is not so remarkable as that which bids the *Sylvia sutoria* to sew leaves together, in order to conceal her brood from the enemy.

Most moving is the affection of the plover for its young. When dogs or mischievous boys approach its nest, it does not await their arrival, but boldly goes a few paces to meet them. Then it suddenly rises, with a loud cry, as if just startled from its nest, although this is probably a hundred yards off, and flutters, apparently lamed, along the ground, to draw the danger further from its beloved



A LINNET'S NEST.

young. The dogs, in the hope of catching it every moment, run after it; till, all at once, the crafty bird shoots away like an arrow, and leaves its pursuers staring after it open-mouthed. The peewits and tirmæ employ similar stratagems to protect their brood. In New Zealand, the naturalists Quoy and Gaymard were cheated by one of the latter, which, when they shot at it, pretended to be wounded, and, with hanging wing, led them from the right track.

All the strand-birds of the high north fly, when winter approaches to the coast, where milder breezes blow. But when summer begins to unfold its glory again, the desolate coasts of the Polar Sea are enlivened by myriads of plovers, curlews, herons, water-rail, and phalarops, to which the freshly thawed coast opens a rich larder. But the low temperature soon hardens the ground anew; want succeeds abundance, and the long-legged army hastens to quit the northern districts, which oppose an ice corslet to their beaks.

There are strand-birds which stay only a few months at the sea-side, and spend the rest of the year inland. They are

fond of a change of air, like fashionable folk. The common curlew, however, behaves very differently from the visitors to our watering-places; for it leaves the beach in spring, after spending the winter there, indulging in crustaceans and varieties of annelids. In summer it inhabits retired moors, and changes its diet to frogs, worms, and newts.

The food of the strand-birds varies, however, very greatly; and thus their beaks are of different shapes. Those among them that live on worms, have generally a long, thin, boring beak, to peck the food out of the loose sand or mud. If the little animal crawls under a larger stone, it is secured against their attacks; but then comes the Interpreter (*Tringa interpres*), with a slightly up-turned beak, who upsets the stone, and falls upon the exposed garrison.

The Wedge-beaked Tirma (*Hæmatopus ostralejus*) behaves in a similar way with the mussel-shells it finds washed up on the beach, and under which it hopes to find worms. Still more extraordinary are the manœuvres of the Black Skimmer (*Rhynchops nigra*), which principally inhabits the hot coasts of America. The

beak is unparalleled in its way; the upper mandible is an inch shorter than the lower, as if it had been broken off; while the lower is not channelled, and is of a wedge-like shape. A curious instrument,



TAILOR-BIRD'S NEST.

which the bird, however, manages to use very skilfully. The sandy beach of Pencoe, Lesson tells us, is full of cockles (*Macra*), which are left high and dry at the ebb in small pools. The Black Skimmer sits down by them, waits till the shells are slightly opened, and immediately thrusts in its lower beak, on which the shells close. It then takes up the shell, beats it on the sand, and swallows the mussel with the same pleasure as we do an oyster. It also finds food in the sea. Flying slowly over the water, it scoops up the smaller fish and prawns. Thus, on all the flat sandy coasts, there is nothing hard or soft, creeping or swimming, hopping or running, which has not its appointed enemy among the strand-birds. On the other hand, the strand-birds are of no special service to man, save that some of them are dainty eating.

Far more important are the sea-birds proper, which are adapted for incessant swimming or diving, or for long flights across the sea. Their flat broad-webbed feet, and their short muscular legs, close to the rear of the body, serve the swimming birds as famous oars, although many find it difficult to walk on land in consequence. Everything that exists on

the sea must naturally be protected against rain and storm by a thick sea-man's coat; and everything swimming, with a waterproof cape. For both, nature has abundantly provided in the *Palmipedes*, or swimming-birds. They all possess a large gland on the top of the tail, from which exudes an oily matter, with which they daub their feathers, and make them impenetrable by wet. Their plumage is remarkably close and thick, and the duck and diver varieties are also provided with a warm undershirt of soft down, which is eventually secured by man, the universal robber.

The *Anatidæ*, or sea-birds of the Duck family, remain during the summer in the higher latitudes, and in the winter proceed south in enormous flights. Some remain the whole year among us; others, only during breeding time; while others, again, the real birds of the Polar sea, are very rarely or never seen by us. Most of the *Anatidæ*, it is true, prefer to live on lakes and rivers, in ponds and marshes; but many of them are true sea-birds, and spend a large portion of their time fishing and swimming in the sea.

The Eider Duck (*Anas mollissima*), which is twice the size of the ordinary duck, inhabits the higher latitudes of Europe, Asia, and America. One of its famous breeding-places is the small island



A BOTTLE NEST.

of Vidoë, near Rejkiarík (Iceland). They are protected by the laws; and any man who kills one of them must pay a heavy fine, amounting to thirty dollars for each bird during the breeding season.

Mackenzie, in his "Voyage through Iceland," tells us, that when his boat approached the shore, it passed through



THE CURLEW.

flocks of this handsome bird, which rarely took the trouble to get out of the way. Between the landing-place and the house of the bailiff, the ground was covered with them; and the visitors were obliged to walk cautiously, lest they might tread on them. All round the house, on the garden walls, on the roofs, in the interior of the houses, and even in the chapels, they were sitting on their nests. Those which had not been brooding any length of time, flew off when the strangers arrived; but those which had more eggs did not stir, allowed themselves to be patted, and gently pecked at the strangers' hands. Their nests were lined with down, which the bird pecks from its own breast. Round the nest was a sufficient quantity of feathers to cover the eggs when the mother went out in search of food, which was usually at ebb-tide. The down is taken from the nest at two different periods, but the poor duck is sometimes compelled to supply a third crop. When the female has exhausted her stock of brownish down, the male bird sacrifices his splendid coat of snow-white and rosy down for the welfare of his young. A certain number of the eggs, which are considered great dainties, are also taken. Mr. Mackenzie says, they are tolerable when boiled, but much inferior to hen's eggs. When the down is taken from the nests, it is mixed with feathers and straw.

Sorting the down, and preparing it for sale, is part of the winter employment of the gentle sex. About a quarter of a pound of cleansed down is obtained from each nest. The softness, lightness, and

elasticity of these feathers, is universally known. A few handfuls of compressed down suffice to fill a counterpane, beneath which the northern can defy the severest cold of winter. So soon as the young have crept out of the eggs, the duck takes them on her back, swims out with them some distance, and then dives, leaving the little ones to practise swimming. When they have learned the use of their feet, the duck returns, and becomes their guide. Various broods, often in large numbers, join, and growing quite wild, disappear, and no one knows where they go. This bird is also found in the Shetland and Orkney Islands, and it broods on May Island, at the mouth of the Frith of Forth. They are also seen at times on Heligoland, but do not breed there.

The Greenlanders follow the Eider Ducks in their small boats, and kill them with spears so soon as they rise to the surface, as their track is traceable by the bubble. The meat serves them as an agreeable change from their ordinary seal; and they make very comfortable undergarments of the skins, turning the downy side in.

The Long-tailed Duck and the Wild Duck (*A. glacialis*, *A. tadorna*) also inhabit the northern coasts of Europe, Asia, and America. The former remains sometimes the winter through in the high north, and dares the icy winter of the Arctic circle. Several often proceed south so soon as the cold season sets in, and wander from Greenland and Hudson's Bay as far as New York, and from Spitzbergen and Iceland to Heligoland and the Schleswig isles. The female bird also lines her nest with plucked down.

In winter, the Wild Duck often appears in Western England, especially in Ireland, where it is caught in nets. At Sylt, on the Schleswig-Holstein coast, it is regarded almost as a domestic bird; artificial caves are dug for them, and they brood in holes in the walls of the villages. Naumann saw here thousands of wild ducks, sitting in couples on the ground, so tame, that they allowed him to come within twenty paces of them before they rose. He also admired the arrangements made for the ducks; and he noticed as many as thirteen nests in one quadrangular bed, with a common entrance, and connected by under-ground pipes. Above each nest is a perpendicular hole, covered with a piece of turf. On lifting this, you often find a duck sitting, so tame, that it allows itself to be patted. Every inhabitant of the

little village has several such places, from which he takes daily during three weeks from twenty to thirty eggs, leaving six behind for incubation. Beforehand, however, he removes half the beautiful light-grey down, which is as light and valuable as that of the eider duck.

A very curious member of the Anatid family is the large grey Goose (*Anas cinerea* or *brachyptera*) of the Falkland Islands, which attains a weight of thirty pounds. The wings are too short and weak for flying; but, with their aid, the bird skims rapidly and with a loud noise over the waves, which it beats with its wings—a peculiarity which has procured it the name of the "Race-horse" or "Steamer."

It lives on shell-fish, which it finds on the rocks, or picks off the sea-weed; and to crush them, is gifted with such a hard head and beak, that it is scarcely possible to break them with a geologist's hammer.

Another remarkable inhabitant of the southern hemisphere is the Rock Goose (*A. antarctica*), which is only found on rocky coasts, and may be frequently seen on the Falkland Islands and the west coast of America, up to Chili. The snowy gander, with his darker-hued mate, is found often sitting on some lofty peak in the deep and solitary bays of the Tierra del Fuego, and they form a most striking feature in the landscape.

The Divers, or Colymbidæ, are nearly related to the Anatidæ; but are distinguished from them by their long conical beak, and the legs being still further back; so that, when the bird leaves the water, it is forced to stand almost upright to preserve its balance.

Still more noticeable is this upright position in the family of the Auks (*Alcidæ*), which seek their food by swimming and diving in the sea, and then digest it in all comfort on rocks. Their wings are short, and small in proportion to their bodies; and in some species are so little developed, that they are quite unfitted for flying. In this and certain other points, this group bears a singular likeness to the Penguins of the southern hemisphere, in which the imperfect formation of the wings, and the skill in diving and swimming, are most strikingly shown.

In the water, the Penguins employ their little unfeathered stumps of wings as fins; on the land, as fore-feet, and by their aid clamber up the grass-grown rocks with such rapidity that they may be easily taken

for quadrupeds. When swimming in the water the Penguin dives and rises again so rapidly, that at first sight it is frequently taken for a playful fish.

The other sea-birds, in swimming, usually keep a portion of the body out of the water. This is not the case with the Penguin, which only allows its head to be visible; hence it swims with a speed and perseverance which beat many of the finny tribe. How greatly it feels at home on the sea is shown by the fact, that Sir James Ross saw two Penguins in $58^{\circ} 36'$ south latitude, a thousand miles from the nearest land.

This strange bird is found in countless numbers on many uninhabited islands in the higher latitudes of the southern hemisphere. Ross found not the slightest trace of vegetation on Possession Island, which he discovered in $71^{\circ} 56'$ south latitude, but the entire surface of the island, up to the tops of the hills, was covered with Penguins, which boldly attacked the English with their sharp beaks when they tried to force through their dense ranks, and fought with them for the country they wished to occupy in the name of Queen Victoria.

This reception, as well as the terrible croaking of the birds,—of which an idea can be formed, when we state that the voice of the Penguin rivals that of the donkey in volume and pleasantness; and then, too, the atrocious stench of the deep guano layer, which had formed there in the course of centuries—soon drove the sailors from this new possession of the English crown, which is unfortunately situated in too inhospitable a sea for its rich store of guano ever to be removed.

According to Duperrey (*Voyage de la Coquille*), the Falkland Islands swarm with Penguins. In summer and autumn they leave their holes early in the morning and in the afternoon, and go to fish at sea. After filling their stomachs, they stand for some time on the shore in groups, one bird trying to outvie another in shrieking, and then all retire to rest in the tall grass, or in their caves.

Lesson says, that on fine summer evenings—which are, however, rarely met with at the Falklands—at the moment when twilight sets in, all the Penguins utter a loud cry together. Hearing this noise from a distance, you can easily believe that it is produced by some popular commotion.

When the young birds have grown sufficiently, the whole band quit the

islands, and go to the open sea. No one knows in what direction they proceed. Sailors who have passed entire years in those waters, believe that they spend the winter on the water. This agrees with Ross' observations; for on the 4th December, he saw, in 49° south latitude, a flock of Penguins on the high seas, undoubtedly proceeding to their brooding-places. He was amazed at the wondrous instinct of these birds, which guides them hundreds of miles across the pathless ocean to their usual homes, so soon as summer approaches.

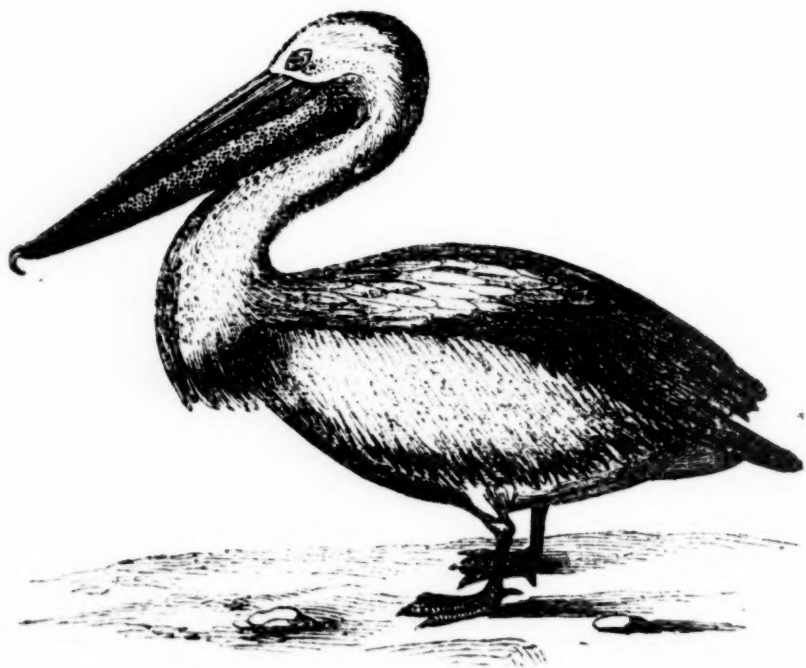
The migration of the Penguins takes place suddenly. "We were no little amazed," Duperrey writes, "when we went to observe them for the last time, at finding only a lame invalid on the spot where the day before we could have counted them by thousands." Then the shores of the Malvine islands appear as solitary and deserted as those of a watering-place when the season is over. Duperrey estimates the daily quantity of fish required by the Penguins on the Falklands at 50,000 lbs., and believes that he is rather below the mark; as the maw, when full, contains two pounds, and the birds are so greedy that they are frequently compelled to disgorge. The long maw extends to the lower part of the stomach, and the

entire length of the intestinal canal is twenty-five feet, fifteen-fold that of the body; so that nature has evidently calculated on an excellent appetite, sharpened by sea-air and bathing. How stocked with fish must the sea be that supports such an army of guests!

There are several varieties of the Penguin; the largest (*Aptenodytes antarctica*) is at least 180 lbs. in weight. It is a rare bird, generally found alone; while the smaller varieties are always in immense flocks.

Below 77° south latitude, three of these gigantic birds were captured by Ross, the smallest of them weighing fifty-seven pounds. Their food consists of fish and crustaceans, to pound which the lumps of quartz, granite, and trap, weighing ten pounds, which Ross found in the maw of one of them, are probably employed. The Penguin, like its northern relative, the Auk, lays only a single egg. Its rather agreeable flesh is of a black colour. The Penguin is protected against the Arctic cold, not merely by its close-lying feathers, but also by a coating of fat beneath the skin.

In the Bay of Callao, Humboldt's Penguin (*Spheniscus Humb.*) is repeatedly met with. It is somewhat smaller than the common grey bird, and of rather a



THE PELICAN.

different colour on back and breast. The Peruvians call it *Pajaro nino* (child's bird), and love to keep it in their houses; for it can easily be tamed, and follows its master like a dog. Very laughable is the appearance of the stumpy form, as it

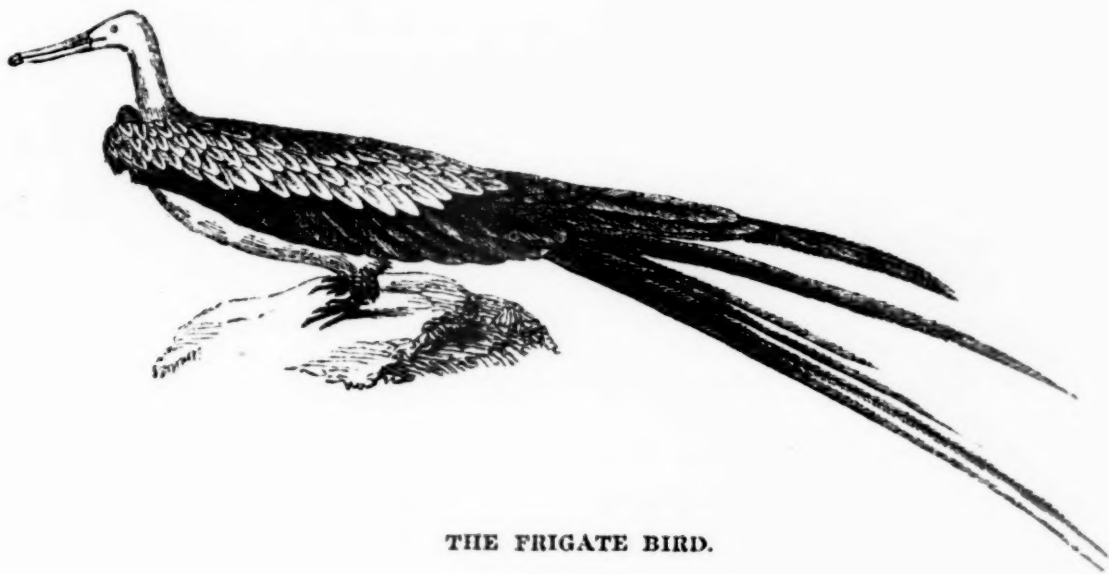
waddles across the street on its short feet, and moves its fin-like wings rapidly to maintain its balance. Tschudi kept one of these tame birds, which always obeyed its master's call. At dinner, the stiff-necked fellow stood regularly by his

chair, and slept at night under the bed. When Pepe wished for a bath, it would go into the kitchen, and tap with its beak on a water-jug, until some one poured the contents over it, or prepared a bath.

Among the Pelican family, which are principally distinguished by a swelling of the skin below the hooked beak, which serves them as a larder, we may reckon the Cormorant (*Phalacrocorax carbo*), the Frigate Bird (*Tachypedes aquila*), and the Gannet (*Sula Bassana*).

The Cormorant, with its long curved

beak, black livery, and yellow pouch, is a very repulsive fellow. It exhales a more unpleasant odour than any other bird, and its flesh is even despised by the anything but dainty Eskimos. In spite of its voracity, it always remains thin and lean—the image of a hungry parasite. But it understands fishing in a first-rate way, and was formerly tamed and trained for this purpose in England. A cognate variety (*P. sinensis*) is still employed for a similar purpose in China, as Fortune describes in his most amusing work.



THE FRIGATE BIRD.

The Band Cormorant (*Carbo Gaymardi*) owes its name to the broad white band it has along either side of the neck. Its plumage is grey and white, the beak yellow, the feet red. We allude to these birds more especially on account of their remarkable eye, for the iris is composed of regular quadrangular white and green spots.

The Frigate Bird soars over the tropical waters. In proportion to the bird's height (three feet) its wings surpass even those of the Condor in length; for, when extended, they measure fourteen feet from one tip to the other. It flies in the highest regions of the air, so that it can be hardly seen with the naked eye, and swoops like an arrow on the luckless fish,

which have been only that moment driven from the water by the Bonita.

It is often met with 1200 miles from land, and yet is said to return every night to its solitary rock-nest. Still, Quoy and Gaymard assert (*Voyage de l'Uranie*), that this bird is rarely found far from the coast; and when it is so, it is probable that there is an unknown rock somewhere in the vicinity.

Large flocks of Frigate Birds brood on the Paumotu group, where Captain Wilkes found several trees covered with their nests. When the old birds flew away, they swelled up their red crops to the size of a child's head, so that they seemed to carry a bladder of blood on their necks.

(To be continued.)

THE ROUND OF WRONG.

CHAPTER IV.

THE TOUR IN ITALY.

GERMAINE slept but little on the first night of her marriage. She was lying in a large curtained bed, in the middle of a strange room. An elaborate lamp, suspended from the ceiling, threw a dim light on the paper that covered the walls. A thousand grimacing faces detached themselves from the wall, and seemed to dance around the bed. For the first time during twenty years she was separated from her mother. Her place was taken by the Dowager Countess—a great attentive shadow, but so ugly as to cause terror. In a scene so disheartening the poor child dosed, neither asleep nor awake. She closed her eyes, not to see the walls, but opened them again directly. Other figures, more horrifying still, glided beneath her very eyelids. She fancied she saw death in person, as he is drawn in the mediæval missals.

"If I go to sleep," she thought, "no one will come to wake me; I have been placed here to die."

A large build clock marked the hours on the chimney. The dull stroke of the pendulum, the ticking of the works, affected her nerves, so she begged the countess to stop the clock. But soon silence appeared to her more terrible than the sound, and she begged that life might be restored to the innocent machine.

Toward morning, fatigue grew more powerful than alarm. Germaine let her weary eyelids fall, but raised them again, and saw, with terror, that her hands were crossed on her chest. She knew that the dead are buried in this position. She threw her little thin arms out of the clothes and clutched at the frame of the bed, as if holding on to life. The countess took possession of her right hand, kissed it gently, and kept it on her knees. Then, at last, the sick girl fell asleep, and dreamed till daybreak. She fancied the countess was standing at her right hand, with white wings and an angelic face. On her left was another woman, whose face it was impossible to imagine. All she could distinguish was two large Cashmere wings and diamond claws. The count was walking about in a state of great agitation; he went from one woman to the other, and each whispered in his ear. At length the heavens opened; a

pretty chubby boy came down, resembling those little cherubs that guard the tabernacle in churches. He flew towards her with a smile—she held out her arms to receive him, and the movement she made aroused her.

When she opened her eyes, a curtain was noiselessly drawn, and she saw the old countess enter in travelling dress, with little Gomez trotting at her side. The child smiled instinctively on this pretty little pale lady, with her golden locks, and tried to climb up the bed. Germaine attempted to lift him, but was not strong enough. The countess picked him up like a feather, and laid him gently among his new mother's pillows.

"My daughter," she said, with badly-restrained emotion, "I present to you the Marquis de los Montes de Hierro."

Germaine took the boy's head in her hands, and kissed him twice or thrice. Little Gomez submitted to it; I even fancy he returned a kiss. She looked at him for a long time, and felt her heart moved. I cannot say what was working at the bottom of her thoughts, but after an invisible effort, she said, in a low voice, "My son!"

The dowager kissed her for this kind word.

"Marquis," she said, "this is your little mother."

The child repeated, with a smile, "Mother."

"Would you like me," Germaine said, "to be your mother?"

"Yes!"

"Poor little fellow, it will not be for long. No!"

"No!" the boy repeated, without knowing what he said.

From this moment mother and son were friends. Little Gomez would not leave her room, and was present by right at Germaine's toilet. She was holding him on her knees when the count came in to wish his wife good day and kiss her hand. She experienced a species of shame at being thus surprised, and let the child slip off on to the carpet.

Germaine had never loved but her father and mother. She had not been to a boarding-school; she had had no friends. She had not seen in the parlour the grown-up brothers of her schoolfellows. That squandering of love and friendship which takes place at boarding-schools, and

which wears out the hearts of young girls prematurely, had not attacked the riches of her soul. Hence she loved her mother-in-law and son like a prodigal who has no fear of ruin. She gave Dr. le Bris a sisterly friendship; but it seemed to her impossible to love her husband; that alone was beyond her strength, and she had better give up all thoughts of it. Not that the count was a disagreeable man; any other than Germaine would have found him perfect. Of all her companions he was assuredly the most patient, attentive, and delicate. A knight of honour charged with the escort of a young queen could not have performed his duties better. He arranged everything for the journey and the halt; he regulated the pace of the horses, chose the lodgings, and saw that the rooms were ready. They made two journeys a day of fifteen miles each, with a long halt between.

This mode of travelling would wear out the patience of a young and healthy man, but Don Diego was only afraid of going too fast and fatiguing Germaine. He was a smoker, as I think I told you: from the first day of the journey he only smoked two cigars a day—one in the morning before starting, the other at night before going to bed. But one morning the patient said to him—

"Have you not been smoking? I smell it in your clothes."

He left his cigars at the first inn they came to, and smoked no more.

The sickly girl accepted everything from her husband without thanks. Had she not given him more than ever he could repay? She constantly repeated to herself that Don Diego was attentive to her through duty—as a salve to his conscience; that friendship took no part in his attentions; that he was coldly playing the part of a good husband; that he loved another woman; that he had left his heart in France. Lastly, she thought that this man, so careful to keep her alive, had married her in the hope that she would soon die, and she was indignant at seeing him employ all his efforts to retard an event which was the object of all his wishes.

She was as harsh to him as she was gentle to all the rest. She sat in the back of the carriage with the dowager. Don Diego, the doctor, and the child, sat with their backs to the horses. If the child clambered on her knees, or the dowager, lulled to sleep by the monotonous motion, let her head fall on her

thin shoulder, she would play with the child or nurse the countess; but she would not even permit her husband to ask her how she was.

One day she answered him with cutting cruelty, "All is going on well; I am suffering greatly." Don Diego looked out at the scenery, and his tears fell on the wheel.

The journey lasted three months without altering either Germaine's health or temper. She grew no better or worse, she dragged along. She was still severe to her husband, but was growing accustomed to him. All Italy passed by the side of the carriage—yet she took no interest in anything, and would not settle down. It is true that in winter Italy is very like France, it may freeze a little less, but it rains a good deal more.

The climate of Nice would have done her much good, and Don Diego had hired a pretty rose-painted villa, on the English quay, with a garden of orange trees covered with fruit. But she grew vexed at seeing a whole population of consumptive people pass the live-long day. Hopeless patients exiled to Nice frighten one another, and each read her fate in the pallor of her neighbour.

"Let us go to Florence," she said.

Don Diego had the horses put to at once.

She found that this city had a festal air, which seemed to mock her misfortune. The first time she was taken to the Promenade, where she heard the bands of the Austrian regiments, and chubby flower girls threw bouquets at the carriage, she harshly reproached her husband for having exposed her to so cruel a contrast. Pisa was the next place she was carried to. She wished to see the Campo Santo and Orcagna's fearful masterpiece. These funereal paintings, these pictures of death as master of life, struck her imagination—she left the place more dead than alive.

She expressed a desire to go as far as Rome. The climate of that great city could not benefit her much, but she seemed to have reached that stage when a physician no longer refuses anything to his patient. She saw it once, and fancied she was entering a vast Necropolis. These deserted streets, empty palaces, and mighty churches, in which one communicant may be seen kneeling, assumed, in her eyes, a sepulchral physiognomy.

She went to Naples, and was no better there. The most lovely bay in the world

rolled and unrolled its blue waters before her; Vesuvius smoked beneath her windows—the place was well chosen either to live or die. But she could not endure the horses in the street—the shrill cry of the coachmen—the clanking tread of the Swiss patrols—and the songs of the fishermen. She detested this noisy, bustling city, where a person is not permitted even to suffer in peace. Don Diego offered to look for a more quiet spot in the neighbourhood, but she insisted on seeking it herself, and so expended her strength that she was worn out in a few days. The doctor was annoyed that she had endured such fatigue; nature must have constructed her body of solid materials, or a very vigorous mind retarded the ruin of the tottering edifice.

She was shown Castellamare and Sorrento, and taken from village to village for a week, without making any choice. One evening she had a fancy to visit Pompeii by moonlight.

"It is just the town to suit me," she said, with a bitter smile; "it is but just that ruins should console each other!"

They were obliged to drag her about for two hours over the uneven pavement of the dead city. It is a delicious walk for a healthy mind. The day had been lovely—the night was quite limpid. The moon illuminated objects like a winter sun. Silence added to the sight a gentle and solemn charm. The ruins of Pompeii have not the crushing grandeur of those Roman monuments which inspired Madame de Staël with such long sentences. It is the residue of a town of two thousand souls. The public and private edifices possess a provincial physiognomy. On entering these narrow streets, and opening these cottages, you penetrate into the inner life of antiquity; you are received as a friend among a people no longer in existence.

You find there a singular mixture of that artistic feeling which distinguished the ancients, and that bad taste which is peculiar to little shopkeepers of all times. Nothing is more pleasant than to discover, beneath the dust of twenty centuries, gardens like those at the Invalides, with the microscopic fountain, the marble ducks, and the statuette of Apollo in the centre. Such was the abode of a Roman citizen, living on his savings in the year 79 of the Christian era. The doctor's merry humour had full scope among these curious relics. Don Diego translated to his wife the interminable stories of the

keeper. But the sick girl's febrile impatience destroyed all the pleasure of the trip. The poor girl was no longer mistress of herself; she was the prey of her illness and approaching death. She only walked to feel she was alive, and only spoke to hear the sound of her own voice. She went on, turned back, wanted to see what she had already seen, stopped on the road, and invented caprices which no one could satisfy. About nine o'clock she felt cold, and proposed returning to the inn. "Decidedly," she said, "I wish to die here; I shall be quiet." But she remembered that Vesuvius was not quite expended yet, and might pour a bed of fire over her tomb. She spoke of returning to Paris, and retired to bed with a shudder of evil omen.

The dowager supped by her bedside; the child was asleep long ago. The landlord of the *Iron Crown* invited the two gentlemen to come down into the coffee room; they would be more comfortable there than in a sick room, and would have company. The doctor accepted, and Don Diego followed him.

The company was reduced to two persons; a stout French painter, a jolly fellow, and a young Englishman, as rosy as a prawn. They had seen Germaine enter, and guessed without difficulty of what malady she was dying. The painter possessed a gay philosophy, like a man whose digestion is good. "I, sir," he said to his neighbour, "if ever I am affected in the chest, which is not very likely, will not budge a foot from Paris. People recover everywhere, and die everywhere. The air of Paris, perhaps, suits pulmonary complaints better than any other. People talk of the Nile; the landlords at Cairo spread that report. Of course the steam of the river is good for something, but you forget the desert sand. It enters into your lungs, lodges there, collects, and good-bye! You will reply, if a man must die he has the right to choose the spot. That is an idea I quite understand. Have you ever travelled in the Regency of Tunis?"

"Yes!"

"Did you happen to see a man's head cut off there?"

"No!"

"Well, then, you lost something. Those are people who insist on choosing their place for dying. When a Tunisian is condemned to death, he is given till sunset to choose the spot where he would like to have his head cut off. Early in

the morning two executioners take him by the arms, and lead him into the country. Each time they arrive at any pretty spot, a fountain or two palm trees, the executioners say to the patient, "How do you like that? You cannot find a nicer place." "Let us go a little further," says the other, "there are flies here." Thus they walk about till he has found a place to suit him, and he generally makes up his mind at sunset. He kneels, his neighbours draw their knives, and cut off his head in the most familiar manner. But he has the consolation of dying on a spot of his own choice.

"I knew at Paris a ballet girl, in very good health, who had the same mania. She was offered a site at Père la Chaise. She went to see it now and then, and always with increased pleasure. Her six yards were situated in one of the pleasantest parts of the cemetery, surrounded by highly respectable tombs, and with a fine view of the high road. But you English are the queerest fish in that respect. I met one who wished to be buried at Etrétat, because the air is so pure, there is such a fine view of the sea, and it was never visited by cholera. I heard of another who bought a burial site in every country he passed through, so that he might not be taken unawares. Unfortunately he died while crossing from Liverpool to New York, and the captain threw him into the sea."

Don Diego and the doctor could have wished anything else than this to be talked, and were about to beg their neighbours to change the topic, when the young Englishman said,

"I, sir, was ill just two years ago like the young lady who passed us. The doctors of London and Paris signed my passport, and I went in search of a grave. I chose the Ionian Islands, in the southern part of Corfu. I installed myself there while awaiting my hour, and I felt so comfortable that the hour passed by."

The doctor interrupted him with that carelessness prevalent at public tables in Italy, "You were consumptive, sir?"

"In the third stage, unless the faculty humbugged me."

He quoted the names of the doctors who gave him over. He told how he had ended by attending to himself, without any fresh remedies, while awaiting death beneath the sky of Corfu.

M. le Bris asked permission to employ the stethoscope, but he refused with

comic terror. He had heard the story of the physician who killed his patient in order to find out how he recovered.

An hour later the count was sitting by Germaine's bed. Her face was red, and she was catching her breath.

"Come here," she said to her husband, "I wish to speak with you seriously. Do you notice that I am better to-night? I am, perhaps, on the road to recover. Your future prospects would be ruined. Suppose I were to live! I have already made you pine three months; no one expected it. We cling to life in our family; you will have to kill me. You have the right to do it, I know—you paid for it. But grant me a few days longer, the light is so lovely; I fancy that the air is becoming softer to breathe."

Don Diego took her hand; it was burning.

"Germaine," he said, "I have just dined with a young Englishman whom I will present to you to-morrow. He was worse than you, he assured me, but the sky of Corfu cured him. Would you like to go to Corfu?"

She sat up in bed, looked at him fixedly, and said, with an emotion that had something delirious in its nature,

"Do you speak the truth? I can live? I shall see my mother again? Ah, if you save me my whole life will be too short to pay so much gratitude. I will serve you as a slave, I will educate your son, I will make him a great man. Wretched woman that I am! It was not for that you chose me; you love that woman, you regret her, you write to her, you are longing for the moment to see her again, and every hour I live is a robbery from you."

She was frightfully ill for two days in this inn room, and it was believed that she would die in the ruins of Pompeii. Still she was enabled to rise in the first week of April. She was taken to Naples, the party embarked in a steamer proceeding to Malta, and thence an Austrian Lloyd's conveyed them to the port of Corfu.

CHAPTER V.

THE DUKE.

THE duke and duchess bade farewell to their daughter in the vestry room. The duchess wept copiously. The duke took the separation more gaily, to reassure his wife and daughter; it might be, though,

because he did not have any tears ready to hand. In his heart, he did not expect Germaine would die; only he and the old countess believed in the miracle of her cure. This Cicisbeo of fortune was firmly convinced that one piece of good luck never comes singly. All seemed to him possible since he had once more gained the upper hand, and the vein had returned to him. He began by predicting the recovery of his wife, and the result proved him right.

The duchess possessed a strong constitution, like the whole of her family. Fatigue, watching, and privation had played a great part in the critical illness age had brought upon her. To these must be added the daily anguish of a mother who is awaiting her daughter's last sigh. The duchess suffered as much, and more, from Germaine's condition than from her own. When separated from her beloved patient she gradually recovered, and was less painfully affected by sufferings she no longer witnessed. Imagination causes us to suffer just as much as feeling; but a misfortune out of our sight loses some of its crushing effect. If we see a man run over in the street, we experience a physical shock just as if the vehicle had wounded ourselves, but reading of the accident in the *Times* produces but a slight sensation. The duchess could be neither happy nor calm; but, at least, she escaped the direct action of danger in her nervous system. She was never completely re-assured, but she no longer lived in the expectation of her daughter's last sigh. She never opened a letter from Italy without trembling; but, between the arrival of the letters, she had moments of respite. The sharp agony that had tortured her was now followed by a dull grief, with which habit rendered her familiar. She experienced that sorrowful relief of the patient who has passed from an acute to a chronic stage.

A friend of the young doctor visited her twice or thrice a week; but her real physician was still M. le Bris. He wrote to her regularly, as well as to Madame Chermidy, and though he strove never to set down a falsehood, the two correspondences bore no resemblance to each other. He repeated to the poor mother that Germaine lived, that the malady was arrested, and that this happy suspension of a fatal progress might render a miracle possible. He did not boast of curing her, and said to Madame Chermidy that Heaven alone could indefinitely adjourn

Don Diego's widowhood. Science was impotent to save the young Countess of Villanera. She was still living, and the disease seemed to have stopped on the road, but, like a traveller who rests at an inn, to progress more quickly the next day. Germaine was still weak during the day, feverish and excited on the approach of night; sleep refused her its consolations; appetite came to her in fits and starts, and she rejected dishes with disgust as soon as she had tasted them. Her thinness was terrifying, and Madame Chermidy would not be sorry to see her. Her limpid and transparent skin revealed each bony prominence and each muscular development, and her cheek-bones seemed to start out of her face. Indeed, Madame Chermidy must be very impatient if she asked for anything better.

The duke was already celebrating the recovery of his daughter by various rejoicings. At the age of wisdom, this old man, whose white hairs would have been respected if he had not dyed them, resisted better than a young man all the fatigues of pleasure. It could be easily seen that he would sooner come to the end of his money than of his wants and strength. Men who have entered on life at a late age find extraordinary reserves for their last years.

He had but little ready money, though he possessed so large a fortune. The first half of his annuity would not be due till July 22nd; in the meanwhile, he must live on Germaine's one thousand pounds. It was sufficient for the housekeeping and those little debts which wait less patiently than the great ones. If the duchess had had the disposal of this little fortune, she would have placed the house on an honourable footing, but the duke had always kept money under lock and key at the time when there was any in the house. He paid but few of the creditors, he politely refused to buy furniture, and, in defiance of the duchess and common sense, kept on a suite of rooms at five hundred pounds a year, in which he was hardly ever visible. Now and then he gave Semiramis a sovereign for kitchen expenses, but never dreamed of asking what wages were owing her. He bought the duchess three or four magnificent dresses, when she wanted the most indispensable articles of under-clothing. What he spent daily for his personal expenses was a secret between himself and his strong box.

You must not believe, however, that

he displayed that odious egotism of certain husbands, who spend money without counting it, and wish to know to a halfpenny their wives' outlay. He granted the duchess as much liberty for minor expenses as he reserved to himself for great ones. He was ever the polished, tender, and attentive husband whom the poor lady adored even in his faults. He inquired after her health with almost filial attention. He repeated to her, at least once a day, that she was his guardian angel. He gave her such gentle names that, had it not been for the testimony of the mirrors, she might have fancied herself still twenty. That is something, after all; the worst husband is only half contemptible when he leaves his victim on sweet illusions. A great artist who saw our society with the eyes of Balzac, and drew it better—Gavarni—has placed this singular verdict in the mouth of a low woman—"My husband, a perfect dog—but the king of men!" Translate the remark into elegant language, and you will understand the obstinate love of the duchess for her husband.

Still, the old man rapidly went down hill. When the report of his new fortune spread through Paris, he was hailed by a number of old acquaintances who had been accustomed to turn their heads on meeting him. He was invited to some of their salons, where the most honourable and elegant men sometimes carry good company to seek bad. He saw here and there furniture he had bought; he inquired the hour from clocks for which he had paid the bill. The rage for play, which had slumbered in him for some years, now reawoke more ardent than ever; but he was a dupe in those lurking places which the police now and then sweep out. That dangerous world which excels in following all the vices by which it lives, prepared a triumphal reception for the returning duke. His posthumous youth was admired, as it issued from misery like Lazarus from the tomb. It was proved to him that he was twenty years of age, and he tried to prove it to himself. He began eating suppers again to the great injury of his stomach, he drank champagne, smoked cigars, and cracked his bottle. New arrivals from the provinces, strangers wandering about Paris, and young men just escaped from the hands of their guardians, admired the high tone and aristocratic bearing of the fallen gentleman. Men respected him more than he respected himself—women

saw in him a ruin they had made, and which remained firm, spite of all. In some strata of society, more importance is given to a man who has knocked down a quarter of a million than to a soldier who has lost both his arms on the field of battle.

The respect due to his name, which had accompanied him during the first half of his career, finally abandoned him without chance of return. In two months he became the most notorious scamp in Paris. Perhaps he would have put more restraint on his conduct if any report of his behaviour could have reached his family; but Germaine was in Italy, and the duchess was shut up at home, so he had nothing to fear.

The contrast between his name and his conduct obtained him a degree of low-class popularity by which he was intoxicated. He might be seen, on quitting the theatre, in a café, on the boulevard, surrounded by blue-chinned actors and low comedians, who drank punch in his honour, gazed on him with bleared eyes, and disputed the honour of squeezing the hand of a duke who had no pride about him. He fell lower still, if possible. He openly sat in pot-houses outside the city, drinking the horrible red wine sold there. It is very difficult in the nineteenth century to be elegant blackguards. Two or three foreign and French noblemen have tried to revive these good old times, but it proved a failure. The only debauches which can be endured for any length of time are those which are very expensive. Satisfaction with a wife, which is a virtue among workmen, is the lowest degree of degradation among men of pleasure.

The poor duke had reached the lowest stage, when two persons held him out a hand, from very different motives. These were the Baron de Sanglié and Madame Chermidy.

The baron called every now and then on the La Tours. He was their former landlord—Germaine's witness and friend of the family. He always found the duchess at home, but never the duke; but all Paris brought him news of his deplorable friend. He resolved to save him, as he had formerly lodged him, for the honour of the caste.

The baron is what may be termed a thorough gentleman; he is not handsome, and has something of the boar in his countenance. His large ruddy face is concealed behind a forest of red beard.

He is as robust as a hunter, with a slight tendency to obesity, and would not be taken for more than forty, though he is really fifty. The Barons de Sanglié date from a period when men were solidly built. Rich enough to live well without doing anything, he treats himself as a friend; takes care of his person, and enjoys himself. His costume and manners are equally aristocratic. In the morning you meet him in wide comfortable clothes of a coquettish negligence. In the evening he is irreproachable, without having the appearance of being dressed. He is one of those rare men whose attire never attracts attention; it seems as if their clothes grew upon them, and were the natural foliage of their persons. His overcoats are made in London, his frock-coats in Paris. He takes care of his body—that other garment of a gentleman. He rides every day, and plays rackets; at night he goes to the opera, and plays whist at his club. He is a famous companion, and splendid drinker; he is a great connoisseur in cigars—great amateur in pictures—good rider enough to win a steeple chase, but too wise to risk his fortune in a training stable: indifferent to new books, careless about politics, ready to lend to those who can repay, generous at times to those who have nothing, very blunt with men, most gallant to women; in a word, he is amiable and kind, like all intelligent egotists. To do good without inconveniencing yourself is a species of egotism, after all.

It was no easy task to save the poor duke, and the baron would never have succeeded without a powerful auxiliary in vanity. This passion still kept afloat amid this sad shipwreck of all aristocratic virtues, and M. de Sanglié seized him by that, as you would catch a drowning man by the hair.

He went to look for him in the dens where he was lowering his name and his caste. He tapped him roughly on the shoulder, and said to him with that frankness which so cleverly conceals flattery,—

“What are you doing here, my dear duke? This is not your place; everybody is asking after you in the Faubourg, men and women. All the La Tours have held rank there since Charlemagne, and I do not allow you any right to make your ancestors bankrupt. We all want you. Eh, by Jove! if you bury yourself here in the flower of your age, who will give us lessons in elegance? Who will teach

us how to live grandly; to spend a fortune properly; and the art of pleasing women, which is growing more and more forgotten every day?”

The duke replied with a growl, like a drunkard awakened too soon. He was digesting his new fortune in peace. He had no desire to reassume those wearisome customs which the world imposes on its slaves. An invincible sloth enchained him to those facile pleasures which demand no dress, decency, or intelligence. He declared he was all right, wished nothing better, and that every man takes his pleasure where he finds it.

“Come with me,” the baron went on, “and I promise to find you amusements more worthy of you. Do not be afraid of losing by the exchange. We live well, too, in our world, and no one knows it better than you do. You do not suppose I have come here to lead you home; in that case I should have sent you a parson. Hang it! I belong to your school too. I do not despise wine, play, or love; but I will maintain it against all comers, and against yourself, that a duke ought not to get drunk, ruin, or damn himself, save among his peers.”

The old gentleman allowed himself to be converted by arguments of this nature. He went back—not to virtue, the road was too long for his old legs—but to elegant vice. The baron first took him to a great tailor, and he was fain to put on the livery of fashion. This singular patient still idolized his old person, but for some time he had cut down the expenses of the worship. He retained the custom of painting his face, and neglected none of the practices which could give him an appearance of youth, but he was not disinclined to appear fresher than his coat. It was proved to him, by a few yards of fine cloth, that a new coat regenerates, and he confessed to himself that tailors are not people to be despised. This was a great step in advance, for a man dressed is half saved. Fathers of families are well aware of this fact, and when they come to Paris to tear a prodigal son from bad company, their first care is to take him to a tailor’s.

The baron took on himself to launch his pupil; he gained him admittance to his club, there were good dinners there, and the duke lost nothing by the change of cookery. Before his conversion the seasoned food of the pot-house and the use of adulterated drinks irritated his stomach, burnt his tongue, and condemned

him to an inextinguishable thirst. He cheated it by drinking more, and the poor man had reached a state from which death alone could rescue him. The duchess was sometimes terrified by his burning breath, and though she dare not confess her fears, she discreetly placed by his bedside some fresh and perfumed drink which he was induced to swallow. The table d'hôte gradually restored him, although he gave up nothing; and his thirst for play kept him beneath the rod of his saviour. The members of the club played whist and écarté, boldly, but not rashly. The highest points at whist were a pound, it was an arrangement without danger for a rich man. If he risked a heavy bet at an écarté table, no one had the right to recal him to reason, but, at least, they agreed to share his purse. It was well known, and people took an interest in him as in a convalescent. A gambler behaves like a wise man or a fool, according as he is thrust on or held back by those who surround him. The duke was held back, and by so delicate a hand that he did not feel the curb.

The most honourable salons opened their doors widely to him. Every aristocracy has its freemasonry; and a duke, whatever he may have done, has inprescriptible claims to the indulgence of his equals. The Faubourg St. Germaine, like the respectful sons of Noah, threw a purple mantle over the old man's backslidings; men treated him with consideration; women with kindness. In what country have they ever wanted in indulgence for scamps? he was regarded like a traveller who had passed through unknown countries, still no woman ventured to ask him about what he had seen. He reassumed without any embarrassment the tone of good society, for he combined, with all the defects of youth, that flexibility of mind which is its greatest ornament. He was found to be a man worthy of his name and fortune, and M. de Villanera's choice of him as a father-in-law was generally ratified.

The baron had promised him more lively pleasures, and he kept his word. He did not shut him up in the Faubourg as in a fortress, but introduced him to a less stiff-necked generation. He led him to the verge of the great world, into some of those salons which are run down without proof, but not without reason. He presented him to widows, whose husbands had never come to Paris; to women legitimately married, but who had quarrelled

with their family; to marchionesses exiled from the Faubourg on account of some scandal, and to honourable persons who lived fashionably without any known fortune. This class of society is bounded by the world on one side, by the demi-monde on the other. I would not advise a mother to take her daughter there, but many sons accompany their fathers to these houses, and come away as they entered. You do not find there the perfect tone and patriarchal life of the old salons, but the dancing is perfectly proper; play goes on without cheating, and your great coat is not stolen in the lobby. It was at one of these houses that the duke was exposed to the blandishments of Madame Chermidy.

She recognised him at the first glance, through seeing him on the night of the marriage. She knew that he was the grandfather of her son, father of Germaine, and a man of fortune at Don Diego's expense. A woman of Madame Chermidy's stamp never forgets the face of a man to whom she has given a fortune. She had no objection to know him more intimately; but she was too clever to risk a step in advance. The duke saved her three-fourths of the journey. As soon as he learned who she was, he introduced himself with an impertinence, the sight of which would have gladdened the hearts of all the respectable women in Paris. Nothing flatters virtuous women more profoundly than to see those who are not so treated cavalierly.

The duke had no intention to insult a pretty woman, and renounce in one day the religion of his whole life; but he spoke to people in their own language, and thought he knew the nationality of Madame Chermidy. Hence, he seated himself familiarly by her side, and said—

"Madam, permit me to introduce to you one of your old admirers, the Duke de la Tour. I had the pleasure of seeing you once before at St. Thomas's Church. We are in some degree members of the same family—related through the children. Allow me as a blood relation to offer you the left hand of friendship."

Madame Chermidy, who reasoned with the rapidity of light, understood at the first word the position offered her. Whatever reply she might make, the duke would remain master of the field. Instead of accepting the hand he offered her, she rose with a movement of pain and dignity, which displayed all the graces of her form, and walked towards the door without

turning her head, like a queen outraged by the meanest of her subjects.

The old gentleman was caught in the snare; he ran after her, and stammered some words in apology. She turned upon him a glance so brilliant, that he fancied he saw a tear in her eye, and then said to him in low voice, with an emotion well suppressed or well feigned, "My lord, you do not know, you cannot understand. Call on me to-morrow at two; I shall be alone, and we will talk about it."

With these words she retired, like a woman who wishes to hear nothing further; and five minutes later her carriage drove off.

The poor duke had been warned: he knew the lady by heart, the doctor had painted her in her natural colours. But he reproached himself for what he had done, and lived till the morrow in a state of amazement, not quite exempt from remorse. And yet the proverb runs: "A man warned is worth two."

He was exact at the rendezvous, and found himself in presence of a woman who had been weeping.

"My lord," she said to him, "I have done all in my power to forget the cruel words you addressed to me last evening. I have not quite recovered, but it will soon pass off; let us say no more about it."

The duke wished to repeat his apologies, for he was in a state of profound admiration. Madame Chermidy had spent the morning in dressing herself irresistibly. She certainly appeared more lovely than on the previous evening at the ball; for a woman in her boudoir is like a picture in its frame. She profited by the trouble into which her charms had thrown the duke, to wrap him in the folds of an irresistible logic. At first she employed the timid respect suitable for a woman in her position; she evinced an exaggerated admiration for the family into which she had introduced her son; she claimed the honour of having selected Madlle de la Tour from among twenty great houses, and of having raised once more one of the most glorious names in Europe. The voluptuous inflections and melancholy languor by which this speech was accompanied, persuaded the old man much better than her words did, and he had now no doubt that he had insulted his benefactress.

"I can understand," she exclaimed, "that you hold me in no great esteem. I am sure you would pity me, for you have

a generous heart, if you but knew the history of my life."

She had that expressive pantomime of the inhabitants of the south which adds so much of reality to the greatest falsehoods. Her eyes, her hands, her little quivering foot, spoke simultaneously with her lips, and seemed to bear witness in favour of her veracity. When once heard, you were as fairly convinced as if a court of inquiry had been opened and witnesses examined.

She described her birth as the daughter of a rich merchant in Provence. Her parents intended her hand and fortune for a rich tradesman, but love, that inflexible master of human lives, threw her into the arms of a simple officer. Her family withdrew from her, until the moment when M. Chermidy's brutality drove her from the conjugal abode. Poor Chermidy! a wife has always a safe game against a husband who is in China.

Once a widow, or nearly so, she came to Paris and lived there modestly till her father's death. An inheritance larger than she expected allowed her to maintain a certain rank; some fortunate speculations increased her fortune, and she became rich. She was, however, the victim of *ennui*; for solitude is hard to bear at thirty. She loved the Count de Villanera from the first moment she saw him at the opera.

The duke could not help saying to himself that Don Diego was a deuced lucky fellow.

She then proved by arguments through which candour gleamed, that the count never gave her anything but his love. Not that he was deficient in generosity, but she was only a woman, unable to confound the affairs of the heart with those of self-interest. She had carried her disinterestedness to the height of a sacrifice; she had surrendered her son to the dowager countess, and now abandoned him to another mother. She had returned her lover his liberty, and he married; he was striving to restore the health of his young wife, and never even wrote to her, the deserted one, to give her any account of little Gomez.

She ended her speech by letting her arms fall by her side, with an action full of elegance. "And now," she said, "you see me more solitary than ever, suffering from that vacuity of heart which has already ruined me once. There is no consolation; and though I could find abundance of distractions, I have no

heart for pleasure. I know a few men of the world; they come here every Tuesday evening to keep up the spirit of conversation round my desolate fire; but I dare not invite the Duke de la Tour to these melancholy meetings, for I should feel humiliated by his refusal."

It is true that Madame Chermidy's bell did not sound so correct as that of Doctor le Bris, but the vibration was so dulcet that the duke allowed himself to be deceived like a child. He pitied the pretty woman, and promised to call now and then to bring her news of her son.

Madame Chermidy's salon was, in fact, the meeting place of a certain number of distinguished men, whom she managed to attract by her clever devices. Some knew her position, others believed in her virtue, but all were persuaded that her heart was free, and that the last possessor, no matter whether called Villanera or Chermidy, had left an open succession. She took advantage of her position to make all her admirers increase her fortune. Artists, authors, men of business, men of the world, all served her in proportion to their means. They were so many servants whom she paid in hope. A stock-broker gained her a profit of one hundred and fifty pounds a month; a painter cheapened pictures for her; an enriched speculator secured her good investments in land. Gratuitous services, if ever there were such; but not one of these men grew tired of being useful to her, because none despaired of becoming dear to her. To those impatient persons who pressed her too closely, she alleged her position; they could see that she lived in a glass house. She gave the greatest publicity to her slightest actions, in order to soothe Don Diego's susceptibility; perhaps, too, to offer a barrier to those who wished to compromise her in the sight of the world.

The Duke profited by the invitation granted him, and his presence in her rooms was not without its value for Madame Chermidy's reputation. It checked certain rumours floating about as to the count's marriage; it proved to some credulous beings that there had never been anything between the latter lady and M. de Villanera. How could it be supposed that Madame Chermidy would invite his father-in-law, or that he would visit her?

She worked this new acquaintance as cleverly as the old ones. It was of importance to her to know exactly the state

of Germaine, and the number of days she still had to live; and thanks to her manoeuvres, one fine day the duke entrusted to her all Doctor le Bris's letters.

The perusal of these letters produced in her such a revulsion that she would have been taken ill had she not been superior to all illness. She found herself betrayed by the doctor, the count, and nature. She imagined a future awaiting her the most odious the mind of a woman can conceive. A rival of her own choice would carry off her lover and her son, not only without crime, intrigue, or calculation, but with the support of every law, both divine and human.

Still she regained her courage by the thought that the doctor had wished to deceive the duchess. She wished to see Germaine's letters, and she calculated on the duke to satisfy this sinister curiosity.

The duke was a prey to one of those devouring passions which finish up the body and mind of old men. All the vices that had dragged him in various directions for the last half century had abdicated in favour of love. When engineers succeed in collecting in one channel all the streams dispersed over a plain, they create a river navigable by ships.

The baron, the duchess, and all who took an interest in him, were astonished at the change in his manners. He lived as soberly as any ambitious young man who wishes to succeed with women. He was rarely seen at the club, and no longer played. His toilet occupied his mornings; he had taken to riding again, and went out from four till six. He dined with his wife whenever he was not invited to Madame Chermidy's. He went into society every evening to meet her, and so soon as she retired he went home to bed. The fear of compromising the woman he loved restored him to those habits of discretion which had veiled the first disorders of his life, and the duchess fancied him out of danger at the moment when he was irrevocably lost.

Madame Chermidy, a great artist in seduction, affected to meet him with filial tenderness. She received him at any hour, even when dressing; she permitted him to kiss her hand and forehead; she listened to him kindly, accepted his caresses as marks of generosity, evinced no timidity, and did not seem to suspect the brutal feeling, the flame of which she fanned every day. To keep him at a distance she need only employ one weapon, humility. She was pitilessly respectful. She allowed

him to call her by every endearing name that love can suggest to a man, but she never once forgot to call him my lord. The poor old madman would have sacrificed his whole fortune if Madame Chermidy would only once have failed in her respect to him.

In the first place he sacrificed what any honourable old man considers the dearest thing of all, the sanctity of the paternal name. He borrowed from the duchess Germaine's letters, under the pretence of reading them again, and the noble woman wept with joy while confiding so dear a treasure to her husband. He ran with them at once to Madame Chermidy's, and was received with open arms. These letters, which the sick girl had scrawled with her little trembling hand; these letters, in which she did not fail to put some kisses for her mother in a badly drawn frame beneath the signature; these letters, which the duchess had bedewed with her tears, were spread out like a pack of cards on a drawing table between a lost old man and a perverse woman.

Madame Chermidy, disguising her hatred behind a mask of compassion, greedily sought some signs of death among these protestations of affection, and was far from being satisfied. The odour extracted from this correspondence was not that which attracts the crows to follow an army. It was like the perfume of a little sickly flower pining beneath the winter blast, but which will expand in the sun if the southern breeze dispel the clouds. The cruel woman found that the hand was still very firm—the mind not yet a blank, and that the heart beat with dangerous vigour. This was not all; she began to feel a strange suspicion. The sick girl described with too great satisfaction the attentions of her husband; she accused herself of ingratitude; she reproached herself with making a bad return for all that was done for her. Madame Chermidy grew furious at the thought that husband and wife might end by growing attached; that pity, gratitude, association might unite these two young beings, and that she might, one day, see sitting between Don Diego and Germaine, a guest she had not invited to the wedding—Love.

This profanation of Germaine's letters took place some days after her arrival at Corfu. Had Madame Chermidy been able to see with her own eyes her innocent enemy, it is probable that she would have

felt less of fear than of pity. The fatigues of the voyage had thrown the poor girl into a deplorable state. But Don Diego's mistress incessantly summoned up monstrous visions of misery, and dreamed every night that she was hopelessly supplanted. When the day arrived that her suspicions were converted into certainty, she felt that she would be capable of any crime. In the meanwhile, through a feeling of prudence and vengeance, a want of amusement, and a spirit of calculation and perversity, she set to work stripping the duke. She found a pleasure in taking back the fortune she had given him, meaning to return it on the death of his daughter. There was some consolation in this, at any rate.

The difficulty was not to get hold of the securities; for the duke laid himself at her feet every day with all he possessed. He was of the temperament and character to ruin himself without saying a word, and conquer without proclaiming his victory. A well-bred man never compromises a woman, even if she has stripped him of every shilling. But Madame Chermidy thought it more worthy of her to take the fortune without giving anything in exchange, and while retaining her superiority over the giver.

One day, when the old man was raving at her feet, and repeating for the hundredth time the offer of his fortune, she took him at his word, and said, "I accept, my lord!"

The duke lost his head like a beginner in ballooning, who has first cut the rope of the balloon. He believed himself transported to the seventh Heaven, but the lady gently checked his transports, and said—

"And when you have given me your fortune, do you think you will have paid me?"

He protested the contrary, but his eyes said with some show of reason that when virtue puts itself up for sale, forty thousand pounds is not a bad price to pay for it.

She replied to her adversary's thought. "My lord, the women among whom you do me the injustice of reckoning me, fetch a higher price the richer they are. I was left one hundred and fifty thousand; I have gained another hundred thousand by speculating, and my fortune is so thoroughly in hand, that I could realize it without loss in a month. You see, then, there are few women in France who have a right to set a higher price on themselves. This will also prove to

you that I have it in my power to surrender myself for nothing. If I learn to love you sufficiently, and that is possible, money will be as nothing between us. The man to whom I give my heart will have the rest in the bargain."

The duke fell from his empyrean, and had a rude tumble. He was as unhappy at keeping his fortune as he had been delighted to receive it. Madame Chermidy seemed to take pity on him. "My great baby," she said, "do not cry. I began by telling you I would accept your fortune. But take care of yourself; I shall make my conditions."

The duke smiled like a man who sees heaven opening to receive him.

"It was I who enriched you," she said. "I had known you for a long period: at least I knew your reputation. You ruined yourself with a greatness worthy of heroic ages. You are the representative of the real nobility in this degenerate age. You are also, without being conscious of it, the only man in Paris capable of inspiring women with a serious interest. I have always regretted that you had not an incalculable fortune, like Don Diego, for you would have been greater than Sardanapalus: I did all in my power: I enabled you to obtain forty thousand pounds. But events have not fulfilled my hopes. You have a piece of paper in your money-box of no service to you. You will receive one thousand pounds on June 22nd; till then you will be forced to vegetate. You will run in debt, and your income will only enrich your creditors. Give in your securities, and I will have them sold by my broker. I will take charge of the capital, and you may make your mind easy, you will never see it again. On the other hand, you must absolutely accept the interest, but it will not be two thousand pounds; you will, in all probability, receive four thousand pounds, or more. I am thoroughly acquainted with all the goings-on on the Exchange, although women are not admitted there; but I know that with several thousand in cash, a person can gain as much as he likes. Investments in the funds are an admirable invention for middle-class people who wish to live modestly and without care, but for people of our condition, who fear neither danger nor work, long live speculation! It is gambling on a grand scale, and you are a gambler, I believe?"

"I was so."

"You are so still! We will be partners; we will share our interests, our pleasures, our hopes, our fears."

"We will be only one."

"On the Exchange, at least."

"Honorine!"

Honorine appeared plunged in profound thought, and hid her face in her hands. The duke seized her wrist and put an end to this eclipse of beauty. Madame Chermidy gazed on him fixedly, indulged in a melancholy smile, and said:—

"Pardon me, my lord, I forget these castles in the air. We were having our way in the future like the Children in the Wood. It was a fair dream—well, let us think no more of it. I must not strip you, I came to enrich you. What would be said of me?—what would you think of me, yourself? Suppose the duchess was to learn our compact?"

Madame Chermidy was well aware that in order to render a wife odious to her husband, it is only necessary to pronounce her name at a certain moment. The duke replied haughtily that his wife understood nothing of business, and that he had never allowed her to interfere.

"But," the temptress continued, "you have a daughter. All that you possess must come to her; I am doing her a wrong."

"Well!" the duke replied, "and my daughter has a son who is yours. Your fortune and mine will go together, to the little marquis. Are we not one family?"

"You told me so once before, my lord. But on that day you caused me less pleasure than you do now!"

Madame Chermidy looked up the securities, and took care not to sell them. From that moment the duke was her partner, he had a right to ask money from her, and would receive from her as much as he required, until further orders. It was all he could obtain from this generous and smiling visitor. Honorine took the most minute care of the old man. She made him leave the *suite* of rooms he occupied, she removed him and the duchess to the Champs Elysées, where she furnished a house for them; she took care that nothing should be wanted, and even provided for the kitchen expenses. That done, she rubbed her little hands, and said with a laugh—

"I hold the enemy in a state of siege—and if ever war is declared, I will pitilessly storm them!"

(To be continued.)

MR. POLLYCODDLES: A SKETCH.

READER, have you ever chanced to meet, in the course of your peregrinations, a carefully wrapped up, sprucely-dressed little man, walking as if upon eggs, placing his pocket-handkerchief to his mouth if perchance an easterly wind should happen to blow; as carefully protected during the winter from all "pressure from without" as a hothouse door; speaking of his complaints and his regimen to every one; listening to his own respiration, observing the course of his digestion, and in short taking during the day twelve hours of minute cares and precautions for his little person? Well, dear reader, this individual is none other than Mr. Pollycoddles. Mr. Pollycoddles knows the properties of each aliment fitted for human food, and the exact effect which it ought to produce upon his stomach. He eats, not so much what he likes, as what agrees with him, and at whatsoever dinner party you may chance to meet with him you will never hear him say, "Such a dish is good or bad," as the case may be, but rather, "Such a dish is light," or "Such a one heavy;" this one easy of digestion, that one bilious. Reasoning upon the merits of the cookery, not as a gastronomist but as a physician, he considers it only in a pharmaceutical point of view.

It would seem as though Mr. Pollycoddles had received life only to make of it a perpetual source of uneasiness to himself; the physical state of his body is the sole and engrossing object of his thoughts, the aim and end of all his actions; he is ever thinking of his ailings and of the means of remedying them, and never walks abroad in order to enjoy the fair face of nature, but merely because exercise suits him, or if by chance he has an object in view in his promenades, it is invariably either to gather marshmallow, or camomile, or dandelion, for the alleviation of his several complicated disorders. But he never stirs out on any pretence whatever without taking the precaution of stuffing a wad of paper in the crown of his hat, in order to ward off sunstrokes; his ears are well stopped with cotton wool, his person enveloped from head to foot in flannel; his shoes are double-soled, and he generally carries a spare shirt in his pocket in case of perspiration, or even an excess of moisture.

Mr. Pollycoddles avoids the shade and

fears the sunshine; he flies alike the damp of morning, the heats of midday, and the dews of evening, and dreads unceasingly something or other, because all things in nature can, according to his account, in some way or other act deleteriously upon his frail constitution. He has a thermometer in his room, in order to keep it constantly at a sort of Madeira-like temperature; he possesses also a barometer and a hygrometer, each of which he consults some hours previous to his venturing out of doors; but despite all these precautions against the variations of the atmosphere, in order that he may not be taken at a disadvantage he invariably carries an umbrella.

A cold in the head absolutely terrifies our friend Pollycoddles; a chilblain makes him feel slightly uneasy; and for a hiccup he consults his medical adviser. Installed in his well-stuffed easy-chair, surrounded with cushions, and casemated behind a double hedge of screens, he sits for half the day feeling his pulse, minuting its beatings with his stopwatch, and keeping, as it were, a sort of journal of the state of his health.

Pollycoddles eats and drinks at fixed hours, weighing out his food, measuring his liquids, and putting, as nearly as possible, the same quantity of salt and pepper into his beef-tea or chicken-broth.

It can easily be conceived that Mr. Pollycoddles loves himself, if not wisely, far too well to have time or inclination to bestow any superfluous attachment on any other object, no matter what that object may be: his heart actually overflows with kindness, which has but self for its object; he is full of solicitude for his own person, but he would fear to weaken the interest he bears for himself by dividing it; consequently he never permits any circumstance to interrupt the even flow of that hygienic culture to which he has devoted his existence. Should he inquire after the health of any one, it is of those only whom he imagines to be similarly circumstanced as regards bodily ailments with himself; and if he trembles for their safety, it is only through the anticipation of what his own fate may be.

When he is out of doors a black cloud puts him to flight, a puff of wind terrifies him; he is, in consequence, always in a state of uneasiness respecting the doors

and windows by which he is surrounded, and which he considers as so many loopholes from whence a direful but unseen enemy, in the shape of thorough draught, is constantly firing down upon his defenceless person.

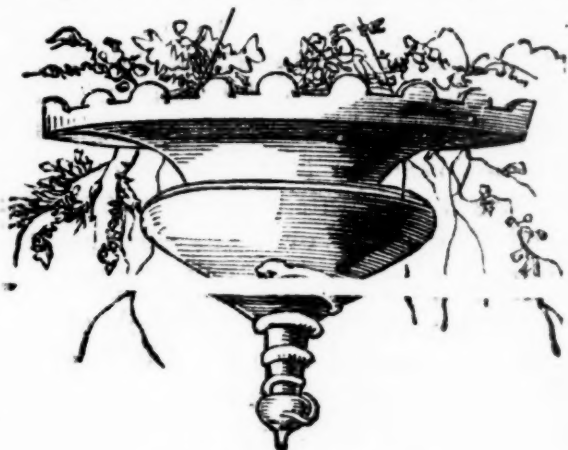
For all this, our friend Pollycoddles is by no means a disagreeable person, so far as mere acquaintanceship goes, for it is "part of his system," as Dr. O'Toole would say, never to grow warm in argument; after dinner, indeed, he is of everybody's opinion, in order that he may not compromise, by useless discussion, the calm and quiet so necessary for the purposes of digestion, ~~sacrificing in this end~~

his political opinions to the welfare of his stomach. He is, again, on the same principle, neither ambitious nor yet intriguing, for he well knows into what a state of disturbance the *role* of a place-hunter may cast the animal economy, and how completely envy and disappointment sour the blood.

In conclusion, Mr. Pollycoddles would be the most charitable, the most benevolent, the most humane, the most generous, the most philanthropical, in short, the rarest man in the universe, did he only follow to the letter this divine precept of the law, "Thou shalt love thy neighbour as thyself."

WINDOW GARDENING, AND THE CULTIVATION OF PLANTS IN ROOMS.

WE this month introduce to our readers several representations of pendent flower-baskets, which class of room ornaments has recently come much into vogue. One illustration represents a suspending vase on a large scale, of the modern Palissy ware; the ground of which is



GLASS FLOWER VASE.

white, relieved with the judicious and sparing addition of a few rich colours. The patterns of these vases should invariably be more or less geometrical, or at all events a compound of conventionalized ornament, as any attempt at imitative flowers, either in relief or in painted additions on the flat surface, would be in bad taste, when brought into immediate juxtaposition with real flowers.

The other engravings are specimens of cheaper kinds of suspending vases. Those of glass are very elegant, and at the same time inexpensive, not more than a few shillings each. The one from which our

engraving is taken, was a rich, but at the same time delicate turquoise blue, semi-opaque, with the snake-like ornament about the pendent of a pale, pearly white, and also semi-opaque. A still cheaper kind of basket is made, in imitation of miniature rockwork, which is very suitable where any of the surrounding objects are of a rustic character. There are also very pretty vases of red terra cotta; and still commoner ones, of the porous material of ordinary flower-pots. Some of these terra cotta vases are made with circular apertures in the sides; in which openings, roots of the weeping isolepis gracilis are planted, producing a very pleasing effect, and nearly concealing the common material of the vase.

These suspended baskets, however rich in detail, should always be light and graceful in design, a massive character being entirely unsuited to their position and purpose. It should be remembered that the adaptation of design to situation and purpose is one of the great criteria of taste in all matters relating to the elegancies of life.

In order that these graceful and always attractive receptacles of floral display may make a brilliant appearance in June, preparations should now be in progress. Cuttings of plants required should be struck and got forward, and other plants, more shy of removal, should be established in the baskets themselves, so as to be in full vigour when the latter additions are made



PALISSY FLOWER VASE.

—preparations which can at this period of the year be carried on in any ordinary greenhouse.

Some of the most suitable plants of which cuttings should now be coming for



TERRA COTTA FLOWER VASE.

ward for this purpose, are pelargoniums, especially the best scarlets; and seedling petunias of different kinds should be raised, as their habit of growth, as well as their varied and attractive colours, render them peculiarly adapted for a suspended

position. The effects of the richer colours may be greatly aided by tufts of the graceful grass-like *isolepis gracilis*, and by some long trailing plants of *tropæolum canariensis*, which might be artificially festooned from one vase to another. Among the most desirable plants of pendulous growth, suited to baskets or vases suspended in this manner, are, first and foremost, all the verbenas, which are naturally of trailing habit, and of every variety of gay colour, from snow white to rose, violet, crimson, and dazzling scarlet. Then there is the pendulous fuchsia, "*fuchsia pendula*," which will always form a pleasing addition. The pretty moss-like *lycopodium flexuosa* forms a nice cushion of green for the gaily-coloured flowers to rest on; and its effect may be somewhat varied by the introduction of the new species, *lycopodium cæsum*, which is bolder and more branching in its growth.

Among our illustrations will be noticed a design for an ornamental flower-pot, the tasteful appearance of which class of articles, now that the cultivation of plants in rooms is becoming so general, is felt to be a matter deserving of serious attention: and the manufacturers, we are glad to find, are busily engaged producing some



ORNAMENTAL FLOWER POT.

very elegant patterns in glazed earthenware.

The little *campanula glomerata* is a plant well adapted to suspended baskets, as are also the following, some of which will be found, not only adapted for this graceful purpose, but in every way very splendid plants :—

LIST.

<i>Brachysema Latifolia</i>	Beautiful flowers.	<i>Æschynanthus</i>	<i>Boschianus</i>	Fine plant.
<i>Saxifraga Sarmentosa</i>	Curious leaves, and long trailing shoots.	Ditto	<i>Pulcher Major</i>	Ditto.
<i>Hoya Carnosa variegata</i>	Fine plant, both for flowers and foliage.	<i>Epiphillum</i>	<i>Speciosa</i>	Profuse rose-coloured flowers.
<i>Hoya Picta</i>	Ditto. ditto.	Other species of	<i>Epiphillum</i>	All beautiful.
<i>Hoya Bella</i>	Ditto. ditto.	<i>Kennedia</i>	<i>Coccinea</i>	Splendid scarlet pea flower.
<i>Tradescantia Discolor</i>	For its curiously striped leaves.	<i>Lotus</i>	<i>Jacobæa</i>	Dark maroon pea flower.
<i>Torrenia Asiatica</i>	Fine pale lilac flower, blotched with deep purple.	<i>Mesembryanthemum</i>	<i>Coccineum</i>	Fleshy foliage, and all brilliant flowers.
Variegated Ivy-leaved Geranium.		Ditto	<i>Glaucum</i>	
Dark Crimson-flowered Geranium.		Ditto	<i>Speciabile</i>	
		<i>Nierembergia</i>	<i>Gracilis</i>	Graceful plant, white flowers, streaked with blue.
		Ditto	<i>Intermedium</i>	Very pretty.
		<i>Lobelia</i>	<i>Oculata</i>	Profuse flowers.
		The common musk, <i>Mimulus Moschata</i> , also forms a good plant for this purpose.		

In our next article, we shall treat of the introduction of flowers as an elegant kind of room decoration in a more extended form, and our suggestions for some entirely novel arrangements and effects will be accompanied by explanatory designs.

DAINTY DISHES.

THE epicure of modern days is no doubt deeply indebted to the late Monsieur Soyer for the fund of instruction and amusement given to the world in his "*Pantropheon*." In that book of gastronomic lore, the reader is told how Roman Emperors, and Egyptian monarchs, and Grecian philosophers, and Syrian nobles, feasted on high days and low days. How Rome, Athens, and Tyre revelled in ducks' heads, geese's liver, ostriches' brains, roasted peacocks, and asses' steaks. How the gourmands of ancient times, sighing for novelty, tried the flesh of the fox, the dromedary, the dog, and the hedgehog; and how, thanks to the skilled practice of Roman Soyers, the flesh of the hog was so tastily dressed and served on table, as to pass for duck, capon, pigeon, and even fish!

We learn also from our nursery literature how a certain "dainty dish" was "set before a king," consisting of twenty-four blackbirds baked in a pie; and, moreover, how certain Cornwall giants were in the daily habit of regaling themselves and their families upon little boys and girls. All this information is well enough as far as it goes, but both Soyer and our nursery historian have only half fulfilled their task. It is well enough to be told of Romans realizing fifty thousand pounds by fattening peacocks—of the great esteem in which the tongue of the flamingo or the neck of the stork were held two thousand years since, and a great deal of other curious bygone matter upon dainty things; but we consider that the author of the "*Pantropheon*" has been guilty of a grievous oversight in omitting all mention of a vast number of "dainty dishes" of the present day, not relating to this country, it is true, but still belonging to the history of food in this our own time.

If a new edition of Monsieur Soyer's book should be published, it would be well to embody in it the information comprised in the following passages upon the dainties of some of our kindred in various parts of the globe. Why should a history of food be confined to European delicacies? Why should not John Chinaman's "slugs and snails, and puppy-dogs' tails," find a place beside John Bull's mock turtle?—and why are "fricasseed frogs," à la Parisienne, more to be thought of than

"stewed snakes" à la Otahetienne? What is going on in the world now-a-days is surely of as much importance to know as what took place before the Christian era. We have had quite enough of the bill of fare at Guildhall on the ninth of November; we know it all by heart—it has become a perfect bore. Let us know something of the "*carte*" at a civic feast in the Sandwich Islands—on Lord Mayor's Day in the Celestial empire. Let us hear how the "brother to the moon" sups on court days—how the New Zealand Ministry manage their annual white-bait dinners at Ooloooolonga.

The Celestials of the Chinese Empire may fairly be ranked first amongst the exotic epicures of the present day. They have brought their "dainty dishes" to rare perfection, which is, perhaps, not to be wondered at, seeing that they have been engaged in the self-same unchangeable cookery, according to their own accounts, for about ten thousand years. Whether the Celestial literature contains any "*Pantropheons*" is more than we are prepared to state; but whether their culinary art be handed down through successive generations by word of mouth, or otherwise, matters little to our present purpose. They are evidently masters of their craft, and able to concoct their most delicious dishes from materials that in other barbarous countries are utterly lost sight of. Whilst we devote our best energies to the rearing of herds, flocks, and poultry—whilst legislators are preserving game by means of Acts of Parliament—whilst the forest is scoured for venison, the bay for turtle, and the preserve for pheasants—whilst air, earth, and water are made to yield up their choicest and most rare productions for the "dainty dish" of the epicure of the West, our wiser and more simple friends of the East content themselves with those things which nature has provided in great and ready abundance. Dogs, cats, rats, slugs, snails, sharks' fins, and birds' nests, form the leading items at a Chinese symposium; and strange and repulsive as such a bill of fare may appear to Europeans, we are assured by those who have had some little experience in these things, that no aldermanic feast, no courtly revel, no political banquet in what we call the civilized world, is ever more heartily partaken of, more keenly relished, than are

the Celestial *entremôts* and Japanese *pâtisserie*.

The chief delicacy of the Chinese is undoubtedly their edible birds' nests, which indeed may be said to take the place of turtle and calves' feet amongst them. Our readers must not imagine these nests to resemble the stick and straw habitations of western birds. They are indeed bound together and retained in their shape by small pieces of bamboo, or other twigs, but their chief composition is a clear, gelatinous matter, the origin and nature of which remained for a long period involved in uncertainty. The birds which construct these eatable nests are a species of swallow (*Hirundo esculenta*), which are found in vast numbers in many of the islands of the eastern seas. They construct their little habitations on the sides or sloping roofs of caves, near the sea-shore, or adjoining to some inland piece of water, for the sake of the insects which are always to be found in such situations, and which form their sole food. In Java, Sumatra, Madagascar, Ceylon, and other islands, the trade in these birds' nests is carried on to an extraordinary extent. Chinese junks make regular annual voyages from Canton to the islands for cargoes of these and other Celestial delicacies of a similar kind.

Some idea of the magnitude of the trade in these table articles may be formed from the fact that the yearly import of birds' nests alone into Canton amounts to nearly sixteen thousand tons in weight, valued at three hundred thousand pounds sterling. The finest in quality are set aside for the use of the imperial court at Pekin, who, with the high mandarins, willingly pay the extravagant price demanded for them, namely, twice their weight in silver.

The governments of the various countries in which these nests are found, make the collecting of them a means of aiding the local revenues by selling licences to persons enabling them to search for the articles; these fees, in many instances, amount to a good round sum. Even the British Government in Ceylon is not too proud or too rich to receive one hundred and twenty-five rix dollars annually for the farming of the birds' nests' caves within its territory. We have paid a visit to some of these curious caverns in a neighbouring district, which, at the time, were leased to a Chinese collector, who was then busily occupied in gathering in the harvest of nests. The cave was large and dark, not lofty, but with a

sloping, sharp, and rugged roof, along the projecting ridges of which we perceived a number of brightly shining objects, glittering like stalactites. These were the swallows' nests, so highly prized, according to their age and condition. From the long-tailed collector we gathered that the most valuable nests were those recently made, and not yet containing eggs. They are then of a delicate pearly white in the interior, and very valuable; but such as these are rarely to be met with. Our informant had not more than a dozen of this fine quality, and said that he seldom shipped above a hundred of such in each year.

The next in value were those which contained the fresh-laid eggs of the swallows, and such were valued at something under half the price of the best. Those in which the young had been reared were of far less value, not more than a tenth of the value of the last-named, as they were, of course, far from being clean, and not at all calculated to furnish a very delicately-flavoured soup or jelly. These caves were situated fully thirty miles from the sea-coast. Others, both in Ceylon and elsewhere, are upon the borders of the ocean, into many of which the waves of the sea have forced their way, and made a home for themselves and the birds that flock thither in vast numbers. In these places the collection of the nests is usually attended with considerable danger. The people engaged in the occupation either pass to the spot in canoes, and fixing bamboo-ladders against the sides of the caverns, ascend them provided with bags, slung around their necks, to contain the spoil, and with hooked staves to steady themselves against the cliffs. Sometimes they descend into these sea-washed caves from openings above by means of rope-ladders; and there swinging high in mid-air, with a boiling surf lashing the sharp rocks below, they labour with incredible activity at their dangerous task. Many of these deep caverns are so hidden from the light of day, that the bird-nesters have to work by torch-light; a dozen of lighted flambeaux will glare above, shedding a faint glimmer on the dark ocean below, whilst others, fastened to the ends of ropes, will be lowered to the deepest portions of the subterranean dwelling-place.

It appears from investigations recently made by naturalists, that the edible gelatinous portion of these nests is constructed by the bird from a natural secretion passed

up from the throat, and laid on around the inside of the covering or shell of sticks and leaves, in successive layers, until it has assumed a thickness of from an eighth to a quarter of an inch. It rapidly hardens, and at the end of a few days after its completion the hen begins to deposit her eggs within the newly-made nest. In some islands, the commencement of the collecting seasons, which in nearly all cases date about April and December, are celebrated by festivals and processions, shared in by the native authorities of the place.

Next in importance and value to the nests are the sea-slugs, or, as some persist in terming them, sea-cucumbers, doubtless from their formation, which originally is not unlike that vegetable. *Beche-de-mer* is a name by which these disgusting-looking creatures are commercially known, and under that title they appear in the Custom House returns of many eastern islands, where their annual declared value reaches, if not quite as high as that of the birds' nests, to at any rate many thousands of pounds sterling. About five thousand tons' weight are yearly imported into the Chinese markets from the Mauritius, Ceylon, Singapore, Bombay, the United States, and many islands of the South Seas. The supply of the article, in fact, appears to be unbounded; and as the demand for it is as large, the only limit to the trade appears to be in the want of a sufficient number of boats to engage in the fishing.

The sea-slug, *Beche-de-mer*, or Tripang, is remarkable in its appearance and characteristics. As before stated, it is not unlike a cucumber in shape; yet, although it is of hardened texture, it is at the same time so gelatinous in its nature as to take almost any form according to the position it may be placed in. It appears to feed during the night-time, which it does by suction, drawing its prey within its mouth whilst holding on to the sea-weeds or rocks, by a set of minute forceps at one end of its body.

This slug, which is of a dark colour, is caught either by means of barbed instruments thrust amongst the sea-weeds where they are known to congregate, or in shallow water, by the fishermen walking along the sand, and ascertaining where the creatures lie by feeling them with their feet. Occasionally we have seen many thousands of the tripang washed up high and dry along a sandy shore, after a heavy gale in the tropics, when, of course, they are an easy prey to the natives, all of

whom understand and practise the curing of them for the China market.

There is much more trouble involved in preparing this delicacy of the East than in many others of a similar nature. The tripang is first boiled for about half an hour in plain water, then cut open lengthwise, and re-boiled in salt-water for several hours, with a piece of mangrove bark in the cauldron. Removed from the vessel, it is placed upon an open frame-work of split bamboos, with a slow fire beneath, where it rapidly dries, sufficiently to be packed in bags or baskets for shipment to Canton. The Chinese dealers in these articles are very expert in assorting them for sale according to quality. There appears to be as many as thirty different varieties known to the dealers, although an unskilled eye could not detect any essential difference in them. When thus sorted out, their value ranges from eight Spanish dollars to one hundred and fifteen per picul—a weight equivalent to about one hundred-weight and a quarter.

The mode of preparing these sea-slugs for the table does not appear to vary much from that pursued with the birds' nests, save that in the case of the latter every vestige of stick, straw, or moss, is removed by means of fine forceps. When this has been done, they are soaked in cold water for several hours, then gently simmered over the fire for an equal time, and either reduced to the consistency of soup, with an admixture of spices, or prepared as a jelly, and flavoured accordingly.

The next contribution to our list of "dainty dishes" is that of "sharks' fins," which, although not so highly esteemed as the before-named delicacies, are nevertheless much relished among certain classes in China, as well as by the natives of some parts of the African coast, who appear to divide their taste equally between sharks and alligators. The trade in these and sharks' maws is very considerable in some parts of India. From Bombay they are annually exported to the value of thirty thousand pounds sterling and upwards, whilst a large quantity goes from Madras. The eastern islands also furnish supplies of them, and the same may be said of some of the islands of the southern seas. Some of the islanders have trained their dogs to catch sharks, by watching until one makes its appearance close to the shore, when the dogs rush into the water, and, seizing the astounded fish by each fin,

soon bring the monster to land, in spite of his sturdy resistance.

Descending from birds' nests, sea-slugs, and such delicacies, we must notice the more humble dainties of the lower orders of Chinese. These are content to regale themselves upon festive occasions with stewed kittens, harricoed puppies, rat-soup, and an olla podrida composed of fowls' heads and claws, earth-worms, black frogs, and sea-snakes. A Canton butcher's stall presents a rather motley assemblage, and amongst other tempting joints may be seen the hind-quarter of a horse, or a fine full-grown cat, delicately trussed for the table, and by no means expensive.

Strange as some of these descriptions of provender may sound in our ears, they are not one whit more peculiar than the asses' steaks of the Romans, or the roasted dogs of Greece. In one thing the Chinese are, we should imagine, rather singular in their cookery, for they are in the habit of serving up ducks' eggs and fish roes fried in castor-oil! It would be difficult indeed to match such a dish as that amongst ancients or moderns. With regard to the sea-slug, however, our friend John Chinaman does but follow the example of divers celebrated personages of Grecian history. We read how Iphicrates, upon the occasion of his marriage with the daughter of Cotys, King of Thrace, had a hundred polypi and sepia served up at the festive board, dressed in many ways, and brought on with highly seasoned sauces.

From slugs it is an easy transition to snails, which, from having been considered a great delicacy at the tables of the Romans, are now held in high estimation by many of the epicures of Paris, Vienna, and other continental capitals. In the town of Ulm, in Würtemberg, we learn that snails are reared in vast numbers, and fed upon strawberries and other fruits, in order to impart a soft delicacy to their flesh; and thus domesticated they are highly prized in the various markets to which they are sent. In a French journal we find it stated that the art of rearing and fattening snails, which had been lost for a long period, was recovered in the sixteenth century by the Capuchin monks of Fribourg, and that in the present day it is an occupation of some magnitude and value in Burgundy, Lorraine, and Franche-Comté. It is estimated that in Paris alone the consumption of these creatures amounts to fully half a million

monthly. The market value of the fine vineyard snails is from two to four francs the hundred; those gathered about the forests, fields, and bye-ways are less highly esteemed, and do not command the same price. The owner of one *snailery* in the neighbourhood of Dijon is reported to realize a clear income of seven thousand francs a year from this source of industry.

Ages since, we know that locusts and wild honey formed the food of those whose dwelling was in the great wilderness of the East. They are to this day met with in the like extraordinary numbers as was wont to be the case in days long past, when they ravaged the land of Egypt, leaving ruin and desolation in their track. Man has, however, learnt to be avenged upon these winged pests; and since they eat up the substance of the earth, he retaliates in devouring them by wholesale. The Arab travellers in northern Africa often encounter myriads of these insects, and collect them in great numbers in bags during the night-time, when it appears they rest upon the bushes.

The African mode of cookery in this case is one of extreme simplicity, and for which, doubtless, Monsieur Soyer would feel the utmost contempt; nevertheless it answers their purpose, where culinary utensils would certainly be a great hindrance to travellers through the Desert of Zahara. A pit several feet in depth, and a foot or two in width, is dug in the ground, and a wood fire lit and kept burning in it until the earth be thoroughly heated. The embers are then rapidly removed, and a sackful of live locusts emptied quickly into the scorching pit, the mouth of which is immediately covered with sticks and sand, upon which another fire is kept burning for some time. In this way the heat above and below cooks the locusts sufficiently; and when the whole mass has cooled, they are removed and spread to dry on the grass, exposed to the rays of the sun. They are either eaten whole, first deprived of their wings and feet, or they are bruised into fine paste or powder, and worked up with meal and fat into a sort of savoury black-pudding, said to possess great richness of flavour.

The Hindoos of many parts of India eat them fried in oil, and the Hottentots relish them cooked in a variety of ways, boiled, roasted, or fried. They also make a rich gravy soup of them, in which their eggs are mixed, as a great delicacy. In

some parts of Africa they are salted and smoke-dried, and in this condition are said to bear a strong resemblance to fish, and to be very nutritious. In such vast quantities are they caught and cured, that it is not at all an uncommon thing to see whole waggon-loads of locusts brought into some of the African towns for sale, packed in baskets, as poultry is brought to Leadenhall market.

The natives of Australia feed upon butterflies and large white grubs with great avidity, asserting that they are more nourishing than the flesh of kangaroos or fowls. In order to catch the butterflies, they light fires beneath the trees, in which they are known to be resting for the night. The smoke ascending amongst the branches stupifies the insects, and they fall in great numbers to the ground, when they are collected and pounded into a sort of cake, and so eaten. As for the white grub, it is eaten alive at one mouthful.

A delicacy common to the aborigines of South America and Africa is the guana, a large kind of lizard, but far more unsightly, and perhaps not unlike a small crocodile. In spite of this repulsive form, it is cooked and eaten with great relish, especially in South America. The following passage from an old volume of *Travels*, by Peter Martyn, relates how the Spanish conquerors of that continent came in time to esteem the flesh of the guana:—"These serpentes," said the above author, "are lyke unto crocodiles, saving in bygness: they call them guanas. Unto that day none of owre men durste adventure to taste of them, by reason of theyre horrible deformitie and lothsomeness. Yet the Adelantado, being entysed by the pleasantness of the king's sister, Anacaona, determined to taste the serpentes. But when he felte the flesh thereof to be so deelycate to his tongue, he fel to amayne without al feare. The which thyng his companions perceiving were not behynd hym in greedynesse, insomuch that they had now none other talke than of the sweetnesse of these serpentes, which they

affirme to be of more pleasant taste than eyther our phesantes or partriches."

The natives of many parts of Australia roast several kinds of snakes, which are said to equal in delicacy and flavour the best stewed eels; and an English traveller asserts, that undoubtedly the steam from the roasting reptile was by no means unsavoury, whilst the flesh appeared to be exceedingly white, and on tasting a small piece of it roasted on a fire of dried sticks, it was found far from unpalatable.

Our list is yet far from exhausted, though perhaps enough has been said to show that a wide field for research may still be found, and that much may yet be done in the way of novelties for the tables of our epicures. There are the Greenlanders, with their blubber and putrid deer's flesh. There are the South Sea Islanders with their marine hogs, one part of which is beef, another bacon, in taste. There is the Indian garma, not made from salted mackerel and bcnetas, like that of the Romans, but from putrid shrimps and pounded cockroaches. There are the clay-balls, partaken of with so much relish by some tribes of Indians in Central America; and there are the moss-eaters of the Hudson's Bay territories. There are dainty folks in Russia who will pledge you in a goblet of unrefined train-oil, and there are dwellers in American prairies who esteem a draught of buffalo's blood as the richest drink on the earth.

It may be well that these exotic courses be taken into consideration by some of our culinary artistes; especially if, as reported, the Sydenham Palace is to contain, amongst other interesting collections, a couple of inhabitants from every land under the sun—a brace of representatives of every living species of humanity. Then, indeed, will it be necessary to study this universal bill of fare for the daily universal table, and birds'-nest soups, bow-wow-stews, fried serpents, harricoed snails, and baked locusts, must become items in the Sydenham "cookery for all nations."

PARLOUR OCCUPATIONS.

No. 3.—ILLUMINATED GLASS-PAINTING.

THIS third branch of our subject is by no means the least useful or the least beautiful kind of glass-painting; the effects produced by its means being rich and brilliant, and it being applicable to numberless ornamental articles; as letter-cases, blotting-books, portfolios, the lids of work- or netting-boxes, chess-tables, card-baskets, finger-plates, &c. &c.

The materials required are those water-colours named in our first article, viz.:—

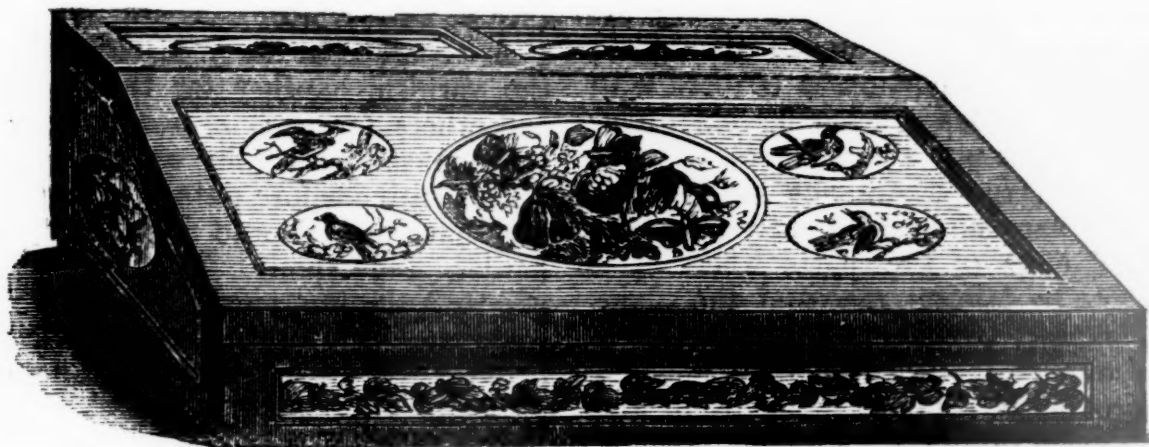
Prussian blue,	Carmine,
Ultramarine,	Scarlet or Crimson
Indigo,	lake,
Gamboge,	Vandyke brown,
Yellow lake,	Madder brown,
Burnt sienna,	Ivory black.
Purple lake,	

The greens must be made by combining

gamboge with one of the blues, as almost all cake greens, except verdigris, are opaque; and the camel-hair brushes and varnish and spirits of turpentine also mentioned there; besides these, a book of gold-leaf, one of silver leaf, a small bottle of japanner's gold-size, half an ounce of hartshorn, and some carmine in powder, will likewise be needed. The hartshorn, varnish, and gold-size must always be kept closely corked, as the air evaporates the strength of the former, and liquefies the two latter.

We will take the writing-desk of which a representation is given, and describe the process of preparing it.

The framework of the desk must be of wood, and all the panels into which it is intended that paintings should be inserted must have rabbets, or grooves, like those of a looking-glass or picture-frame, to



PATTERN OF WRITING-DESK.

enable them to receive the glass, and detached thin deal backs to support it in its place. Any hard wood will do for the framework, as it can be stained black, and polished, or varnished, or decorated with Persian or Arabesque painting. Of course, rosewood, satinwood, dark mahogany, or ebony can be used by those who choose to go to the expense of having the skeleton constructed of them; but a very handsome box or desk may be made by having the frame of any common hard wood, and afterwards staining and varnishing, or painting it.

The framework being made, a paste-board pattern of every piece of glass required for panels must be cut out, and sent to the glass-cutter's to have similar

shaped pieces of ground-glass cut from them. We have said sent, but it is always best to go one's self in order to get the ground-glass perfectly free from stain or speck, every blemish, however slight, being so very evident and unsightly when the painting is completed. Having obtained the glass, the next thing is to wash it well with soap and water, rinse it thoroughly in clear cold water, and polish it with a silk handkerchief. The pattern to be painted is now to be transferred to it in the way described in page 49; and then artistically worked up like a water-colour drawing, with this exception, that, instead of using carmine from a cake, some of the carmine powder is to be placed on the palette,

and dissolved in a few drops of hartshorn; and whenever this colour has to be used, the brush is to be moistened in hartshorn instead of in water.

In the large and central panel of our desk we have a group of flowers, with a butterfly settled on them: the insect should be one of the emperor species, richly tinted. Flowers should all be coloured as fully as they can be without exaggeration, not outraging nature, but taking the tints of her warm and luxuriant climes. When the whole is coloured, and is quite dry, the flowers must be varnished with copal varnish, laid on with a fine camel-hair pencil; and in doing this, the edge of every leaf, stem, and tendril must be most carefully kept, for any divergence from the outline will sadly mar the effect. The varnish must be laid smoothly and sufficiently on, but not too plentifully. The butterfly is not to be touched yet. In from half an hour to an hour the varnish will be set, and yet still adhesive. Now take the book of silver-leaf, and turning one of the paper pages gently back, press the sheet of silver-leaf beneath it smoothly down on to the varnished surface; lift the book carefully up, and, if the whole of the varnished portion is covered with silver, lay a folded silk handkerchief over it, and on this put a heavy book to press it. Should the whole not be covered, pass the varnish brush lightly along the silvered edge of the parts where it is requisite to join on pieces of the silver-leaf, and add portions of the size requisite completely to cover the painting; then, as before said, cover the group with a pad made of a folded silk handkerchief, and subject it for four or six hours to a pressure, which, while firm, shall not be so heavy as to crack the glass.

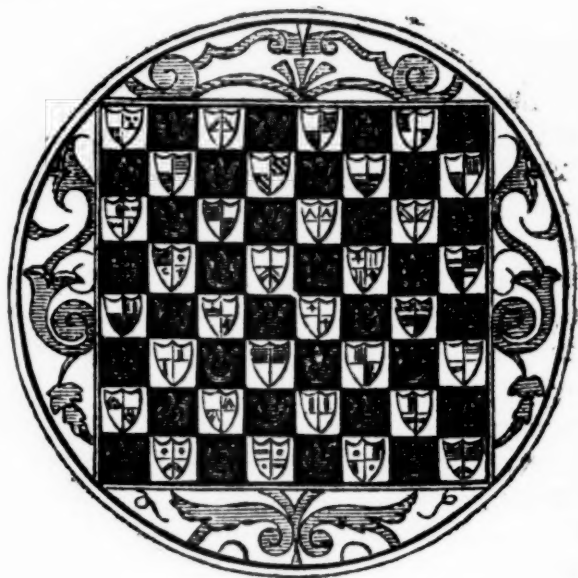
In about half a day, the silver will be fixed and the varnish dry; then remove the weight and covering, and with a bit of soft silk, or a full soft camel-hair brush, sweep off the superfluous portions of silver from the edges and interstices of the group; look at it from the glassy or right side, and, if all has gone well, the whole group, with the exception of the butterfly, will be *illuminated*—that is to say, the colours rendered luminous by a background of silver; should there, however, be any spots to which the silver has not adhered, the plate of glass must be laid down, and those places re-varnished and re-silvered, and again pressed and left to dry.

The flowers being now completed, we take another brush, and dipping it in the gold-size, we size the butterfly; and as the surface ceases to be wet, and remains only adhesive and moist, we lay on a portion of gold-leaf, and press that down, and leave it to dry, and brush it off in a similar manner, and then the butterfly, viewed from the right side, appears with all its hues enriched by gilding.

The ground of our panels is intended to be pale cream colour, which we produce by rubbing down flake-white powder and a very slight portion of carmine in varnish, until it is perfectly smooth and amalgamated, and then laying it evenly with a large soft brush over the whole of the ground side of the glass, covering the illuminated and gilded, as well as the untouched portions.

For *grounding*, we always use the impalpable powder colours, as vermilion, cobalt-blue, emerald-green, chrome, carmine, ivory black, and flake-white, rubbed down in varnish when wanted. The powders should be kept in bottles well corked. The lighter shades of each colour are to be produced by the admixture of flake-white.

A separate brush will be needed for the varnish, another for the gold size, and others for each *ground* colour; and these must be carefully washed in spirits of turpentine before put away, and before they have had time to dry at all, or they harden and spoil. The palette, and palette-knife too, must be washed in the same way before the varnish colour dries on, or it will not be cleaned without much difficulty.



ILLUMINATED CHESS-TABLE.

The top of a chess-table is a very pretty object when done in illuminated

painting. The first thing is to make or procure a design for it, if it is intended that it shall be really artistic; the next is to obtain a piece of glass of the requisite circumference, and thoroughly to cleanse it.

In the illustration the light squares are shields brilliantly tinted and *illuminated* on a white or pale lemon ground; and the dark ones arabesque devices, *gilded* on an ivory-black ground. On the border is a scroll, which is to be shaded with burnt sienna and carmine, and picked out with ivory black, and then *gilded*; the shading with the tints we have specified heightens the colours of the gold. The ground of the border is *sparkled*, according to the directions given in our article on "Opaque Glass Painting," p. 51, and coloured with cobalt blue, or emerald green, in the manner there ordered for *grounded*.

The lines dividing the squares from each other, and separating the border from the squares, are all to be done with ivory black, rubbed down in varnish, as if for *grounding*.

In the screen, of which we give a cut, the vase is to be shaded with sienna, umber, and carmine, and outlined with black,



ILLUMINATED PATTERN SCREEN.

in water-colours, and the bunch of moss-roses painted in their natural hues. The vase may then be gold sized and *gilded*, and when that is quite dry, the roses may be varnished and *illuminated*. The *ground* should be white.

The pattern on the border is to be shaded with burnt-sienna, umber, &c., and then *gilded*, and the rest *sparkled*

thickly, and then silver leaf laid over the sparkles.

The backs of all pieces of glass thus painted should, when completed, be carefully protected by a covering of linen, or strong paper, in order that they may escape friction and scratches.

Our readers can form no idea of the beautiful effect of illuminated glass-painting unless they have seen specimens of it, the metallic lustre of the gold and silver leaf rendering the colours so luminous and brilliant. Those who have perused our first two articles will see that this third is a compound of the other two, heightened and enriched by additional matter; that it is the transparent painting silvered, and then grounded with the opaque painting. In our first article we spoke of the necessity of keeping the outline intact while varnishing a flower or bird, or any object; here this necessity is still greater, for any infraction of the outline renders that part of the glass transparent which should not be so; and, from the silver adhering wherever varnish has touched, will cause a blotch or speck of silver to be visible on the right side, which not only looks ugly, but does that which it should be our object to avoid—betrays how we have produced that peculiar and glittering appearance which is the characteristic of illuminated painting.

For *gilded* borders, or corners, or devices, we always simply shade with burnt sienna and carmine, or umber, or bister, and outline with ivory black, as there we wish to have the gold-leaf seen. Vases, baskets, &c., should be *gilded* while the flowers they contain are *illuminated*; flowers do not look well *gilded*. All dark butterflies should be *gilded*. Birds may have their breasts *illuminated*, and their wings *gilded*. Shells generally require to be *illuminated*.

We should advise those who intend to practise this style of glass-painting to purchase their gold and silver leaf by the book, of a gold beater, as they will find this much the most economical plan. The glass is very inexpensive. They will be able to make up blotting books, portfolios, &c., themselves, as the two squares of glass form the covers; and these, lined with silk or velvet, and bound with ribbon or gold-stamped edging, put on with gum water, are soon completed. Card-baskets are rather more difficult, as each separate piece of glass must fit; but if we cut out the basket in card-board, and have the glass cut from these pieces of cardboard,

and then sew the latter together, and, when the glass is painted and backed with linen or paper, glue or gum each portion into its place, we shall find that, with a little chenil or gold trimming, a very pretty whole is produced; especially if each compartment has been tastefully designed. Of course a much firmer and lighter basket may be obtained by having a metal framework, and setting the panels of glass in it.

For larger articles, as chess-tables, work-boxes, &c., where wood work is required, of course we must seek the aid of

proper workmen; but many very pretty and ornamental trifles may be constructed at an exceedingly moderate expense by ingenious fingers; and if the *illuminated* glass-painting had no other merit, it has, at least, that of being unhackneyed, and is therefore the better adapted for presents. Such as it is, we leave it in the hands of our readers, confident that if they give it one trial they will again and again revert to the pleasing occupation, and each time with additional zest, from their having become more skilled in all its delicate manipulations.

THE MAGNETIZER.

"DREAMS resemble the foam of waves, seen but for an instant, and which then vanishes for ever," said old Baron Hildebrandt, stretching forth his hand, as he spoke, to ring for his servant Kaspar; for the usual period of retiring to rest had long since passed by. The autumnal blast howled round the turrets of the old manor-house, and Maria, the baron's daughter, a beautiful girl of seventeen, enveloped in a large shawl, seemed endeavouring to contend against the approaches of sleep. At a short distance off stood Ottmar, the baron's son, a grave student of the universities, whose active brain philosophized on all things.

"Father," said the young man, "how can you maintain, with any show of reason, that dreams are not mysterious phenomena which place us, while they last, in direct communication with the invisible world?"

"My dear boy," said the baron, "I am, on this point, of the opinion of the materialists, who can perceive nothing but what is perfectly natural in these pretended mysteries of nature, which are, after all, but the simple effects of our own imaginations."

"But," objected Maria, "might not these dreams, which you treat so lightly, be the results of that fermentation which takes place in the brain, and which, during the hours of sleep, disengages our vital spirits from their material prison-house, to let them hover amid those sublime regions which are bounded by neither time nor space?"

"My dear child," returned the baron, "while hearing you speak thus, I fancy I am listening to the incoherent ramblings of our friend Alban. You well know the opinions I hold with respect to all the

wild systems so constantly hatched by the visionaries of the present day. Dreams are neither more nor less than the fruits of a certain feverish over-excitement of our organs; and I can plainly see the proof of what I advance, in the disagreeable impressions they give birth to during their continuance—and, in some cases, even for a length of time after they have passed away. If dreams really placed us in a state of communication with the invisible world, why should they not serve as an initiation to the infinite delights of a blessed eternity, which we are encouraged to look forward to beyond this terrestrial life?"

Ottmar was about to raise an endless discussion upon this matter, but the baron would not give him time.

"Let us break off this conversation," said he; "I am in no humour for arguing. Besides, this day, the ninth of September, is for me the anniversary of a very painful reminiscence of my youth, which I never think of without emotion."

"But," interrupted the student, "is it not clearly established that the magnetic influence——"

"Oh, for Heaven's sake!" cried the baron, "never pronounce that odious word in my presence; the very name of magnetism is hateful to me. He who professes this odious art pays, sooner or later, by his own ruin, the penalty of that culpable curiosity which incited him to raise that veil with which an all-wise God has seen fit to conceal His works. I recollect, my dear children, that, at the period when I was studying at the Gymnasium of Berlin, there was among our professors a certain man whose countenance I shall never forget; for even after this lapse of time, I cannot recall

his features to my mind without an inward shudder. To an almost gigantic stature, of a skeleton-like meagreness, was joined one of those physiognomies which the most fantastic imagination would scarcely dare to create. He was endowed with physical strength and manual dexterity to an eminent degree. The account he gave of himself was, that, when a major in the Danish service, he was obliged to fly his country, in consequence of having killed his superior officer in a duel; though it was the opinion of many that, in place of a duel, it was a murder that he had committed on the person of his general. He was a very stern man, and of unexampled severity toward the pupils of the gymnasium. But there were certain days during which his character seemed totally changed: he appeared then the most affectionate and indulgent of men. During these moments of expansion, if I may use the term, if we were to touch his hand with our own, the contact would cause a singular fluid to circulate throughout our nervous system, which, by I know not what inexplicable sympathy, seemed to bind us as it were under the dominion of his will. But these days of calm were rare; he would quickly resume his usual stern habits, and then his very aspect struck terror to our hearts. Sometimes he would work himself up into a state of delirium: on these occasions we would see him, clad in his old red uniform, running through the courts of the gymnasium, making furious cuts and passes in the air with his naked sword, as though he were opposed to some terrible adversary; then he would act as though he were crushing a dead body beneath his heel, accompanying all these gestures with the most horrible oaths. At other times he would climb the trees with the velocity of a wild cat, or would scour the woods and plains, uttering piercing cries. These crises lasted frequently an entire day. The following morning he would be quite calm, and without the slightest recollection of his previous extravagances; but his character became every day more and more intractable and violent. The strangest reports were circulated respecting him throughout the city as well as the schools: they said that the major had secrets whereby he could cure all diseases by the imposition of hands, or even by a look; and this impression became so strong that one day he was actually

obliged to drive away with a stick a crowd of persons who had come to importune him to try upon them his miraculous powers. Certain persons, indeed, went so far as to say that he held converse with evil spirits, and that sooner or later his life would terminate by some fearful catastrophe. At any rate, whatever might be his conduct to others, the major constantly testified towards me a degree of gentleness and affection which drew from me a full return. I shall not relate to you all the strange scenes which passed between us, but content myself by narrating the following circumstance, which, were I to live a thousand years, I should never lose the recollection of. During the night of the ninth of September, 17—, I dreamed that the major came to my bedside, and, fixing upon me a stern and penetrating glance, covered my eyes with his right hand, saying:—

“Miserable earthly creature that thou art, recognise in me thy master! I possess, like God, the power of reading thy inmost thoughts!”

“At the same time, I felt something cold and sharp, like the blade of a knife, pierce through my forehead to the very brain. I uttered a cry of terror, and awoke, bathed in a cold perspiration, and ready to expire with terror. With difficulty I arose from my bed, and proceeded to open the window, in hopes that the cool night air would in some measure restore my disordered senses; but what was my surprise and terror when I beheld, by the light of the moon, the fatal major, clad in his old red coat, in the act of opening a gate which led into the fields, and, after passing through, close it behind him with a loud noise. I fell senseless to the floor.

“On the following day, when I related to our inspector what had befallen me the previous night, he assured me, at first, that I had been dreaming; but as the major had not yet appeared, and the day was now far advanced, they went to his bedroom. The door was barricaded within, and it required considerable strength to force it. On entering the room, a terrible spectacle met our view; the body of the major was stretched on the floor, his eyes glassy, his lips covered with a bloody foam; in his hand was his drawn sword, which could with difficulty be extracted from the grasp of his stiffened fingers. Every exertion was made to restore animation, but in vain: he was dead.”

The baron added nothing further to this

recital. Ottmar, who had listened attentively to his father's story, now meditated on what he had heard; his brow supported by his hand. Maria sat in silence, trembling with emotion and fear. At this moment the painter, Franz Bichert, an old friend of the family, who during the baron's recital had entered the room unperceived, now gave vent to a hearty burst of laughter.

"Pretty stories, by my faith!" cried he, "to relate before young girls at bedtime! For my part, I follow a system diametrically opposed to that of our dear baron. As I well know by experience that the dreams of the night are the fruits of the sensations experienced during the day, I am always careful, before retiring to rest, to dismiss from my thoughts every painful impression, and to amuse my mind by some pleasing recollection of bygone days. This is, I can tell you, an excellent remedy against the nightmare. Besides, my friends, all these terrible dreams which occasionally torment us—such as fancying that one is falling from a tower, or having one's head cut off—are but the results of some physical pain which reacts upon our moral senses. Now, I recollect dreaming once that I was present at a supper party; an officer and student began to quarrel, and finally threw their glasses at each other's heads. In my endeavour to separate them, I got wounded in the hand by the broken glass, and the pain was so great that it awoke me. Now, the fact is, my hand really was bleeding; for in my sleep I had scratched it severely with a large pin which had been left sticking in the counterpane. I have had, at other times, frightful dreams, and——"

"Ah! for mercysake," interrupted Maria, "spare me these horrid recitals to-night!"

"No," said Bichert; "no mercy! You must know, then, that one night I dreamed that I was invited to a brilliant *conversazione*, at the house of the Princess Almaldasongi. On reaching the middle of the saloon, I was about, as in duty bound, to pay some respectful compliment to my beautiful hostess, when, casting a glance of satisfaction over my person, what was my horror on perceiving that I had forgotten my—*continuations*!"

A burst of laughter from the baron and his children greeted this sally of Franz Bichert; but, without giving his audience time to recover its gravity, the lively artist continued:—

"Shall I relate to you," said he, "a yet

more humiliating discovery? I dreamed another night that I was but twenty years of age, and that I was about to figure in a quadrille with an adorable woman. I had expended my last thaler, in order to bestow a little factitious luxury upon my sole gala suit. Well, I arrived, and, mingling with the brilliant throng, was eagerly pressing towards the doors of the saloon, when a horrid shaggy house dog suddenly appeared before me, and, opening the door of a stove, said, 'My pretty gentleman, it is through this hole, if you please, that you must find your way to the ball-room.' Again, no later than last night, I fancied that I had become a sheet of paper; a wretched 'poet of the million,' armed with an ill-cut goose quill, was tearing my epidermis in all directions, by scribbling his vile rhymes, all defaced with blots and erasures as they were, upon my poor individual surface. Another time I dreamed that a surgeon was dismembering me piece by piece, as if I were a wooden puppet, deriving a cruel amusement from watching the effect produced by planting my limbs in the middle of my back, or adding my right arm as a continuation to my left. Again——"

But here the baron and his children interrupted the story-teller with shouts of laughter, so loud and inextinguishable that our friend Franz Bichert was obliged to renounce his sallies.

Ottmar now took the word.

"Our friend," said he, "places himself, by his recitals, in contradiction with his own system; for he relates us tales droll enough to make us die with laughter, or rather he has but ill succeeded in preparing for himself such dreams as he desires. But however that may be, I am not the less persuaded that the magnetic influence ——"

"Come, come," interrupted the baron, "are you about to recommence this chapter? I would much rather see Maria make us a bowl of punch, to keep us in good humour, if she will be good enough."

Bichert loudly applauded this idea; and while Maria commenced the *brew*, occupied himself in restoring the dying embers of the fire. When the punch was ready, Ottmar filled the glasses; and Bichert, while emptying his glass in a single draught, exclaimed:—

"I never find this nectar so delicious as when it is prepared by the hands of our pretty Maria. She communicates to all she touches a celestial perfume; the

mysterious influence of her beauty produces this charming effect; and *that*, in my opinion, is the most incontestible magnetism——”

“What! you are at your magnetism again?” cried the baron. “Will you never get out of the region of the fantastic and extravagant to-night? Maria is, in truth, a pretty—and, what is better, a good young girl; but, thanks to you, I shall end by taking her some of these days, for a being of another sphere. Let us endeavour, then, I beseech you, to live in peace with that good but much abused every-day life of ours, and enjoy thankfully while we may those blessings which a bountiful Providence has bestowed upon us.”

“I have a great wish, however,” said Ottmar, “to make our friend Bichert acquainted with a single fact which Alban related to me the other day, and which has left a deep impression on my mind. During his sojourn at the university, Alban had formed an intimacy with a young man named Theobald, whose exterior, at the very first glance, most favourably impressed all those with whom he came in contact. Theobald, with the most unbounded good nature and the liveliest spirits, possessed a tender and feeling heart; but by degrees, from the day of his first acquaintance with Alban, his spirits visibly lowered, his character became sad, reserved, and almost morose; his imagination, from being a dreamy one, became by degrees strangely excitable. Alban alone possessed the power of overcoming this irritable nature; whose energy dispensed itself now but in fitful and unavailing bursts of complaint against the meanness and sordidness of life.

“It had been arranged that Theobald, after having taken his degrees at the University of J——, should return to his native city, there to wed the daughter of his guardian, and live peaceably on the handsome revenue bequeathed to him by his parents. All his tastes were now turned towards the study of animal magnetism, his first lessons in which he owed to his friend Alban. The task, I believe, which he proposed to himself was nothing less than to push to the furthest possible limits the development of the mysterious phenomena of this science.

“Some time after his return home, he wrote to Alban a despairing letter, in which he announced that, during his absence an officer of some foreign regiment having, on his route, been billeted in his

guardian’s house, had fallen in love with his betrothed, and succeeded in making her partake his passion. When this officer had been obliged to depart with his regiment, the young girl had fallen into such a state of mind in consequence of the separation, that her brain had become visibly affected, and they feared for her life. Thus poor Theobald had at the same time to lament the lost affection of his betrothed, and to dread every moment lest he should see the object of his affections perish before his eyes. Alban immediately replied to him that his misfortune was not irreparable, and that in his opinion magnetism would most infallibly restore to him his beloved. Theobald profited by this advice, and, with the assent of his betrothed’s mother, he repaired every night to the bedside of the young girl—at the moment when, ceding to the power of sleep, she would fall under the empire of painful dreams, in which the name of the absent officer would return unceasingly to her lips. He practised upon his betrothed those magnetic passes in whose secret virtue Alban had instructed him, until by slow and careful degrees, having brought her to the somnambule state, he conversed with her, recalling tenderly to her mind their childish days and their long and mutual affection. Step by step the young girl allowed herself, as it were, to be penetrated by the magical ascendancy of that strange power exercised over her by her lover; and now, every time that she fell into the state of somnambulism, her sensations and her replies to the questions addressed to her, reverted naturally to Theobald and to the recollections of her earliest youth. The domination of Theobald became at length so complete, that his betrothed ended by existing, as it were, but through his life and his will. It seemed as though the soul of her lover had mingled its spiritual essence with her own, or that she herself lived in him.”

Ottmar had reached this point of his story when all at once Maria changed colour, screamed aloud, and would have fallen to the ground had not Bichert darted forward in time to receive her senseless form in his arms. All means were hastily tried to restore animation, but in vain; she seemed cold and dead.

“Ah!” cried Ottmar, “if Alban were here he could save her!”

Scarcely had he given utterance to these words, when the door of the apartment opened and Alban himself appeared

proceeding with a grave step to the young girl's side, he took her hand and said to her, as if she had power to hear him—

"Maria, what is the matter?"

The invalid trembled at these words, moved restlessly on the sofa, and murmured in a low voice—

"Leave me, accursed being! I wish to die, at least without suffering further tortures."

Alban smiled; and, looking round at the party, said—

"Fear nothing; this is a slight attack of fever; but she is going to sleep, and in six hours, when she will awake, you must make her swallow twelve drops of the liquor contained in this bottle."

At the same time he placed in Ottmar's hands a small silver phial, bowed, and retired as he had come.

"Bravo!" exclaimed Bichert. "There's a marvellous doctor for you! The inspired glance, the prophetic voice, the bottle of elixir—nothing is wanting!"

"My good Bichert," said the old baron, "our pleasant evening has ended very sadly. Since Alban's departure I had often dreamed that some fatal event would bring him back to us. Would to God that my forebodings had deceived me!"

"But, my worthy friend," returned Bichert, "we ought, in my opinion, to regard this unlooked-for return of Alban as a most opportune one; for, after all, you must allow that he is a skilful physician; and you cannot have forgotten that some time ago, when our pretty Maria was suffering from a most distressing nervous complaint, against which all the usual remedies were powerless, Alban was enabled to cure her in a few weeks by means of that very magnetism which you so heartily detest. In my opinion we ought to be careful in giving way to prejudices against modern science: nature conceals within her bosom thousands of secrets which it will take centuries to bring to light."

"My good friend," returned the baron, "I can assure you that I am not further behind the times than my neighbours, nor am I in any way the enemy of scientific progress. But I really believe, to tell you the truth, that my antipathy for magnetism arises in a great measure from the difficulty I experience in defining this Alban, with whom my son is so infatuated. I seek in vain to seize something real and tangible, under the multiplied forms and physiognomies with which this singular man envelopes himself. I am well aware

of the gratitude I owe him for the cure of my beloved daughter; I would for such a service have willingly bestowed upon him, had it been in my power, all the treasures of a king. Well, my dear Bichert, can you imagine that a degree of repulsion, which I cannot shake off, has ever withheld me from cordially testifying my gratitude: every day this man becomes, despite myself, more odious to me. When I look at him I fancy I have before my eyes that diabolical Danish major who had formerly caused me so much terror."

"Ah!" cried Bichert, "we have here, without going any further, the whole secret of this inexplicable aversion. It is not Alban, it is this Danish major who besieges your imagination by a fatal resemblance. The honest Doctor Alban bears the punishment of his hooked nose and penetrating black eyes; and even allowing that he may be something of a visionary, let us pass over this failing, since he both desires and practises good. Let us put aside the pardonable weaknesses of the man, and render homage to the noble science of medicine, of which he is so distinguished a disciple."

"What you say, Franz," interrupted the baron, rising from his seat, "is not the free expression of your thoughts; you seek to alleviate my apprehensions, but your efforts are in vain. I perceive, under the human form of this Alban, an infernal being from whom there is everything to be feared. Listen to me, Franz: assist me in watching over this man; for there is in him, I repeat to you, something dreadful and unearthly."

The two friends clasped each other's hands before retiring to rest. The night was dark and silent; Maria lay in a sort of lethargic sleep. At the end of six hours she awoke, and the prescription of Doctor Alban was punctually administered. Some moments afterwards her health appeared more flourishing than ever, and she had no recollection of her accident of the previous evening.

On this day Alban did not appear at the family dinner hour, sending word in excuse for his absence, that a long correspondence absorbed every moment of his time.

* * * *

MARIA TO ADELGUNDA:—

"Dearest friend of my childhood! what happiness your letter has given me! I almost died of joy in recognising your handwriting. With what delight I re-

ceived the good news you sent me of your brother Hippolytus, my beloved husband *that is to be*. Dearest Adelgunda, your poor Maria has been very, very ill. I can scarcely express to you the peculiar nature of my sufferings; all the affairs of life appeared to me as it were contrariwise and distorted; the slightest sound pierced through to my brain, as if it were a needle. I experienced, while awake, the strangest dreams; a species of secret uneasiness consumed with a slow fire all my strength; I felt the approach of death with all his terrors, and yet I struggled to live. All the physicians called in by my dear father were but losing their time with me, when, one day, Ottmar brought one of his friends to the house, who cured me in a marvellous manner. In almost all my dreams, I had beheld a grave and handsome man, who, despite his air of extreme youth, inspired me with feelings of profound respect. This fantastic personage attracted me towards him, by compelling me to love him with a sort of mysterious tenderness. Judge, my dear Adelgunda—judge of my surprise, when I recognised, feature for feature, the man of my dreams in the friend whom my brother presented to me. Alban, for that is his name, submits me, despite myself, to the power of his glance; but, in place of the nervous convulsions which formerly agitated me, I feel a sort of drowsy calmness stealing over me, and circulating throughout all my senses. My dreams have vanished, my sleep has become profound, and the feverish excitement of my feelings has abated; and yet it sometimes happens, that during sleep I feel myself endowed as it were with a new sense—a mysterious communication is established between Alban and myself. During these times, he interrogates me, and I reply to him; I tell him what is passing within me, as if I were reading in a book. At other times, it is Alban himself who occupies my thoughts. It seems to me that I find within myself his very thoughts; that by his will he can raise within my soul a flame which burns or fades away, as his will attracts or repels me;—it is a sort of transubstantiation state, in which I taste a degree of ineffable happiness, superior in felicity to everything which this physical life can offer. You will, doubtless, laugh at me, my dearest Adelgunda; and you will believe me either very silly or very ill. But, however that may be, rest assured that I have never loved your brother Hippolytus more ten-

derly than I do at this present moment, nor more ardently longed for his return. Since Alban has submitted me to the influence of his power—which he calls, I believe, magnetism,—it seems to me that it is through him that I love Hippolytus with a deeper, fonder love. Alban, that sublime and benevolent spirit, will watch over and protect us until our union. And yet, dearest friend, there are moments when I feel a sort of inward unaccountable terror of this strange being: dread suspicions tear aside the veil of enthusiasm with which I surround, at the bottom of my heart, the features of Alban. I have hours of fascination, during which I fancy I behold him surrounded by all those attributes made use of, they say, in unholy rites: his noble features are then strangely and horribly distorted and decomposed, and I see before me but a hideous skeleton, whose bones crack beneath the sinuous forms of snake-like reptiles which wreath and twine themselves around him. For the rest, Alban, who possesses my entire confidence, and to whom I relate all the sensations I experience with regard to him, never varies in his manner towards me; it is ever the same kind, gentle, affectionate man; and this majestic calm makes me ashamed of my silly ideas. This, dearest Adelgunda, is the story of my *inner* life. My heart is lighter, now that I have no longer any secrets from you. Farewell."

ALBAN TO THEOBALD:—

"Human existence is the prize of a conflict; more than this, it is a conflict itself. The victory is to the strongest; for strength is the natural law of all things. The being subjugated adds his own strength to that already possessed by his conqueror. Intellectual force has its combats and its victories, like physical force. Very frequently a mediocre amount of intelligence overcomes, and submits to its power an immense amount of physical force: it dwells within us as a reflection of God, by whom power over other beings is given to us. Of the mysteries connected with the union of body and spirit, we are ignorant. The discovery of this science would initiate us at once into the all-powerfulness of the Creator. The only advance, then, that we can make in this direction is, to exercise, to the profit of our desires—within that circle which has been traced out for us,—the amount of strength with which we are severally endowed for the purpose of the enjoyment

of creation. Some time since, I met a young girl, whose aspect caused certain sympathetic chords to vibrate within my heart. I felt inwardly convinced that sovereign power was given me wherewith to draw her life within my own; but, for this purpose, it was necessary to contend with a foreign power which ruled her. This young girl was loved, and this love she returned. I concentrated upon a single point all the strength of my will. Woman has received from nature a passive organization; it is in the *voluntary* sacrifice she makes of her personality, to pour out her soul into the bosom of that being by whose superiority she is swayed, that resides the felicity which love bestows. A sojourn of a week in company with the beautiful Maria was sufficient for my penetrating observation to know her thoughts: I applied to the exquisite delicacy of her organs the action of magnetism—that science at which the vulgar sneer. I established between her and myself certain sympathetic affinities—of the chain of which, even absence and separation cannot burst a link. She fell under my power in certain fits of hallucination, which her father and brother took for the attacks of a nervous disorder. As the friend of her brother, who admired, without comprehending, certain experiments which I had amused myself by showing him, I was called in to see the young girl in my character of physician. She recognised me by a mysterious shudder, which assured me of my empire; for a single look, the mere exercise of the will, was sufficient to throw her into the state of somnambulism—that is to say, to draw her soul within my own. Since I have lived near her, the image of Hippolytus is fading gradually, but surely, from her memory. Ere long, the last obstacles will fall. This Hippolytus is a colonel in the army; he is, at this moment, on service, far away from his betrothed. I desire not that he should perish; I even wish that he may return, for his presence will add one charm more to the victory whose delicious fruits I soon shall taste. Farewell, my dear disciple.” . . .

The country, strewn with fallen and withered leaves, seemed in mourning for the death of the past summer. Heavy, leaden-hued clouds driven wildly forward by the cold autumnal blast, obscured the face of the sky. Pressing hastily forward in order to reach my inn, for the day was rapidly declining, I discovered at the turn of a hill the little village of —, couched in its solitary valley like a lark's nest

between the two furrows of a corn field. The church bell tolled a funeral knell, and in the rustic cemetery the grave diggers awaited the last prayers of their old pastor ere they consigned the body of their fellow-creature to its final resting-place. Pursuing my way into the village, I fell in with some men who were returning slowly from the funeral, and walking behind them I overheard their discourse.

“Our old friend Franz sleeps the sleep of the just,” said one.

“May God grant us grace to end our days like him!” added another.

I learned from the discourse of these honest villagers, that the deceased was named Franz Bichert, an old painter, who had finished his career in the bosom of an almost absolute retreat, in a little gothic, dilapidated manor house, which they pointed out to me standing upon an eminence near the village. On the following day, the pastor took me with him to visit this little castle. In one of the drawers of an old worm-eaten secretary, we discovered some detached leaves of paper. I gathered them up mechanically; they were covered with brief notes, by means of which I was enabled to discover the conclusion of Maria's history.

It would seem, that on a certain night, old Baron Hildebrandt, leaning upon the arm of his friend Franz Bichert, was proceeding to his bedroom, when, on reaching the middle of the long gallery they perceived a whitish figure bearing a dark lantern in its hands, which seemed to issue furtively from Maria's chamber. With a stifled cry of terror, the Baron exclaimed: “It is the Major, Franz; it is the Danish Major!”

The form had vanished; not a sound was heard. In an agony of terror and anxiety the Baron entered his daughter's bedroom: fair and calm as an angel, she was reposing upon her virginal couch, a gentle smile just parting her rosy lips. Hippolytus had returned from service. The marriage was fixed for the following day, and the nuptial robe lay ready prepared on a sofa beside the bed of the sleeping girl.

On the following morning, the young couple proceeded to church; but at the very moment of kneeling at the foot of the altar, Maria fell.

She was dead!—The magnetizer had consumed her soul! All those who loved her soon followed her to the tomb.

Immediately after this sad event, Alban quitted the village, but of his after career none are cognizant.

THE CIGAR.

ALTHOUGH we smoke equally with the pipe and the cigar, yet enormous is the distance between these two methods of burning tobacco. The dandy can allow himself the cigar; if he respects himself he will utterly repudiate the pipe. The plain why and because of this custom we need not to take upon ourselves exactly to determine, we merely give it as we find it; for certain it is that the individual, be he "gent" or gentleman, who would not hesitate to show himself to all eyes with a leaf of rolled tobacco in his mouth, would not dare to appear with a root of Ulm, or an *ecume de mer* suspended from his lips. A pipe certainly does entail upon the smoker the necessity of holding it almost unceasingly in his hand, and sometimes of putting it into his pocket after he has made use of it; thence indubitably arises some trouble, to say nothing of the embarrassment caused by bearing about with one a black, ill-extinguished, filthy crater which, at the very least, cannot fail to taint one's clothes with that most "seedy" of all odours, stale tobacco smoke, and at the worst may set them actually on fire; whilst, on the other hand, the used-up cigar is cast to the winds, mingles with the rest of the accumulated filth of the public way, offering its modest tribute to the manure of the soil, and by the decomposition of certain gases even furnishing a resource for vegetation; this being the case, we should not be in the least astonished if that spirit of analysis which seems to be becoming universal amongst us, should induce, one of these days, some profound agricultural chemist to enrich one of our scientific journals with a paper entitled, "Of the cigar butt, considered in its relations to agriculture." We should then be enabled to see how many parts of carbon, hydrogen, nitrogen, &c., &c., are furnished to our manures by the leaves of tobacco, rolled at Liverpool, London, and the Havanas, and the grave chemist might even be able to inform us of the exact amount of difference existing in the final residue of each of these separate fabrications.

The cigar varies in form, flavour, odour, colour; there are long, short, thick, slender, yellow, black, brown, and mottled cigars; but there are above all strong and mild cigars. The first of these last-named articles plays frequently some scurvy

tricks to young beginners in the noble (?) art of smoking. There are few of these young gentlemen who have not at some period of their career experienced the frightfully nauseous effects of what may be termed tobacco intoxication; a truly terrible intoxication, during which life itself seems ready to depart, the heart feels as though it would cease to beat, the features become pale as death, and the stomach, and indeed the entire frame, falls a prey to a sort of indescribable, undefinable anguish, almost similar to that produced by the operation of two or three grains of a powerful emetic. While under the influence of this species of intoxication the patient in vain endeavours to hold up his head, but his efforts are futile, he stretches himself in silent agony upon his bed, and there remains speechless, senseless, motionless, until at length nature resumes her sway and the tobacco fiend is finally exorcised.

The cigar entails many other inconveniences on the smoker, of a less serious nature, however, than those we have just alluded to, the more prominent of which we shall briefly enumerate:—

1st. You have a cigar in your mouth and you are conversing with a friend, when the ignited fire of your eloquence, now in full blaze, prevents your thinking of that of your cigar which is rapidly dying away; then, entirely given up to the discussion of your subject, you do not perceive that you are now sucking the end of a cold, insensible fragment of vegetable matter, and that you are drawing therefrom but an acrid savour, which will taint your mouth for hours afterwards.

2nd. You re-light your rolled leaf, and, taught by your late accident, you actively encourage, by a series of vigorous puffs, the flame which consumes one of the extremities, but having removed it from your lips for a moment you forget, on restoring it to its place, which is the proper end to insert in your mouth, and you accordingly burn your tongue and cover your lips with hot ashes.

3rd. After having lighted your cigar you forget to shake off the piece of *amadou* which has served you for this purpose; the consequence is, that this unlucky fragment falls in an inflammable state upon the tie of your cravat, upon your waistcoat, or between some of the in-

scrutable plaits of your elaborately got-up shirt front, utterly destroying the most delicate adornments of your toilet.

4th. Being of an economical turn, you smoke your cigars to the very end, bestowing but the smallest possible portion upon the Sewage Manure Company, so that frequently you reject not this fragment until it has previously blistered your lips or burned your fingers, a circumstance which does not materially add to the natural placidity of your temper.

5th and lastly. The odour of tobacco, once mistress of your mouth, reigns therein with despotic sway, and is finally eradicated only with the greatest difficulty; for, in spite of fallacious gargles, lozenges, *cachou aromatisé*, and such like pretended nostrums, it accompanies faithfully your breath, repelling alike the effusions of love's ardour, and the approach of all delicate olfactory organs.

The cigar is, besides, a promoter of selfishness; one bestows not upon it any of those little cares and attentions which are lavished upon a pipe; this latter article is frequently attired in a piece of a kid glove, or enveloped in a fragment of a silk pocket-handkerchief, in order to ward off the contact of the cold air, or the occurrence of unforeseen accidents; it is handled with a certain degree of delicacy and precaution; you get interested in the manner in which it is "browning," you become attached to it; you even derive a certain amount of glory from it; you boast of it. Now how different, how

sadly different, is the deplorable fate of the cigar. It is forgotten half-smoked; it is thrown away if it should draw badly or if its flavour should not please; it is most roughly handled to enlarge its pores; if its surface is broken a miserable piece of paper, impregnated with saliva, is clumsily wrapped round the fracture. All this induces us to affirm that the cigar maintains the selfishness, indifference, and carelessness of which it is the habitual victim; it can even initiate us into a knowledge of the conduct of a husband towards his better half, and we always have a better opinion of that individual who carefully and affectionately tends his *ecume de mer*, than of him who roughly handles his cigar. And yet in this handling of the cigar, however, there is room for the display of a certain degree of grace; the fop holds it delicately, attracting by this proceeding the eyes of others to the white and delicately formed hand and well shaped nails; his teeth, too, appear whiter, and his lips of a livelier carnation when viewed through the dark undulations of the curling tobacco smoke; yes, it must be owned that there is a certain degree of coquetry here. And besides all this, if the fair vendor be pretty you can buy your cigars from her one by one; and the more you buy the more complaisant does she become; and thus each separate purchase is a new step adapted to that ladder by the aid of which you climb up to her heart, and insinuate yourself into her good graces.

FIRST LOVE.

I NEED not tell you, Janet,
That my heart is still as true,
As when in childhood's merry time,
Its cares were light and few;
It was, indeed, a childish faith
That bound our spirits then,
Of which some feeble glimmerings
Seem wafted back again.
Our young hearts beat in unison,
Our trust was undefiled,
And little merry thoughts and words,
Our happy hours beguiled;
We loved each other, Janet, then,
Yet knew not whence our joy,
For childhood gathers gold alone,
And shuns the base alloy;

We had not felt the world's rude touch,
Which brushes from the heart
Of childhood all the golden hopes,
And bids its joys depart.

Sweet visions of the days of old
Are often with me now,
And flit like gleams of golden light,
Across this aching brow;
Oh, yes! the dreamy bliss of youth
Seems wafted back once more,
As memory's sunny fingers point
To merry days of yore.
And still, dear Janet, we have love
To light up future years;
And sunshine, as of old, may break

Through sorrow's cloud of tears ;
 So let me clasp your hand, dear heart,
 And look into your eyes
 For that soft light of love which seems
 A ray from Paradise.
 Some day, beside our household hearth,
 I'll weave you simple rhymes,
 As, cheered by bonny blazing logs,
 We think of olden times.

I used to watch, when school was o'er,
 To meet you on the green ;
 And sometimes walked behind you, love,
 And hoped I'd not be seen ;
 To carry home your book and slate,
 Was heaven then to me ;
 And when you smiled, my heart would
 jump
 With boyish ecstasy.
 Well, so our youthful love began
 In life's first sunny spring,
 To give a golden tinge of joy
 To us and everything.
 We knew not then the chain of love
 Which held our hearts together,
 And little dreamed affection's links
 Had strength to last for ever.
 There was a mystic web of love
 Which wove us in its spell ;
 We clung in fondness, each to each,
 Yet neither dared to tell.

Do you remember once, my love,
 We rambled in the glade ?
 A sultry summer noon it was,
 We sought the mossy shade :
 We sat beside a little brook,
 Where silence reigned alone ;
 I clasped you in my little arms,
 And said you were mine own.
 The ties were all unknown to us
 Which in our hearts had birth ;
 We only cared for earthly things,
 Though lifted from the earth ;
 And as the great old sun went down,
 Beneath the clouded west ;
 My fluttering heart o'erflowed with joy,
 And I wept upon your breast.

O, Janet, dear, I did not think
 Such feelings ere could grow,
 As sprung from those, my boyish
 dreams,
 So many years ago.

I plundered once a blackbird's nest,
 And took the unfledged young ;
 And saw the parents flutter round,
 Where late so glad they sung ;
 I did not hear the morning song,
 So liquid, fresh, and full,
 Which cheered my boyish heart till then,
 As quick I tripped to school.
 You came and saw the little things,
 And when you saw them, wept,
 And I was touched with sympathy,
 And out I softly crept—
 I took them to their mother's nest,
 Alive, unhurt, and free ;
 And saw a home made happy in
 The budding hawthorn tree :
 Your *woman's* heart was beating then,
 Although I knew it not ;
 It was the same sweet tenderness
 That cheers my present lot.

I sometimes sit at twilight, dear,
 Within this green alcove,
 And think how lone my heart would be,
 Without your constant love ;
 The thought that I might lose you,
 love,
 Though strange, perhaps, to think,
 Yet sometimes hovers o'er me
 Till I seem on misery's brink :
 Than lose you, sweet, I'd rather bear
 All life's intensest pain,
 For when affection's ties are broke,
 Existence is in vain.
 And yet I know that death alone
 Can bid us feel the smart,
 Which only loving hearts can know,
 When whispered they must part ;
 A golden thread binds heart to heart,
 Which time will fail to sever :
 'Twas wove in that old mossy glade,
 To live with us for ever.

A FEW NOTES ON SOCIAL PROGRESS.

IN every community there are occasionally to be found some good souls most deeply enamoured of social progress, who obstinately persist in looking forward, in order to learn what to think of the future, just as if the past was not there to enlighten them.

The past is the future arrived at its destination; so what more natural than to seek news of the future coming from the future which has come?

Let us hearken, then, to what the past tells us.

All centuries past have never been aught save the same century under different disguises; in the same way as all mankind has been but one and the same man under various and different aspects: one metal in a thousand effigies.

Take man, then, in any state you please, place him upon a throne, or cast him into a cellar; pamper him in the lap of luxury, or compel him to eat the hard-earned bread of labour or misery, you will but transport to another ladder the scene of his desires. Let him have under his feet the damp earth, or the summit of a tower, it is always upon the same feet that he supports himself. Opulence is for him but a pedestal, from the summit of which he beholds his needs increase: just as one who, ascending a mountain, beholds a wider extent of horizon stretching out before him.

Physically and morally speaking, then, man has ever been the same. During the six thousand years he has been eating, drinking, and sleeping, he has not increased an inch. During the same time, in which humanity has been what some people are pleased to term advancing with gigantic strides, it has not gained a single foot; it has turned—that's all.

All that is done, made, or fashioned at the present day, has already been fashioned, made, and done under other forms twenty times before. We must no longer be the dupes of the foreign costumes of men, any more than of the foreign costumes of ideas. Humanity is but the same wine in different bottles.

There are certain persons who cover the head in order to perform the act of salutation; there are others, again, who uncover themselves to perform the same act. It is, then, by exactly contrary means that both parties attain the same

end. It is not the form we must judge, but the intention.

A curious and by no means unprofitable task would it be to raise, one by one, in the Necropolis of the past, all the various masks under which humanity has appeared from the time in which it amused itself in measuring centuries, and of discovering at the bottoms of these different mummy-cases ever the same lifeless corpse.

In order to predict the future we have but to translate the past. Such as we now are to-day, such have we been yesterday, and such will we be as long as this earth endures. If we fancy that we can discern in the shadows of the past men and things differing from those of the present, it is but the distance which deceives us. The fantastic, the marvellous, all this is but an optical delusion, a mirage, a floating mist. For mark well this fact, though you may ransack century after century, as far back as you please, you will always find that the stories of prodigies, for the century which listens to them, are ever the histories of past times, and for this simple reason: that the marvellous can never be so well placed as where there are none to lay hands on it. We have all of us heard of this or that wonder, but which of us can say that he has beheld it? Saints and heroes are always of other times, and miracles pause on the threshold of the present, just as do dreams on the threshold of the morn.

One general rule, then, may be framed on this arrangement, namely, that all things may be valued and translated into modern use or phraseology. There exists not in ancient history a single personage who may not have his position represented among ourselves. It is vain that tragedy has endeavoured to deceive us on this point; all heroes were but men.

Because the Brutuses of our own times are venal, trivial, and interested, it must not be imagined that they bear no resemblance to the classic patriot of ancient Rome. Cicero, the ministerial orator of former days, has taken vast pains to inform us that *his* Brutus possessed low inclinations, and courted mob popularity. "What!" methinks the reader exclaims, "a low mob among these beautiful, these illustrious, these virtuous Romans?" It

is a fact hard to digest, dear reader, but it is even so for all that.

The conclusion, then, to be drawn from all this and many other things which we could say, is simply this, namely, that in the same way that they have overlaid us with antiquity, so they exaggerate to us the future. We have but to expect from the future what the past has already received. The world unceasingly revolves within a vicious circle, as does the sun within the twelve signs of the

zodiac. Of this be assured:—That all that has been, is, and will be again. Let us then endeavour to make up our minds on the question of Progress, and with crossed arms eat the bread of forgetfulness, living in that charming middle course between sensibility and indifference, in which we shall find niched, most probably, the solution of that problem of *Pleasure without Pain*, so fondly dreamt of by Epicurus, Socrates, and a host of other philosophers.

A NIGHT OF MISERY.

BY A NERVOUS BACHELOR.

ALL human misfortunes, according to the French philosopher Pascal, proceed from the fact of one's not being able to sit alone in one's chamber. What signifies to the solitary man a deformity of body, a singularity of visage, a nose cribbed of its fair proportions, or elongated beyond the bounds ordained by nature for that gnomon of the human sun-dial?

And yet I, disappointed and miserable specimen of humanity that I am, I cannot find either enjoyment or repose even by my solitary hearth. All nature appears to conspire against my repose; for me creation assumes her most wintry garb, and gazes at me with her sternest frown, for me—but dear reader, I fancy I can hear you exclaiming, “What means this tirade, to what end does this most lamentable beginning tend?” To much, too much, I reply; lend me only thine ear but for a few brief moments and I will enlighten thine ignorance, and if thou hast any bowels of compassion thou wilt surely sympathize with me when I describe to thee my night of misery.

I will suppose myself alone, completely alone, barricaded within the recesses of my own most private and particular tenement (I live in chambers), secure against the intrusion of all importunate duns or troublesome visitors, independent of all and everything, to what calamities, you will doubtless ask me, are you here exposed?

That depends very much upon the weather.

Suave mari magno—It rains a deluge, the wind howls round the dwelling, and

roars and rumbles in the chimney; the rain beats violently against the window panes, and I can hear it rushing like a miniature torrent down the leaden water pipes;—but what care I for the contentions of the elements, installed at one corner of my bright sea-coal fire, under the clear and steady light of my solar lamp, an agreeable novel in my hand. I laugh at the hurricane and defy the storm, I even hug myself in the comforts of my arm-chair and chimney-corner. All at once a slight tingling sensation of the eyelids warns me that the tempest is forcing an entrance into the room. The wind, whose long sighs sounded so delicious when rumbling in the chimney, now combines with the rain to render me miserable; those little blue points of flame which had hitherto played so nimbly around my well-piled fire, now lower their heads in submission to the will of their imperious master. A vast column of smoke and ashes takes possession of the air I breathe, the subtle-stinging enemy seizes at once upon my throat, my eyes, in short upon every unguarded portion of my frame, driving me nearly crazy with rage, and compelling me, whatever may be the degree of resignation Providence has endowed me withal, to weep, to cough, to groan.

Against this enemy there is no resource, smoke, like death, enters everywhere. In vain do I consign to the ashpit, in a state of frightful higglety-pigglety, the beautiful edifice of coal and coke which I had but a short time before prepared with so much care; in vain do I hope to coax away the evil by giving access for a few moments

to the icy blast which howls without; after several useless attempts, completely vanquished by my enemy, I decide upon making the grand sacrifice which my situation demands. Tears in my eyes, and as sad as though about to commit a parricide, I submit the fire, lighted by my own hands, to the action of the antagonistic element; in other words, I empty my water jug upon the smoking embers, and I have now only to make myself as comfortable as circumstances will permit, in pursuance of which philosophical resolution I proceed in the first place to close the window. But here, in the performance of even this simple action, my old luck pursues me, for in the very act of closing the ill-conditioned sash—it is a French window, and I hate French windows—I smash a couple of panes of glass. A punster might here find an opportunity of cutting some vile joke on the circumstance of my having got rid of some of my pains, but the matter is beyond a joke, for where am I to find a glazier at this hour of the night? I am, in sporting phrasology, regularly *done*; but this must not be considered my greatest misfortune either; for even supposing that I had not been obliged to extinguish my fire, it is morally certain that some of the many thousand ills which *my* flesh is heir to would have visited me. Either the fire which glanced so nimbly round the embers, would have played me some sorry trick, such as disgorging with a report like Vesuvius a vile piece of stone upon the carpet, or else would have treasured up in its bosom some indigestible fragment of slate which would go on crackling and sputtering for the remainder of the night, to the imminent danger of my eyes, and utter destruction of my nerves; or else the lamp—that bugbear of all-night workers—would have rendered me miserable, either by persisting in sinking down to a sort of mystic twilight, or by overflowing, and pouring forth its oily treasures—the student's midnight oil—Niagara-like, upon the table cover, or my desk, or over my new shawl dressing gown. But to return.

I close my mutilated sash, and finding it by no means agreeable to continue sitting up in a room smelling abominably of smoke, *without* a fire and *with* a broken window, I make up my mind to choose the lesser of the two evils, and accordingly, though it is full three hours earlier than my usual period of retiring to rest, proceed to bed. And now let me enumerate a few of the delights prepared for

me so soon as I shall lay my head on the pillow.

After two or three hours of a heavy and unrefreshing slumber, I awake with a start and a groan and find myself in a semi-obscure, for, foreseeing some mishap, I have taken the precaution to burn an Albert night light, but *my* light, true to its mission, instead of burning with a steady equal flame, gives forth but the wretched semblance of it, at one time dying away almost to utter extinction, at another, shooting upwards with a wild unearthly glare, “rendering night hideous.” I awake nervous and feverish, with a galloping pulse, a fiery skin, and a sensation throughout my entire frame as if all the blood in my body was making for the heart at a regular “Derby” pace—sensations only to be understood by those who have really experienced them in all their pleasing intensity. I at length, however, succeed, though with great difficulty, in once more lulling myself to rest, but this time I carry with me into the land of dreams all the waking creations of the mind. At one time I am borne away by some unseen and dreaded power, and landed amidst the spiral balustrades of a winding staircase, the steps of which I in vain endeavour to ascend; at another I am in imagination stretched upon the operating table under the dissecting-knife of some young professor, who believing me to be but an inanimate “subject,” after dismembering my person bit by bit, seems to derive a cruel amusement in observing the curious effects produced by sticking my legs upright in the middle of my back or adding my left arm on as a continuation to the right. Anon, my bed becomes a frail and tempest-tost bark driven along a raging sea at the mercy of winds and waves towards a dark and foam-crested reef of rocks, upon whose summits I can descry, perched in solemn and tremendous array, the vultures and cormorants and obscene night birds, waiting in anxious expectation for their promised prey. These visions in their turn fade at length away, leaving me to the enjoyment of sensations, though more material, by no means less distressing.

The agitation of the mind has produced its corresponding effects upon the body; in contending with illusions, I fall a prey to realities. At one time my pillow slips from under my head on to the floor, whither my body is not slow in following, dragging with it in its fall everything portable that stands in reach of the clutching

hands. At another time my bedclothes, doubtless alarmed at the violence of my movements, beat a retreat, leaving me from head to foot exposed to all the rigours of an almost polar atmosphere. The cold at length awakes me; mechanically, as it were, I huddle up a few clothes around my shivering person, arrange my pillow in the best manner that the nature of the circumstances will permit, and at length succeed in dropping off once more to sleep, and after the lapse of a few more hours awake in the morning and find myself reclining with my head at the foot of the bed—feverish and unrefreshed, and feeling a sensation through every limb as if I had drank a gallon of brandy and water the night before, had walked twenty miles, and had been engaged in actual combat with at least half a dozen of her Majesty's lieges, the united effects of whose digits had left me in a condition—as the novelists would say—easier ima-

gined than described. Thus ends my night of misery. Such, dear reader, are a few of the many evils which beset the existence of the solitary man, evils which may be ridiculed by some, derided as imaginary by others, but which to a nervous man like myself, are serious and insurmountable. Certain married men—the Caudles of society—will tell me that these annoyances of which I with so much justice complain, are as naught in the balance compared to the ills which afflict matrimonial life; to these arguments I cannot of course reply, not having had the advantage of that surest of all tests—personal experience—to guide me. Perhaps some “slave of the ring,” who may chance to cast his eye over this complaint, may be induced to take up the pen in order to draw aside the veil which conceals the petty miseries of the nuptial state.

HEIRESS HUNTERS.

THERE is no state of existence less attractive for many young men than a livelihood to be gained; the *ennuis* arising from a forced residence in one spot terrify them; the drudgery of the counting-house or public office appals them; there is, moreover, in the ideas of gain something plebeian, low, mean, utterly repulsive to certain castes, as jealous of their nobility as they are of their personal welfare. These hopeful youths ought, all of them, strictly speaking, to be born in opulence; but too frequently, alas! cruel fate seems to take a malicious pleasure in bestowing upon them a great name and a slender purse, and a decided taste for display, and no money to spend upon their attire; it becomes necessary for them, then, to bring into play the physical advantages of their social position, of their aptitude in heiress-hunting; and these are precisely the men who, unable to turn their minds or inclinations to anything else, seek to become sons-in-law.

Un état rapporte mais une femme apporte, says the French proverb; and this proverb is in beautiful harmony not only with their own particular humour, but also with the positive ideas, and the cal-

culating spirit in honour amongst us at the present day. Trade is hazardous, a speculation may fail, but a rich dowry deceives him only who has failed in bagging the game; it falls like celestial manna upon the idler who has succeeded in his attempt; it leads him gently by the hand amid all the enjoyments of life; it seats him in a luxurious cabriolet or snug brougham; stretches him upon a sofa, and leaves him in bed until noon; and if he took an additional motto on his armorial bearings it most certainly should be, *Tu felix Austria nube*.

These needy heiress hunters are frequently endowed by Nature—in compensation, we must presume, for her niggardly allowance of the circulating medium—with luxuriant heads of hair, fine teeth, silky moustachios, and well-curved whiskers. In addition to these natural and outward gifts, they possess also many inner advantages, such as a great aptitude for the promenade, a decided *penchant* for evening parties and the polka, a graceful seat on horseback, and an exquisite tact in dress. Armed with these qualities, they start in pursuit of a brilliant *partie*, which will be for them a diploma of idleness, a permit of in-

dolence, of which, be assured, they will make liberal use. Their hearts burn with a flame, the ardour of which is always in exact conformity with the amount of the envied fortune. In the fair objects of their pursuit they see not the virtues they may be possessed of, but rather the degree of repose which they can procure them; their future spouses must not only reciprocate their love, but also pay their debts, satisfy their inordinate extravagances, and assure their luxurious idleness against the grievous chances of the future.

An old name and a young face are generally to be met with in our heiress hunter; a series of unforeseen misfortunes have assailed a patrician family; various unexpected calamities have made wide rents in the fortune it had enjoyed; its younger branches, compelled to renounce the luxuries which long years had, as it were, rendered almost necessities of life, would not dare to own their discomfiture; they sustain their credit in public by means of white linen and a well brushed coat; pinching economy has taken up its abode in the interior of their domiciles, while ease casts its drapery over their shoulders when they go into the world. It is thus that, jealous of always making a good appearance there without soiling their hands with the ink of commerce, they enter upon the chase, ferret out dowries, scent a mile off a wealthy father-in-law, and fall at a dead set before the rich heiress, to whom they offer with all the more fervour their heart and hand, seeing that it is impossible for them to offer her anything else.

It is more frequently under the wings of commerce or finance, that these poverty-stricken patricians fly for warmth and shelter. The wealthy retired merchant or shopkeeper allies himself readily with the impoverished noble. The latter gives in name and consideration what the former disburses in stock and specie; then, indefatigable labour makes all the more resplendent the titled idleness, and, like the parasitical ivy, the aristocratic *far niente* clings to, and flourishes upon, the plebeian activity.

Those who aim at heiress catching, attain their end by a flower-strewn path, an elegant toilet, *recherché* habits, a few agreeable and superficial talents, much complaisance, an inexhaustible fund of drawing-room chit-chat; this is their

stock in trade; it is light, undoubtedly, but eminently seductive; and the retired tradesman or votary of commerce — the working bees of the hive — with their heavy, awkward, ungainly, vulgar habits lose, in a remarkable degree, when placed in juxtaposition with these dainty devices of Nature's handiwork. The fashionable dangler who aspires to success in heiress catching, having more interest in the pursuit, and more chance of success in his favour, succeeds more frequently; for if he has no ready money, he has at least lots of time at his disposal for the proper carrying on of the campaign. He is of a most captivating temper towards all the relatives of the fair object of his desires; he is the devoted slave of the grandmother, to whom he reads the newspaper; he is the very humble servant of the aunts and uncles, at whose whist-tables he is always ready to take "dummy" when required; in the eyes of the papa and mamma he embellishes himself with all the cardinal virtues; in short, so well does he play his cards, that, at the end of the year, he has opened for himself in the family a species of account current in politeness and complaisance which might at need replace the more solid advantages in which he is deficient. Once married, those who have succeeded in the grand object of their lives, who have *caught their heiress*, as worthy Mrs. Glass would say, are very frequently desirous of concealing from the eyes of the "world," the sybarite lives they lead, and in that intent they seek, and very easily obtain, some unsalaried appointment, some little voluntary employ for which they are paid in praises. They thus make for themselves a little reputation of capacity, of utility, of zeal for the public service, and the censorious pardon them for having caught a rich wife in seeing them occupy their time in fulfilling the duties of an appointment which carries with it no emoluments. They attach themselves, then, to society but by silken ties, the impress of which not one of their members feel.

Happy mortals! — Hymen's privileged idlers! — Sluggards crowned by the hands of the graces; — dandies whom love places upon a bed of roses, pardon us for having unveiled to the public the elegant little arts by which you have succeeded in *catching your heiresses*!

LITERATURE OF THE MONTH.

VERY remarkable are the changes that manifest themselves in the public taste, particularly in things of an intellectual character. Take, for instance, that extremely popular production, known as the *sensation novel*. What extraordinary revolutions of opinion have come and passed respecting it! The poet Gray wished to read for ever the romances of Crébillon and Marivaux. Who wants to look into one of them now? The annals of English literature can scarcely parallel the sensation created by the publication of *Pamela*; but this miracle of virtue has long been lost sight of in the crowd of heroines of humble life who have successively secured her place in the public favour. *Evelina*, who so deeply touched the great heart of Dr. Johnson, is as completely shelved by the present generation, as is the wax doll by the child grown to matronly cares and occupations. Those eminently sensation novels, the *Old English Baron*, the *Castle of Otranto*, *Father and Daughter*, are consigned to such profound oblivion, that the modern librarian can with difficulty be brought to remember that such things were. Even the most famous contributors to the circulating library about the conclusion of the last century—Maturin, Godwin, Mrs. Radcliffe, and M. P. Lewis—who rivalled each other in the tremendous sensations their works created, have become as obsolete among fashionable readers as the *Memoirs of Miss Betsy Thoughtless*, or *Cælebs in Search of a Wife*. But in the memory of the oldest novel-reader, changes have occurred no less striking. Who now quotes *Vathek*? Who thinks of the *Hungarian Brothers*? Who asks for *Frankenstein*? Who reads *the Mummy*? If “they are gone where the good niggers go,” they had better keep there, for there is no probability of their being wanted here. The works now in request, in comparison make them “pale their ineffectual fires,” till they enjoy but a rushlight existence, which, moreover, threatens speedy extinction.

No indulgence has been so much preached against, and written against, as novel-reading, and of course it has flourished the more. The appetite has grown with what it fed on, till it has exhibited the hunger of a wolf, with the digestion of an ostrich. A hundred

new novels a year is about the average reading, and no one is more eager after a sensation than those who have most energetically denounced the works that produce it. In short, not unfrequently the reverend anathematiser is so fascinated by the production he has condemned, that he is led to imagine he can create a similar influence, and labours at something which may either be a diluted *Dairymaid's Daughter*, or a picture of human life, as allegorical but not quite so forcible as the *Pilgrim's Progress*. Much in this way the reader is being preached at, and taught at, till, what with religious tracts and educational essays published for his edification in this attractive form, it must be his own fault if he be not very much amused, if not admirably instructed.

The publication of the Waverley novels gave a prodigious impulse to novel-reading, and the marvellous number of editions of these wonderful fictions that have followed each other year after year, prove that the force of this impulse increases rather than abates. A more powerful movement set in with the introduction of those monthly serials which made the reputations of Dickens, Lever, and Thackeray. Such writers were read everywhere, were talked of everywhere, were quoted everywhere. The reprint of standard fictions in a cheap form gave another and still more powerful impulse to the popular taste. There is also the enormous spread of such literature in the columns of various weekly and monthly periodicals. Of these, such as enjoy the largest circulation are patronized by the least educated readers, whose taste differs widely from that of the promoters of the three-volumed novels. For instance, in a certain penny miscellany the proprietors thought proper to introduce a much-admired work by Sir Walter Scott, and the circulation immediately fell off many thousands. This was discontinued, and the usual highly-flavoured *mélange* of love and murder substituted, and the circulation rapidly rose to its former elevation.

There is nothing that should be thought surprising in this fact. With the class to which such publications almost exclusively appeals, reading is resorted to as a stimulus, and this is generally derived from peculiar materials, by means of a

homely process. A story of human passion, however roughly drawn and highly coloured, acts, therefore, directly on their human sympathies much more powerfully than would a novel of more perfect construction. There are three kinds of works of fiction, each with strongly marked characteristics—the first, in which acknowledged fidelity to nature is a marked feature; as examples we may instance the earlier works of Dickens, *The Caxtons* of Bulwer, and *Adam Bede*. The second, in which there is an evident element of exaggeration, treated with more or less artistic merit, such as the later works of Dickens, *Jane Eyre*, *John Halifax*, and the *Woman in White*. In the third, nature is entirely disregarded, and the author contents himself with repeating old forms of melodramatic narrative. Some writers in the last division show a degree of reconstructive skill that nearly places them on a level with those who belong to the second; and there is more than one author in the second that displays an amount of intellectual power which almost elevates him to the higher rank of the first division.

During the present season there have been published works of imagination of very various degrees of merit. Miss Evans (George Eliot), whose intense reality was universally appreciated when she produced her first remarkable picture of English domestic life, made a less powerful impression in her second, *The Mill on the Floss*, in consequence of having given a purely melo-dramatic termination to what was otherwise a finely-wrought tale; but in her more recent work, *Silas Marner*, she entirely dropped out of the ambitious position allowed her by general consent. We trust that she will make another effort, and carefully eschewing all extravagances, return to that careful interpretation of nature which created for her in a few months a reputation many a novelist has for years toiled for in vain.

The position which Mr. Harrison Ainsworth will be permitted to hold in English imaginative literature, when some careful critic of the next century estimates the merits of the popular writers of the present, we are afraid will only be on a level with the favourite novelists of the last generation, whom the present has thought proper to forget. He has long flourished in the serial form, dealing with historical subjects, with limited historical resources, though these were quite enough

apparently for such readers as could be induced from month to month to seek amusement in his pages. His narratives are designedly melo-dramatic, and bear about as near a resemblance to the legitimate drama, seen in the best models of prose fiction, as the *Corsican Brothers* bears to *King Lear*. We have now before us the last of these intended sensation romances, bearing the suggestive title of *The Constable of the Tower*—a sufficiently animated composition of the true melo-dramatic type, with most of the old machinery, characters, and stage properties. In monthly instalments the story is more likely to be read with interest than if taken at one reading. Of such exciting passages enough is *better* than a feast.

Of course we calculate its effect on an average romance reader, for we are well aware that persons may be found of such extraordinary appetite for fiction that no amount of narrative, of dialogue, and of description seems too much for them. So far from exacting the characteristics of time, place, and person; so far from demanding consistency, or hinting at probability, the author cannot risk his reputation with them, as long as the action of the story proceeds, and he deals liberally in appeals to their sympathy, and strives energetically to excite their wonder. In the employment of such *desiderata*, Mr. Harrison Ainsworth has few rivals he need fear, and *The Constable of the Tower* shows that his right hand has not forgot its cunning in the fabrication of such popular wares. Stern critics may affect to sneer at his want of originality, but of course he can afford to do without their commendation. Nevertheless, we are not quite satisfied that he has acted judiciously in seeking the suffrages of the circulating libraries by presenting his serial to them in three volumes. He thus aims at securing a totally different class of readers from those who had already patronized his labours—a more educated, a more refined class; moreover, he enters into competition with novelists of higher powers, whose more finished labours may be fresh in their recollection. It would be very trying even to cleverer men—we hope the Constable will pass successfully through the ordeal.

On entering upon the fashionable form of publication for novels, Mr. Ainsworth was not alone. About the same period, a much more popular writer, a novelist, it must be allowed, of far higher powers, has been induced to seek "the bubble

reputation" in the like direction. *Great Expectations* has been republished in three volumes. When we recal the first attempt of this author as a monthly serial—the modest venture of five hundred copies, which shortly swelled to and exceeded fifty thousand, and remember the extraordinary merits of the work—and contrast it with the unsatisfactory results of his previous contributions to the circulating library, we cannot but experience some misgivings as to the results in this instance. It is chiefly among such readers that we have heard complaints of his increasing mannerism and constant repetition. Many have confessed themselves unable to take any interest in what they consider to be obvious exaggerations.

The *Tale of Two Cities* for a time put a stop to these dissatisfaction, but as the impression of that clever sensation novel faded, the complaints of his deficiency of invention, and of his tendency to caricature, again arose. Unfortunately, in some respects, in his earlier works, this admirable writer has set up a standard of merit which the majority of his subsequent productions do not reach. The truthfulness, the reality of *Pickwick*, every one appreciated. *Oliver Twist* and *The Old Curiosity Shop* are creations as natural as they are vivid; but after them, it is asserted, there came less and less nature, and more and more art, till the characters became mere artificial abstractions, and the incidents lost all resemblance to the ordinary course of events of ordinary human life.

As respects *Great Expectations*, we are quite satisfied that it contains sufficient evidence of imaginative talent to found a reputation for a new novelist; nevertheless, we do not think in graphic power it is equal to the *Tale of Two Cities*, while in portraiture—his other strong point—it falls very short of that *vraisemblance* with which every reader is more familiar than he is with the peculiarities of *Tom Jones* and *Humphrey Clinker*. It is impossible not to recognise old artifices of construction, and the *dramatis personæ* keep constantly reminding us of their unreality. They bear a striking resemblance to the characters in Ben Jonson's plays, in embodying the artist's conceits rather than his experience. It seems easy to make a novel revival of *Every Man in his Humour*, by putting together the principal personages in Mr. Dickens's later works, the most marked difference between the play and the narrative being

the family likeness that would distinguish separate groups in the latter. The artistic development of the story, however, would always render it more popular than the humours of "Rare Ben." In this merit it is almost equal to Wilkie Collins's extremely clever romance, which we regard as the greatest success in sensation writing, with the single exception of Mrs. Stowe's deservedly popular work, produced within our memory. As for the shortcomings of *Great Expectations*, we think them due less to any diminution of the author's creative power, than to an increasing negligence, that renders him a little too unmindful of his reputation. We look confidently for better things at his hands.

A new writer of much promise has appeared in the author of *Paul Foster's Daughter*. Although this might be called a story of fast life—a source of imaginative writing somewhat too liberally drawn upon of late—it is superior to its predecessors in the individuality of its characters. Paul Foster is an artist of the Haydon class, whose precept was more valuable than his example. He is a prodigious enthusiast for high art, but is quite unable to practise what he preaches. His daughter is his general model and universal comforter. We are afraid the ladies, who constitute a large majority of novel readers, will object to the freedom of her manners towards him, particularly in calling him by the feminine appellation, "Polly;" it will not realize their idea of the filial. Nevertheless, she is a thoroughly good daughter, and is much more to our taste than the more attractive Miss de Vere, of the Theatre Royal, Nonpareil, whose Pimlico home is portrayed with Dutch fidelity. The notables of St. Clement's Inn are also very graphically and picturesquely placed upon the canvas; but for Bohemians, literary or artistic, we have little sympathy. They may be very amusing vagabonds, but we should like them better were they more respectable. The old lawyer and his two sons are admirably characteristic; so is the hero's fellow-clerk, in the office of the great legal firm, his Yorkshire predilections being well sustained. In short, Mr. Dutton Cook, in the conduct of his story, exhibits resources which will one day, if we are not greatly mistaken, place him above many contemporary novelists who now bask in the sunshine of popular favour.

For the last two or three seasons,

writers of fiction have had an extraordinary run upon the Church. It probably originated with Mrs. Trollope's *Vicar of Wrexhill*; perhaps the most successful of that voluminous writer's creations. Her son Anthony, one of a family singularly fruitful in novelists, seems to have hunted up the game started by his respected parent with surprising pertinacity. He appears to have taken a cathedral town in the South of England, and photographed everybody and everything in it. *Barchester Towers* startled a good many readers by its revelations of clerical life, and scandalized a good many more. Conscientious members of the Church of England thought that Protestant dignitaries ought to be much less worldly minded than they were represented in that Cathedral Close. As for that Right Reverend Jerry Sneak, the bishop of the diocese, when the contest between his wife and his chaplain came to an end, the general opinion was that the sooner his lordship, with the triumphant Mrs. Proudy, were translated to their final preferment, the more agreeable it would be.

Mr. Trollope followed this exposition of Church-of-Englandism with several supplementary novels. We have only space to notice *Framley Parsonage*, in which, as usual, some of the Barchester Towers celebrities reappear, but without the reader's sympathy or admiration. We think the Vicar does little credit to his cloth—not only by the surprising facility with which he allows himself to be swindled by a stranger, with whose disreputable character he was acquainted, but by the entire course of his proceedings. As for the member of Parliament, who is represented practising the most nefarious tricks of sham bill-discounters, in the last century such a personage introduced into a tale of fiction, would have brought the author within the influence of the Speaker's warrant; and we trust that it is now not less a libel on "the Honourable House." The lady patroness of the ungrateful Vicar is a much more agreeable portrait, but bears a striking resemblance to the Lady Desmond in Mr. Trollope's more interesting story, *Castle Richmond*. We may as well here chronicle our opinion that his Irish novels are his best. The reason is, perhaps, that he is better acquainted with Irish than with English society. Be this as it may, we read with a zest which we never experienced in the perusal of any novelist

but Banim, his vivid and amusing *Kellys and the O'Kellys*, and his other recollections of the sister isle, while we have often been dreadfully tired over some of the Barchester Towers series.

Another section of religious novels has been presented to the public by an author of less note, though of considerable imaginative power which he has displayed in several previous works. These are known by their titles, *High Church and No Church*, and are brought forward ostensibly as representations of existing society. To us they appear more artificial than truthful, as though intended rather to be effective sketches, than real studies from nature. Passages we meet with constantly suggest a doubt of the writer knowing from personal observation the characters he attempts to draw; and at the conclusion, though willing to acknowledge the ability apparent in the general structure of the story, we feel dissatisfied with it as a work of art. We are very far from feeling the admiration with which we read *Grandmother's Money*. Indeed, that is a production the impression made by which his more recent *Under the Spell* will not remove. We miss the vigour which appears so conspicuously in those Rembrandt-like portraits of the wealthy old woman and her dependent family. Perhaps the author is overtaking his powers? Writing too rapidly usually produces weakness. We think that he is more likely to secure the reputation for which he appears to be earnestly labouring, by abandoning church for secular fiction. It is probable that he could obtain a higher position among his contemporaries than he has yet secured, when he has learnt to do himself justice. A conscientious reliance on his own resources, while carefully eschewing popular types of character which writers of celebrity have produced, will go much farther with the discriminating reader than the publication of a dozen such hasty efforts at composition as *High Church and No Church*.

The pictures of clerical life to which we have been referring, are the productions of laymen; but one, which is equally damaging to our proper prepossessions, is the work of a clergyman. This is called *The Curates of Riversdale*, and has evidently been written to exhibit the hardships under which the subordinates of the Church of England labour through the tyranny or caprice of their immediate superiors. It should be borne in mind

that this description of rectorial conduct is taken exclusively from the curate point of view. In some of our public schools the fagging system is intolerable in the eyes of a fag; but when that young gentleman arrives at the privilege of harassing and overworking his juniors, he cannot detect a fault in it. We are inclined to fancy that when the author of the *The Curates of Riversdale* has worked and fretted his way into a fat living, he will regard vicars and rectors in a much more affectionate and Christian spirit. By his extravagant praise of a Jewish convert, who is one of the clerical fags that figure in his narrative, he lets out the secret that he is also of the seed of Abraham. It must not from this be thought that he is Dr. Wolfe; that remarkable man is, we believe, better placed in the Church, and is by no means inclined to quarrel with his ecclesiastical bread and butter; nor do we think he would venture into print and inflict so many sermons upon his readers as we have met with in this ostensible novel. The book is dedicated to the Duke of Manchester; and if his Grace be inclined to patronize this Hebrew servant of Christ, he has it in his power to raise him out of the slough of despond into which he seems to have fallen; but the reverend gentleman ought to remember that there are other professions besides the clerical in which the proverb is realized that the first step is the greatest difficulty. Many labour quite as hardly to obtain it as Dr. M. may probably have laboured to secure his, but instead of crying out to Jupiter in three volumes to get their conveyance out of the rut into which it has fallen, they have put their shoulders to the wheel, and by their own exertions got their merit fairly on the macadamised road that leads to competence.

Thus having sufficiently analysed these singular examples of the religious novel—which, by the way, have a tendency to produce more irreligion than ever was created either by Gibbon or Hume—let us inquire into the objects of such publications. No doubt each author cared only to follow the advice given by Iago to Michael Cassio, and put money in his purse; but in some instances we are certain that he has not succeeded to the desired extent. The moral anatomy of that long-respected institution, the English Reformed Protestant Church, which they have conjointly produced, is more revolting than instructive; and if there are so

many wolves in sheep's clothing about the fold, the sooner we get rid of our negligent shepherds the better for the flock. It is a disgrace and a shame that such divisions should continue to exist in the Church of England as are irreverently denominated *high, low, slow, and no*; and if Convocation cannot put a stop to it, the members of a community so betrayed by the disputatious spirit of its teachers and guides, would be warranted in coming to the conclusion that it must be more to their profit to dispense with such assistance. As for the indignation meetings and indignation publications which have been got up by way of answer to the still famous *Essays and Reviews*, we can only regard them as doing the duty of Mrs. Partington's broom, in attempting to push back an Atlantic tide that is advancing upon their prejudices.

For a novel of adventure there is nothing now-a-days, except the productions of Alexandre Dumas, to compete with the later works of Captain Mayne Reid. In the abundance of his resources, his

"Moving accidents by flood and field,
His hair-breadth 'scapes and perils
I' the imminent deadly breach,"

he far excels Lever and out-Ainsworths Ainsworth. The fertility of his invention in this way is extraordinary, and the result is that his heroes, especially by boys and adults of lively imagination, are regarded with immense admiration. The labours of Hercules were, there is no doubt, thought surprising by the credulous Greeks; but those of any of the gallant Captain's adventurers astonish us a good deal more. How flesh and blood in these degenerate days can be made to go through the long course of intense excitement inevitable from such a constant exercise of the heroic faculty, we cannot conceive. However, the author screws them up to it, and they proceed in their marvellous career as steadily as an automaton moved by watchwork.

His last production, *A Hero in Spite of Himself*, shows no falling off in this capability. The leading idea, however, is borrowed from "Sir Frizzle Pumpkin," a military commander represented as having greatness thrust upon him much in the same fortuitous manner as the divinity student who figures so heroically in the three volumes before us. This amusing personage is a Mexican Gil Blas, but throws our old acquaintance into the shade by the astonishing variety of his adventures. The South Americans, per-

haps, are of more active and more excitable temperament than the grave Spaniards of the old world; the colony, too, was at the time selected by the author more fruitful of stirring incidents than was the mother-country when the Student of Salamanca passed through his career; we can therefore understand why Captain Mayne Reid's pages are more exciting than those of Le Sage.

Like its prototype, however, it is essentially a Spanish novel—it deals liberally in Spanish titles and Spanish oaths, and brigands and soldiers pass across the scene so frequently and rapidly that it is not always possible to distinguish one from the other. It differs, however, from it, in several important points. An Indian and a slave are among the principal characters, and some of the most moving stage effects are due to the introduction of sharks, leopards, and snakes. In addition, there is a revolt which is a romance in itself. *The Hero in Spite of Himself* is, therefore, essentially a singularly entertaining work; and notwithstanding its being without any English element to recommend it to English sympathies, there are few novel readers in this country who will take it up without reading it to the conclusion. Don Rafael Tres Villas is the real hero of the story,—he is a Royalist officer, and his surprising travels and adventures maintain the interest in the author's animated narrative to the end. He is well contrasted with Costal, the Indian Pearl Diver, and Clara, the Negro. The fair Gertrudis makes a sufficiently romantic heroine. It is impossible to give an adequate conception of the picturesque passages that follow each other in rapid succession. Our favourites are, the encounter with two sharks, and the attack on the isle and fortress La Roqueta; but captures and escapes, and all the most moving incidents of war and love, are introduced with unexampled liberality.

Certainly some rule of contrary has influenced the writer of *Alone in the World* in the selection of her title. The heroine is the very reverse of solitary. From her birth to her marriage she meets companions at every turning of her tortuous journey, and is surprisingly lucky in the number of friends she finds amongst them. The history of many a foundling, the memoirs of numberless orphans, the adventures of no end of children of mystery, have been given to the public; but we doubt whether all of them put together

procured as many social advantages as fell to the share of "Our Mary," as this young person appears always, by a most singular unanimity, to have been called, whether her lot was cast among poor people or rich. As the work under review is an example of the revival in imaginative literature, to which we have just referred, there may be some advantage in making our readers acquainted with its composition. It is, in short, a fair specimen of the sensation novel as it used to be written full half a century back. It has already been published in a penny journal, where there is no doubt it found more indulgent critics than the authoress of *Cousin Geoffrey* would procure for either of her preceding fictions. It now appears in the three-volume form, and appeals to the upper ten thousand, instead of the humbler quarter of a million.

The story, as we have intimated, is that of a child of mystery, a foundling, who belongs to nobody, yet whom everybody wants to appropriate. People of fashion are eager to adopt her, and vagabonds of the worst description are furtively seizing her, and surreptitiously taking her away. To be sure, the authoress describes her as a paragon of moral, and a phoenix of physical perfection. No young lady of the proudest birth ever possessed a tithe of the attractions of this amiable outcast. We are, therefore, not at all surprised at the repetitions of the appellation "sweet girl," with which many a chapter has been sown broadcast, nor at the as frequent occurrence of "dear girl." Her misfortunes, too, ought to sanction the more pitying expression of "poor girl," which also is in special request. As for "guardian spirit," "angel in the house," "sweet angel," and other pet phrases applied to her with the like liberality, they, of course, are equally called for, and must be equally appropriate.

The fact is, if "Our Mary" has a fault, it is in having a superabundance of virtues. She would have appeared a great deal more natural had one half of them been omitted, and an average share of feminine errors been put in their place. This virtuous overplus, however, must be accepted as a fair excuse both for the favour and for the hatred she creates in her very strange career.

Opposing influences, that are much more common in romance than in reality, bring her in close association with individuals who are very differently placed in the social scale. First, the child is stolen

by gipseys, who, if we recollect right, used to have a great reputation for such petty larceny. In her description of this remarkable people, the authoress has evidently no intention of appearing in BORROW-ed plumes; we do her justice to acknowledge that the originals of her *Fox, Bear, and Wild Boar* are not to be found in the *Romany Rye*, as made known to us by that trustworthy authority; they bear a much nearer relationship to the conventional portraits of those picturesque vagabonds which may be met with in certain touching tales of *Fatherless Fannies, The Two Orphans*, and other once popular precursors of "Our Mary."

The poor girl—we cannot help this appropriation—next gets into very bad company indeed, for she falls into the very dirty hands of "Jawing Jem," "Moonlight Meg," "Cussing Kit," "Mad Mike," and "Mother Pike." We are afraid that even Mr. Mayhew, who is so well informed generally as to certain bad characters, can give us no information respecting any of these. They are, in truth, very bad characters; but the surprising thing is to explain how the authoress, whose ambition it is to figure among the semi-fashionables of Campden House, could have become acquainted with anything like them. We do not wonder that "Inspector Wily" and "Detective Meadows" should be so often on their track. By the way, what a complete *Deus ex machina* a detective now is in a sensation novel! Surely the Private Inquiry Office must be at the disposal of writers of fiction!

We are glad to be able to say that our heroine has less questionable associates in Mr. and Mrs. Toddles, Mr. and Mrs. Bussel, Mr. Lackaday, and a few other good people, with whose names, somehow or other, we are perfectly familiar—and then rises in her acquaintances as she increases in growth and stature. She is adopted by Woodhurst of Woodhurst, the good old squire whom we have so often met. His daughter Mina, connected with whom there is evidently some wonderful secret, is equally fond of her. The young lady is married to the Earl of Beaudesert, Woodhurst of Woodhurst dies suddenly, after leaving "Our Mary" a thumping legacy of five thousand pounds, and the latter becomes domiciled at Beaudesert Castle. The earl, however, morbidly impressed by the knowledge that his lady has a

mysterious secret, joins the English army in the Crimea, and is killed at the battle of the Alma. "Our Mary" then becomes the companion of the widowed countess, and the chief friend of "the baby earl," to whom the unhappy countess has given birth; and having assumed the name of Mary de Hauteville, finishes her education (we do not clearly understand when it commenced) at a nunnery near Ghent, where she considerably increases the list of her aristocratic acquaintances. Scarcely, however, had she returned to Beaudesert Castle, when she is put into prison on the double charge of having poisoned her benefactor, Woodhurst of Woodhurst, and murdered the infant lord—the alleged inducement being her knowledge that, should she survive the child, she would inherit a large sum bequeathed by the late earl.

Although there does not exist a tittle of legal evidence of her having committed either of these atrocious crimes, the magistrate commits her to the county gaol; and after a term of rigid confinement she is obliged to stand her trial at the assizes in the conviction of every one that she is guilty.

No one can have forgotten the trial in *Pickwick*; but this masterpiece of a great artist is completely thrown into the shade by the more thrilling spectacle in which "Our Mary" is made to be the heroine. She is brought into the dock by a policeman and a gaoler, looking "like Una between two lions," and has to undergo a most savage attack from the counsel for the Crown, Mr. Sergeant Bellows, whose "voice of thunder and eye of lightning" would have annihilated his learned and more famous brother, Buzfuz; but "Our Mary" had the advantage of being defended by her lover. He easily proves that Mina, Countess of Beaudesert, has a humpbacked kinsman who is anxious to murder everybody, that he may secure his beautiful cousin and all her property. In his nefarious schemes he is assisted by a Captain Jinks, an intolerable rascal, who now turns evidence against him; but the most astounding witnesses in favour of the accused are the infant who has *not* been murdered, and his most noble father who has *not* been killed. The latter had been taken prisoner, and having broken out of a madhouse in Russia, without resources, and *without having been seen by the police*, travels on foot to Boulogne, where he rescues his son from the custody of

Muggers, and takes him to England just in time to put a stop to Our Mary's trial, and hear his countess declare that the poor outcast was her own child by a former marriage with her father's ward, which startling announcement his lordship receives with the greatest possible good humour. The wretched hunchback having lost no time in blowing out his brains, the story of Our Mary is brought to a most satisfactory conclusion.

We have done but scant justice to the marvels it contains; indeed, we have omitted all mention of the ghost in the Blue Chamber; of Edwin, the page, who is a disguised paramour of the naughty hunchback; of the kind Phœbe Mayflower, and the hapless Flora Flutter; of Aunt Tabby; of Mrs. Prosser, the monthly nurse at Beaudesert Castle; and of some other personages who come and go in the course of the narrative. We have overlooked, too, the incident of prying Mrs. Bussel concealed in the shower-bath, pulling the string in her agitation, and getting almost drowned—but we have met with this accident in one or two modern farces, and therefore it did not strike us so powerfully as it otherwise would have done. Nor have we thought it necessary to dwell upon the subterranean vaults, the panelled chambers, the caves, the mysterious packet of papers, and other highly respectable stage properties, that figure prominently in "Our Mary's" very theatrical narrative.

Perhaps we may be permitted to state our opinion that, though such machinery might be applied with advantage for the amusement of bricklayers' labourers and maids of all work, we doubt whether, even with the assistance of capitals and italics liberally employed in the letter-press, and though the principal characters are so obliging as constantly to soliloquize themselves into the reader's confidence, such a story can be properly appreciated by—indeed we doubt whether it is quite up to the average intelligence of—the subscribers to circulating libraries. The latter may not have the required amount of relish for mystery and moonbeams, may be staggered by the juxtaposition of *traviatas* with gibbets still standing in England bearing suspended skeletons; may question the statement of Lord Beaudesert's regiment having been placed upon half-pay, and may refuse to believe that "Our Mary's" golden hair possessed half the property of Icelandic spar; in short, at almost every chapter may

be incredulous to the verge of ridicule. However, should they be severely critical, we strongly recommend the author of *Alone in the World* not to be discouraged. Her story is a very good one of its class, and is at least certain to be popular with the readers for whose entertainment "Our Mary" was originally written.

After all, sensation novels have been thrown into the shade by certain recent occurrences that have proved how much more startling, as well as more strange, fact is than fiction. The police reports have consequently become more romantic than Dumas, and our criminal courts produced narratives of love and murder such as the resources of the greatest circulating library could not rival.

Little has been produced during the season by historical scholars. We are well aware of certain attempts that from time to time issue from the press by writers of both sexes, but they fall very far short of the dignity of history. It seems that there must always be a crop of Bengers and Coxes, of Aikins and Pinkertons, while Gibbons are rarely raised, and take the most careful culture to mature. The labour demanded to create a sterling work deters the ordinary *littérateur* from devoting himself to such a task, though it has not prevented adventurers, who dash at everything, however much it may be out of their reach, from bringing forward their little illustrations of the past in a popular shape. The manufacture is thus produced.

What may be regarded as the cold potatoes in the feast of antiquity to be found in that intellectual larder the British Museum Library, is hastily cut up and warmed with plenty of the author's oleaginous, yet verdant pleasantries, by way of parsley and butter, and the mixture is served with a sufficiently saucy title by the publisher, and readily passes as a literary "*Pomme de terre à la maître d'hôtel*." To be sure it is a cheap dish, and does not affect ordinary digestions; but there its recommendation begins and ends. The majority of human intellects can only be nourished by more solid food, and in a short time the attractive concoction is denounced as a sham—about as homely and as wholesome as a penny ice; a sort of "flummery" made of ingredients that ought to have gone into the hog-tub; literally a hybrid production, that is neither fun nor fact, that affords no instruction to the scholar, and as little mirth to readers in search of amusement.

The natural result is, that such books are not considered cheap at any price, and the antiquarian *farceur* discovers too late that his talents have been misdirected.

Another class of manufacturers desire to be distinguished by the peculiar fashion of their wares. They have no pretensions to the solid worth of a Grote, or the sterling brilliancy of a Macaulay, so they veneer their productions with an affectation of originality in style. Such goods are, of course, extremely deceptive, their merit being entirely superficial. A little sharp criticism rubs off their polish, when, like Moorfields' furniture after a month's use, their worthlessness stands confessed. All writers cannot be Carlyles, and whenever anyone despairs of being as profound, he can easily ape being as singular. In this way we are favoured, not with the old Gothic expedient of "long passages that lead to nothing," but short ones that apparently lead to less. The genius of the author goes everlastingly upon one leg, in a succession of sentences in which brevity is anything but the soul of wit, and the unfortunate reader is condemned to hop with him to get at his sense, or, more strictly speaking, at his nonsense. When he becomes tired of this pretentious absurdity, how ready he is to appreciate the natural grace of Goldsmith or the easy dignity of Addison.

Such historical *charlatans* are more insufferable even than the antiquarian Merry Andrews just noticed. In preference we are content to take up with writers whose scholarship is more limited than their ambition. If they tell us nothing new, they do not annoy us by ill-timed jesting or puerile gymnastics. Among female contemporary historians, Miss Freer has secured for herself a most respectable position, somewhere between Mrs. Everett Green and Miss Strickland—if below the elaborate study of one, far above the dogmatic self-sufficiency of the other. Her works have always been in fair demand, and seem particularly adapted for circulating-library reading. The authoress, when she has taken up a popular subject, is satisfied with attempting to treat it popularly. She may sometimes exhibit a weakness in the parade of needless authorities, but, much to her credit, she does not affect a style. With her those who run may read; no one is forced to strain one set of muscles to keep pace with the sparrow-like locomotion of a would-be original. In this way her narrative gains in ease more than it loses in

picturesqueness. As she selects for illustration periods which demand a high degree of artistic treatment, it is probable that she does not always fulfil the demands of her subject; but at least she is invariably in earnest. Her works have an honest solidity, and serve a useful purpose. They are neither fallacious veneer nor tawdry *rococo*.

Henry IV. and Marie de Medici is a continuation of her *History of the Reign of Henry IV.*, published last year. We cannot help at once asking the question why, as Mary in the title-page is printed Marie, Henry was not printed Henri? Both names are equally French, and an even-handed justice would have Anglicised both or neither. This done, we must acknowledge that Miss Freer has accomplished much to establish a *spécialité* in illustrating the records of France. This is at least the sixth of a series of publications she has produced that have that object in view. Several of her countrywomen had already attempted the same task; but, we are bound to say, with less success. We do not mean to assert that, taking the present attempt by way of example, the court and times of Henri Quatre have been so fully portrayed that nothing has been left for future historical artists to describe. The subject demands the graphic elaboration of a Macaulay, and its picturesque details, to which such a master could alone do justice, will long continue to tempt the aspiring student. The period reviewed comprises a considerable portion of the last quarter of the sixteenth century and the first two years of the seventeenth—for the history of *Henri Quatre* is not concluded—the narrative ends with the execution of the *Maréchal Duc de Biron*—we imagine, to be resumed in a subsequent production. There is, however, no lack of interest in the present volumes, and the reader desirous of a more intimate acquaintance with the contemporary, and in some respects *protégé*, of Queen Elizabeth, the friend of Sully, and the lover of Gabrielle, may refer to them with advantage, should he or she be unable to get access to the *Memoirs*, which in French literature so richly illustrate this period. The daughter of the Medici adds a tragic to the romantic interest which envelopes the career of her husband—the Italian element being all that was wanting to effect this. We have not space at our disposal to convey an adequate idea of the claims of this French

queen to a large canvas and a vivid colouring. Here she is merely a foreground figure, for we have scarcely two years of her residence in France—the more fearful part of her story is to come. However, we have the birth of the future Louis XIII.—to the French people the most important epoch in her existence. De Rosay figures prominently in the principal group, which ought to reconcile the reader to Marie de Medici's late introduction; and with that distinguished statesman are all who assisted in giving dignity or splendour to the reign of their sovereign.

Perhaps there never has been a book published that was less wanted than Miss Jane Williams's *Memoirs of the Literary Women of England*. Ballard's *British Ladies*, Mary Hays' *Female Biography*, Mrs. Elwood's *Memoirs of the Literary Ladies of England*, and many other works of a similar character, have done full justice to feminine literary talent. But had they left anything unsaid, Miss Williams could not have supplied the deficiency. One-half of her production is taken up with notices of Mrs. Hemans, Miss Landon, and two or three other contemporaries, of whom copious memoirs have recently been given to the public. Her accounts of persons less known are as scanty as they are erroneous, and she has entirely omitted about as many proper objects of biography as she has introduced, several of whom had remarkable claims on her consideration. The reader will find in Jeaffreson's *Novels and Novelists from Elizabeth to Victoria*, published only a few years back, much more interesting notices of our principal female writers of fiction—the ordinary biographical dictionaries supply the remaining information. We have not been able to discover a single trace of independent research in Miss Jane Williams's labours, and her dull and somewhat pretentious attempts at disquisition which swell her book are very far from making amends for her obvious want of sufficient knowledge of her subject.

Dr. Hook's *Lives of the Archbishops of Canterbury* is one of that numerous series of historical biographies the success of Miss Strickland's *Queens of England* sent out into the market. Surely we possess Church histories enough? There is nothing new or attractive in this volume to call for commendation, nor have the materials been carefully selected.

Mr. Andersson's *Exploration of the*

Okavango River, announced in our last, has been published. Its numerous illustrations will prove its chief attraction; they are very striking and well engraved, and the portrait of the author on the title-page is, we are able to say from personal knowledge, an excellent likeness. The frontispiece—the African elephant standing up to his knees in water—is extremely characteristic. The "Furious Charge of a Paterfamilias" (another elephant portrait), "A Horrible Surprise" (two lions attacked by hunters), and "The Island of Ichaboe," with seals, gannets, and cormorants, are among the best executed. The other animal pictures, though clever, appear too artistic to have been drawn from nature. "The Leopard and his Prey" seems a favourite subject, for we have seen it similarly illustrated several times. The geographical interest of the narrative scarcely realizes our expectations. It consists in a journey from Omanboude to the Okavango, where the author seems to have been treated as a curiosity, though not of that marvellous type M. de Chaillu became in the eyes of his black friends. The staple of the book is composed of sporting adventures, and notices of the wild animals he observed or encountered. But here also he has none of the extraordinary advantages of the French-American. He writes an amusing book, without adding largely to our knowledge of the animal kingdom. He is not wonderfully great in monkeys, nor amazingly profound in deer. Indeed, it is possible the naturalist will be as much disappointed with his pages as the geographer, as he seems to have met with no new species. This, however, was not his fault. The region he penetrated was very different from the portion of equatorial Africa inhabited by the gorilla and numerous other unknown creatures, biped and quadruped, and the little novelty it presented he has certainly made the most of. The narrative is eminently readable; and if it be not so exciting as the account of the gorilla country, neither is it so full of repetitions and of such obvious book-making. By the way, it is now allowed to ooze out, that the suspicious features in M. du Chaillu's volume are the work of a certain imaginative *littérateur* on the other side of the Atlantic, to whom was entrusted the task of preparing the traveller's journal for the press. In "the States" everything must be laid out for sensation, and an appeal to *bunkum* is as essential in a book as on a platform. In

consequence, those liberties have been taken with the author's matters of fact which are not to the taste of the English reader. Mr. Andersson did not cater for the New York market, therefore has been content with sending forth his hunting experience in a genuine state. Indeed, a contemporary has complained, and apparently not without cause, that the MS. has not had justice done it. It appears to have been sent from Africa, where the author remains, in a fragmentary state, and prepared for publication by some one who has taken singular pains to betray his incompetency. We are surprised to find, in Mr. Andersson's preface, that in his explorations he has received no assistance either from the Royal Geographical Society or from the British Government. Knowing his enterprise, his trustworthiness, and general accomplishments as a traveller, we think the Society could not do better than find him a mission. It is very desirable that we should secure another description of Equatorial Africa, and there does not seem to be any difficulty in the way of a scientific expedition up the Gaboon to the chain of mountains M. du Chaillu failed to reach.

The attention given to travellers abroad ought not to render us insensible to the merits of travellers at home. There is many a quiet nook in the three kingdoms of which the accomplished Englishman absolutely knows less than he does of the dreary Steppes of Tartary, and the eternal ice-fields nearest the North Pole. A gentleman who chooses to be known by the *nom de plume* "Cuthbert Bede," and has hitherto indulged his literary taste in harmless attempts at the facetious, has furnished the reading public with two volumes, descriptive of one of these imperfectly-described regions, the Land's End of Scotland, under the title of *Glencreggan; or, a Highland Home in Cantire*. We are aware of what the elaborate Maculloch has done in this direction, but his *Description of the Western Islands* is too solid a work for ordinary readers; even those amusing letters of his to Sir Walter Scott, published as *The Highlands and Western Isles*, may probably contain more of that extraordinary store of information he had at his command to suit many persons. Much as he has to say, however, about the Highlands, he says next to nothing about this portion of them, and later writers have followed suit. Mr. Cuthbert Bede's lively chapters will no doubt therefore be most accept-

able. He possesses, not only a clear sense of the picturesque, but a capacity to express it with equal effect either with pen or pencil. He is a clever artist; we hope, however, that he is not responsible for the legs the engraver has given in the representation of "Scotch Washing," particularly as the text speaks emphatically of the symmetry of the lassies who were most independent of lower clothing. Such a libel we never beheld, and we regard it as a far more reasonable cause for a patriotic movement than the supposed indignity offered to the Scottish Lion, which made such an awful bobbery throughout Old Scotia some years back. We must also protest against the author's metamorphoses of favourite old jokes. The story of the Frenchman adventuring on the production of a plum-pudding, and having forgot the pudding-cloth, serving it up to his astonished English friends as a soup, is not improved by making it come to table in a tea-pot; nor is the equally well-known anecdote of the very rural old lady in the last century receiving a present of a pound of tea, then and there an unheard-of luxury, producing it to her guests as a substitute for spinach, made more amusing by its transference to the Highlands to figure as a new kind of kale.

With these exceptions, the artistic and literary talent diffused over these volumes have secured our cordial recognition. The landscapes in colours are, in most instances, decidedly picturesque, and many of the woodcut delineations of character both graphic and amusing. The chapters are full of information respecting the district, with its legends and superstitions that there survive the march of intellect, and laugh as much at the minister as at the schoolmaster. The book takes its name from a house (rented by a friend of the author's, with a right of shooting over sixteen thousand acres) placed a quarter of a mile from the verge of the cliff against which beats the Atlantic. There is a view from the drawing-room windows extending nearly a hundred miles, from Fair Head to the Giant's Causeway, in Ireland, to the Ben More, in the Isle of Mull, including the islands of the Southern Hebrides, Islay, Coll, Gigha, and Jura, and the far sweep of the Atlantic Ocean—a magnificent *sea-scape*. We strongly recommend Cantire for tourists who have used up the Alps, done Norway, exhausted Iceland, and become tired of Spitzbergen; and Mr. Cuthbert Bede's

account of it will prove a special resource to them, if they cannot get a share in the sport which the lessee of "Glencreggan" has secured for himself and his particular friends.

Were we inclined to take exceptions, it would be directed against the author's too obvious "cramming" in antiquities. All readers are not Scottish Dryasdusts, and therefore are unlikely to appreciate his laboured accounts of the vestiges of remote northern intelligence. The crosses in the way of modern life are quite sufficient in the south, and Saxons do not care to go so far out of the way to meet those left standing in Cantire. As for the constant references to such Christian savages as the Campbells, the Macdonalds,

and a few others of a like character, we humbly imagine that society would have been largely benefited had "the whole boiling of 'em" been strung up together like a rope of onions. The fact is, the author has written two volumes out of materials for one, and the expansion makes his work less acceptable than the more popular production of Charles Richard Weld, published a few months back under the title of *Two Months in the Highlands, Orcadia, and Skye*, a model book of its kind—light, gossiping, and genial, with lively sketches of natural history and pleasant studies of character. The coloured views with which the volume is embellished are more effective than those in *Glencreggan*.

LAW AND CRIME.

THE summer circuit of 1861 has furnished several cases of interest and importance. At Chester a brute named Martin Doyle was tried for horrible cruelty to a woman with whom he had cohabited, and though his victim survived the effects of his violence, he has been left for execution. It has not been usual of late years to carry out the extreme penalty of the law in cases in which death has not ensued, although the intent to murder is clearly made out; but the circumstances of this crime are so hideous, and the demeanour of the monster so revolting, that any remission of the sentence is scarcely to be looked for. On the 30th of May the poor woman and her paramour were "tramping" together on the high road, on their way to Newcastle in Staffordshire. They passed through a toll-gate, and sat down to rest. The unhappy woman complained of a headache, and Doyle drew her head on to his lap, and she fell asleep. When she awoke, she found his hand was pressing heavily on her head, and she asked him to remove it, as it made her head ache, and moreover would injure her bonnet. He seems at that moment to have determined on his dreadful purpose. He got up, and said he would go and see if it had left off raining. In three minutes he returned,

and threw a heavy stone at the woman's head, which felled her to the earth, where she lay senseless and helpless. The brute then jumped on her breast, and, grasping her throat, attempted to strangle her. In her agony she recovered her consciousness, and vainly implored mercy, begging that if her life could not be spared, she might die a less horrible death. Her piteous appeal was disregarded, and whilst she was sobbing and crying, the ruffian was battering her head with a sharp stone. She said, on the trial, that she felt the stone cutting into her head and face like an oyster-shell. We need not dwell further on this sickening barbarity. After "hammering" her until she was almost suffocated in her own blood, and savagely telling the poor wretch that he would have her life—that "he came for it, and would have it"—he left her on the ground, scarcely breathing, and made off. When he was gone, she remained for some time without assistance, till a cart came up, into which she was lifted, almost a corpse, bruised, bloody, and dreadfully disfigured. Her appearance at the trial is described as truly shocking. Her face was seamed and scarred in the most dreadful manner, and she was hardly fit to give evidence. After her few first answers to the questions put to her, she fainted away, and restoratives were

applied and water poured on her head before she recovered consciousness. The only person who seemed to feel no compassion for the suffering woman was the savage brute who had so grievously injured her. Whilst she was moaning with pain, and drooping from weakness, he cross-examined her in a cold and callous manner on the grossest and most revolting details. Notwithstanding the disgusting nature of his defence (if defence it could be called), a number of "ladies" perseveringly sat out the whole of the trial. We are well aware that this is not the first or only occasion on which feminine curiosity has triumphed over delicacy. Legal tradition records that at the Exeter Assizes, about forty years ago, when a trial of a peculiar nature (of which the details were expected to be particularly indelicate) was coming on, the court was crowded with well-dressed women. They were politely requested by the judge to withdraw, and the majority retired, but some, in spite of every remonstrance, persisted in remaining, upon which Mr. (afterwards Sir Vicary) Gibbs rose and said:—"My Lord, we may as well proceed, as all the modest women have left the court." This remark, it is believed, produced the desired effect. To return to the ruffian Doyle, we may add, that the jury having heard the judge calmly and carefully sum up the evidence against him, at once pronounced the only verdict that could have been returned, that of "Guilty of wounding with intent to murder." It is marvellous indeed that the poor woman survived to tell her sad tale. The surgeon said that her head, face, neck, and hands were covered with cuts and bruises. On her head were fourteen dreadful wounds, which penetrated the entire skin, together with the integuments, and laid bare the bone. The lower jawbone was fractured, and there were other injuries of a frightful character. A more horrible case has not recently darkened the annals of crime.

On the 6th of August, John Charles Franz, a native of Saxony, was tried at Croydon for the wilful murder of Martha Halliday. The evidence was in its nature purely circumstantial, and in many respects so singular that the trial will hereafter rank high amongst our *causes célèbres*. On Monday the 10th of June, 1861, the murdered woman was living at the parsonage-house of Kingswood, in Surrey, which she was taking charge of in the

absence of the rector. Her husband saw her "alive and well" between six and seven o'clock on that evening, when he left her to go to his own house, about a quarter of a mile distant. The next morning she was found murdered in her bedroom, and, as nearly as could be guessed, the crime must have been committed between eleven and twelve o'clock on the previous night. The surgeon who examined the body stated that she was in her nightdress: her arms and legs were tied together with string very tightly, and a handkerchief was bound over her mouth. When the handkerchief was removed, a sock was found very firmly fixed in the mouth, by which the tongue was completely doubled back. This violent treatment must have caused her death; but there were also marks round her mouth as if from finger-nails, and some blood was found in the room. The window was wide open, and a pane of glass near the catch had been broken. The murdered woman appeared, from the marks on the floor, to have been dragged from the bed to the place where she was found. Two chests of drawers were partly opened, as if they had been ransacked. On the Thursday following (being the 13th of June), a further search was made in the room, and under the bed was found a book, with a piece of black string tied round it, and some papers. Both the book and the papers clearly belonged to a foreigner, and it was at once assumed that the owner of them had committed the murder. One of the papers was a certificate of the birth of Johan Carl Franz, in 1835, dated from Schandau; another was a certificate of the departure of the same person from the same place; and the book was a diary, written in German, detailing Franz's movements since he had been in England. There was also a letter addressed to the eminent vocalist Madame Tietjens, showing that application had been made to her by a foreigner for assistance. Beyond this, there was strong evidence that the prisoner and another man, also a foreigner, had been in the neighbourhood of the parsonage on the day preceding the murder. The potman of the Cricketers' public-house at Reigate recollected that two foreigners came to that hostelry on the morning of the 8th of June, and remained there till Monday the 10th. On that afternoon they intimated that they should stay at the house

all night, but they left soon afterwards, and never returned. He identified the prisoner in Newgate as one of these men. In addition to this, there was the evidence of a parish constable, who saw the prisoner in the taproom of the Cricketers, about noon on the fatal Monday, and of an architect living at Reigate, who on the same afternoon met the prisoner and his companion on the Reigate road, about a mile from Kingswood, and who added that his attention was particularly drawn to Franz, from the striking resemblance which he bore to a friend he had known in his youth. Some remarkable evidence was also given with respect to the string with which the murdered woman's legs and arms were tied. Mrs. Pither, the wife of a brushmaker at Reigate, recollected that two persons (one of whom was the prisoner) came to her shop, on the afternoon of the 10th of June, and asked for some packing-string. They purchased a twopenny ball, which had been supplied her by a dealer in Whitechapel, and had been in her stock since August, 1860. This string was of a peculiar description, and according to the evidence of the maker, was of a kind not commonly manufactured or sold. The cord taken from the murdered woman's legs and arms was of the same description. It further appeared that, on the morning of the 11th of June, the prisoner and another man visited a lodging-house in Wentworth-street, and the former gave the waiter, or assistant, a worsted jacket to take care of, rolled up and tied with string. This string also exactly corresponded with the string which the murderer, whoever he was, had used to bind the limbs of his victim, and was also of the same peculiar description sold by Mrs. Pither.

Franz, it appeared, was first apprehended on the 21st of June, on a charge of being secreted in an empty house in London with intent to commit a felony. He at that time gave the name of Saltzman; and he afterwards accounted for this by saying that he had then heard of the murder, and of the finding of the papers, and was afraid that he should be charged with a crime of which he was innocent. He subsequently admitted that his name was Franz, and then stated that he had come from Hamburg to Hull, and from that place had travelled to London on foot; that on his journey he was joined by two sailors, one of whom

was shorter than the other, and that whilst sleeping under a straw-stack together at night, they decamped, taking with them his travelling bag, containing several articles of wearing apparel and his papers. It may be added that he was described by a person with whom he lodged as being very religious, and when apprehended a few trifling articles only were found on him, together with a Lutheran prayer-book. Madame Tietjens, it should also be observed, remembered a young foreigner calling on her for assistance, but the prisoner was not the person.

Such were the principal facts of this mysterious case, the trial of which occupied two summer days. Franz was provided with counsel by the charitable intervention of the Saxon Consul, and the evidence was minutely and carefully analysed by the presiding judge, Mr. Justice Blackburn. The jury retired for an hour, and ultimately returned a verdict of "Not Guilty;" a decision hailed with applause by a crowded audience. As has been since well observed, the verdict might fairly have been either way; and that being so, the jury did well to observe the golden rule of English law, which gives the prisoner the benefit of any reasonable doubt.

Among the noteworthy cases tried at the August Sessions of the Central Criminal Court, we may specify that of the Reverend James Roe, a clergyman of the Church of England, who was charged with forging a cheque for £6000, under these curious circumstances:—The accused was the nephew of a retired grocer, named Edward Roe, a person of considerable property residing at Macclesfield, who had likewise two other nephews, Mr. George Hartwell Roe and Mr. James Orme Roe, the latter of whom resided in Holland, being a teacher of the English language at the Erasmian College in Rotterdam. It appeared that formerly the clerical nephew was in great favour with his uncle, who had made a will, in which he bequeathed him a legacy of £500, and also appointed him one of his residuary legatees. Circumstances afterwards occurred that somewhat shook the old man's faith in him. His house was burnt down, and the Sun Fire Office, in which it was insured, resisted payment, and a trial took place, in which the plaintiff recovered a verdict for a smaller sum than the amount he claimed, and Mr.

Edward Roe, after reading the report in the paper, had expressed an unfavourable opinion of his nephew. The latter was also compelled by embarrassment to seek relief from the Insolvent Debtors' Court, and this did not tend to raise him in the estimation of his uncle, who was a man of careful and penurious habits.

On the 1st of January, 1859, Mr. Edward Roe died, at the advanced age of eighty-two, having on the previous 25th and 30th of December duly executed a will and codicil by which he bequeathed £500 to the accused clergyman, but appointed his other two nephews, George Hartwell Roe and James Orme Roe, his residuary legatees, and thus left them the bulk of his property. With this will the clergyman was much dissatisfied, and he took proceedings in Chancery to have it set aside, on the ground of the incompetency of the testator. He was, however, defeated; the validity of the will was established, and he received his legacy. After this he remained silent until the middle of 1860, when he announced the discovery of a letter and cheque in the handwriting of his deceased uncle, on which he commenced further proceedings in Chancery. The letter was in these words:—

“Macclesfield, Dec. 30, 1858.

“DEAR JAMES,

“I am being made to do what I don't want. If I am gone when you come, use this money for the benefit of yourself and family.

“E. ROE.”

Under the letter was written a direction to Messrs. Brocklehurst, bankers, of Macclesfield, to pay Mr. James Roe £6000. The document had all the appearance of genuineness, and the witnesses for the prosecution admitted that but for the date they should have considered it to have been in the handwriting of the deceased, as it was precisely like his writing *two or three years before his death*, and was very firm and distinct. At the period it bore date, however, he had become very feeble, and in writing had to hold one hand with the other to enable him to form his letters. But the most conclusive fact against the accused was, that the postmarks on the letter were proved not to be genuine; and it was shown that the stamps had been made for, and forwarded to him at Gloucester, and that he had ordered and

received them in the name of “Mr. C. J. Wylde, Cheltenham.” The case for the prosecution occupied the whole of one day, but these were the principal facts relied on as evidence of his guilt. The jury were detained all night at the London Coffee-house, not being allowed to separate; and on the next day, after a lengthened address from his counsel, and a careful summing-up by the presiding judge (Mr. Justice Hill), the clerical delinquent was convicted, and sentenced to be kept in penal servitude for ten years.

On Friday, August 23rd, the Baron Louis Pons de Vidil was put on his trial at the bar of the Old Bailey. The indictment charged him with assaulting and wounding his son, Alfred de Vidil, with intent to murder him, and also with intent to maim and disable him, or to do him some grievous bodily harm. He was likewise charged with unlawfully wounding him. The court was densely crowded, and the appearance of the before-mentioned Alfred was waited for with breathless interest. When his name was called, he stepped slowly and reluctantly into the witness-box, and the principal usher of the court, Mr. Harker, repeated the oath to him in his well-known distinct and sonorous tone. When told to “kiss the book,” the young man declined to obey, and stated that he refused to give evidence against his father the Baron. The presiding judges, Mr. Justice Hill and Mr. Justice Blackburn, remonstrated with him, and properly informed him that he had a public duty to perform; but all in vain; he persisted obstinately in his refusal, and remained silent. Therefore Mr. Justice Blackburn, after some further observations, ordered him to be committed to prison for one month, and he was removed from the Court in custody.

After this episode the trial proceeded, and the witnesses examined at the police-court repeated the evidence to which we have already called attention. The deposition of John Rivers, taken at Twickenham, was read; a surgeon having stated that he was “too ill to travel.” The poor fellow's life indeed only hangs on a thread, and it is pleasant to record that his final hours have been soothed by the charitable deeds of some good Samaritans. During the whole proceeding the Baron's manner was nervous and agitated: he wrote many hurried notes to his counsel, and once or twice clasped his

hands, and folded his arms in a somewhat theatrical fashion. He appeared to pay particular attention to the evidence that was given respecting the loaded whip or instrument with which the fearful blows were struck. One of the witnesses stated that directly after the occurrence, the prisoner climbed over a fence and disappeared, and it was supposed that during this interval he got rid of the instrument in question by throwing it into the Thames. The wounds were described by the surgeon as very serious, and such as would be caused by a blow from some heavy, blunt instrument. They were not likely to have been caused, he added, by a fall from a horse.

At the close of the case for the prosecution, the Court adjourned for a short time, and when the judges again took their seats, Mr. Serjeant Ballantine made an earnest appeal to the jury on behalf of the Baron.

The learned Serjeant indignantly repudiated the notion that the prisoner had entertained any deliberate idea of inflicting on his son any bodily injury. He called several witnesses (amongst whom were Prince Demidoff and Lord Torrington), who gave the Baron a high character for humanity

and kindness of disposition. Mr. Justice Blackburn then summed up the evidence, and the jury having retired for about a quarter of an hour, returned with a verdict of "Guilty of unlawfully wounding;" thus finding the accused guilty of the minor offence charged in the indictment. When the verdict was pronounced, the Baron made some gesticulations of disapproval, but said nothing. Mr. Justice Blackburn then sentenced him to be imprisoned in the House of Correction for twelve calendar months.

The new Bankruptcy Act comes into operation on the 11th of October next. Though shorn of its fair proportions by the Lords, the trading community will find that it places the property of insolvent debtors more completely under the control of creditors than was done by any previous enactment. All professional persons will, however, regret that the office of Chief Judge was not retained, as it is obvious that some supreme authority is needed to regulate the practice in Bankruptcy, and secure uniformity in procedure both in London and the country. The Act contains 232 sections, and its short title is "The Bankruptcy Act, 1861."

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